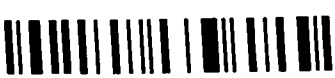
00086379

THE
ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY
TOWN HALL, BOMBAY-1.


00086379

Digitized with financial assistance from

HT Parekh
FOUNDATION
An Initiative by
HDFC
WITH YOU, RIGHT THROUGH

on 15 October, 2018

The Folk-Lore Society

FOR COLLECTING AND PRINTING

RELICS OF POPULAR ANTIQUITIES, &c.

ESTABLISHED IN

THE YEAR MDCCCLXXVIII.

LIBRARY
OF THE
BOMBAY
BRANCH
OF THE
ROYAL ASIATIC

PUBLICATIONS
OF
THE FOLK-LORE SOCIETY

LXXI.

[1912]

MAP OF FIFE, CLACKMANNAN, AND KINROSS SHIRES.

COUNTY FOLK-LORE

VOL. VII.

PRINTED EXTRACTS Nos. IX, X, XI.

EXAMPLES OF PRINTED FOLK-LORE

CONCERNING

FIFE

E6379

WITH SOME NOTES ON

CLACKMANNAN AND KINROSS-SHIRES

COLLECTED BY

JOHN EWART SIMPKINS

Ua-c-6

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

ROBERT CRAIG MACLAGAN, M.D.
Author of
'The Games of Argyllshire,' 'The Evil Eye in the Western Highlands,' etc., etc.

AND AN APPENDIX FROM MS. COLLECTIONS BY

DAVID RORIE, M.D.

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

"Fife, and a' the lands about it!"

Published for the Folk-Lore Society by
SIDGWICK & JACKSON, LTD., 3 ADAM ST., ADELPHI, W.C.
LONDON
1914

398
Sim/Cou
86379

CONTENTS.

PAGE

INTRODUCTION xi

AUTHOR'S PREFACE xvii

LIST OF AUTHORITIES xix

PART I. SUPERSTITIOUS BELIEF AND PRACTICE.

CHAPTER

I. HILLS, ROCKS, CAVES, EARTHWORKS . . 1
Hills, p. 1. Rocks, p. 4. Stones, p. 5. Caves and Underground Passages, p. 9. Earthworks, p. 11.

II. WELLS, TIDES, THE MOON 12
Wells, p. 12-17. Tides, p. 17. The Moon, p. 18.

III. TREES AND PLANTS 19

IV. ANIMALS 21
Beasts, p. 21. Birds, p. 26. Insects, p. 29. Fishes, p. 30.

V. GOBLINDOM 31
Fairies, p. 31. Brownies, p. 33. Kelpies, p. 34. Ignis Fatuus, p. 34. Devils, p. 35. . Ghosts, p. 36. Visions, Wraiths, pp. 50, 51. Second sight, p. 52.

VI. WITCHCRAFT 53
Female Witches, p. 53. Warlocks, p. 56. Punishments for Witchcraft, p. 63.

CHAPTER PAGE

VII. TRIALS FOR WITCHCRAFT, 1563-1704 . . 67

VIII. THE MAGIC ART 108
Spells, p. 108. Charms, p. 109. Amulets, p. 112. Divinations, p. 114. Predictions, p. 119.

IX. LUCK AND OMENS 122
Sundry Omens, p. 122. Fishermen's Freits, p. 124.

X. LEECHCRAFT 132

PART II. TRADITIONAL CUSTOMS.

XI. FESTIVAL CUSTOMS 138
Hallowe'en, p. 138. St. Andrews Day, p. 140. Yule, p. 140. Hogmanay, p. 142. Handsel Monday, p. 146. Candlemas, p. 152. May, p. 152. Trinity Sunday, p. 152. St. Serf's Day, p. 153. St. Swithin's Day, p. 154. St. Michael's Day, p. 154. St. Crispin's Day, p. 155. Kate Kennedy's Day, p. 156. Fast Day, p. 157. Leap Year, p. 158.

XII. CEREMONIAL CUSTOMS 159
Birth, p. 159. Marriage, p. 161. Death and Burial, p. 166. Nailmakers, p. 172. Weavers, p. 173. Suicides, p. 174.

XIII. GAMES AND SPORTS 175

XIV. LOCAL CUSTOMS 188
Legal Customs, p. 188. Privilege of Sanctuary, p. 190. Other Dues and Privileges, p. 194. Fairs, p. 196. Agricultural Customs, p. 206. Fishermen's Customs, p. 212. Miners' Customs, p. 216 (*and* Appendix). Convivial Customs, p. 216.

PART III. TRADITIONAL NARRATIVES.

XV. FOLK-TALES 219
The Black Cat, p. 219. A "Fool" Story, p. 220. Nursery Tales current in Fife, p. 222.

CHAPTER PAGE

XVI. BALLADS AND SONGS 223

The Lady of Balweirie, p. 223. The Whigs o' Fife, p. 225. My Auld Man, p. 226. Crail Toun, p. 227. Hey ca' through! etc., pp. 228, 229. The Derby Ram, p. 230. List of Fife Ballads, p. 231.

XVII. PERSONAL LEGENDS 233

St. Columba, p. 233. St. Fillan, p. 235. St. Kentigern, p. 236. St. Margaret, p. 241. St. Rule, p. 243. St. Serf, p. 244. St. Thenew, p. 248. The Stuart Kings, p. 248. Macduff, p. 257.

XVIII. PLACE LEGENDS AND TRADITIONS . . 259

PART IV. FOLK SAYINGS.

XIX. PLACE RHYMES AND SAYINGS . . . 271

Personal Rhymes, p. 290. Weather Rhymes, p. 291.

XX. PROVERBS 294

XXI. NURSERY RHYMES AND JINGLES . . 302

CLACKMANNANSHIRE.

I. SUPERSTITIOUS BELIEF AND PRACTICE . . 309

Works of Nature, p. 309. Goblindom, p. 311. Witchcraft, p. 319. Magic Art, p. 330.

II. CUSTOMS 332

Festival, p. 332. Ceremonial, p. 332. Local, p. 335. Games, p. 336.

III. PLACE LEGENDS AND TRADITIONS . . . 338

IV. LOCAL RHYMES AND SAYINGS . . . 347

KINROSS-SHIRE.

CHAPTER PAGE

I. Superstitious Belief and Practice . . 353

II. Customs 374

III. Place Legends and Traditions . . 375

IV. Local Rhymes and Sayings . . . 379

APPENDIX.

The Mining Folk of Fife 385

Freits, p. 389. Games, p. 391. Marriage, p. 391. Birth and Infancy, p. 394. Leechcraft, p. 401. Death and Burial, p. 412. Proverbs, p. 413. Schoolboy Sayings, p. 415. Weather Lore, p. 415. Fishermen's Freits, p. 416.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE

MAP OF FIFE, CLACKMANNAN, AND KINROSS *Frontispiece*

PLATE I. "CARLIN MAGGIE" . . . . *facing* 4
(Photograph by J. Nicoll Small, Edinburgh.)

PLATE II. FISHERMAN TYING ON HOOKS, BUCKHAVEN 114
(Photograph by the Rev. Wm. Dunlop, Buckhaven.)

PLATE III. THE WEST PIER, BUCKHAVEN
THE HARBOUR, ST. MONANS . . 124
(Photographs by Wm. Ireland, Buckhaven, and Easton, St. Monans.)

PLATE IV. CUPAR HIRING FAIR, 1912 . . 196
(By kind permission of the Editors of the Fife News Almanac, 1913.)

PLATE V. "REDDING THE LINES," ELIE . . 212
(Photogravure kindly lent by Mr. Thos. Davidson, Cults.)

PLATE VI. RUINS OF THE PALACE, DUNFERMLINE 242
(Photograph by J. Nicoll Small, Edinburgh.)

PLATE VII. THE SAILORS' WALK, KIRKCALDY . 266
(Photograph by Robert Milliken, Kirkcaldy.)

PAGE

PLATE VIII. GATEWAY, FALKLAND PALACE *facing* 278
(*Print from the Painting by David Roberts, R.A.*)
(*Kindly lent by Mr. Robert Milliken.*)

VIGNETTE. THE MAIDEN STONE, TULLIBODY (*Sub-title*) 307
(*Drawn by Mr. J. G. Young, Edinburgh.*)

VIGNETTE. LOCHLEVEN CASTLE (*Sub-title*) . . 351
(*Drawn by Miss Margery C. Edwards.*)

VIGNETTES. RAISING COAL TO THE SURFACE . 382-4
(*By kind permission of Mr. And. S. Cunninghame, author of "Mining in the Kingdom of Fife": Dunfermline,* 1913.)

INTRODUCTION.

A GOOD score of years ago, when beginning to take an active interest in Folk-Lore matters, I wrote a letter to one considered an authority in the North, asking information. The following answer was received in the handwriting of the author here quoted: "In two volumes by the Rev. Dr. Stewart of Ballachulish—*Nether Lochaber*, published by William Paterson, Edinburgh, now Paterson & Co., Paternoster Row, London—Dr. Maclagan will find all that could be collected of any interest in the superstitions and folk-lore of the West Highlands." In those twenty years a considerable quantity of information has found its way into print, gathered from West Highland and other Scottish sources, and though "Fife and all the lands about it" are not in the Highlands we are still increasing for convenience of reference our stores of knowledge, and the information contained in this volume bulks as largely as both those mentioned as published by Paterson & Co.

That the "Kingdom of Fife" should have a collection made of its own folk-lore must seem imperative to the exclusive Fifer, and also in less degree perhaps to the other inhabitants of Scotland. We call the Fifer "exclusive," while he insists on the descendants for some generations of persons settling in Fife from other parts of Scotland being styled distinctively as "Incomers."

The large extent of Fife, given by Sibbald as a reason for its title of Kingdom (p. 280), is far from going to the root of

the matter. Britain under Roman rule for some time ended at the line of the Firths of Forth and Clyde, but the districts north of the Scotwater, the Forth, were more or less over-run by Roman troops. In the early Pictish chronicles no district south of Forth gives a name to any son of the supposititious father of all Picts, Cruithne, but in all genealogies one appears as Fib, Fibh, Fibaid, *i.e.* Fife. When we compare this name with that of the Caledonians, those living north of the Forth, a name evidently and acceptedly connected with the Welsh for a 'grove,' and the Gaelic *coille*, a 'wood,' we can have little hesitation in connecting it with *fiodh*, 'wood,' and *fiodhbhach*, a 'wooded district,' from which we have in Irish *Feevagh* and *Fivy*.

Let us mention in passing, and merely as a contribution to the understanding of the name with which we are dealing, that Irish tradition talks of the Tuatha Fiodha, *i.e.* the 'forest tribes' who were Britains and Picts and are said to have lived in the forests of Fotharta, now Forth in Wexford. The Latin name for the inhabitants of Fife, a name appearing among the Roman auxiliary troops, "Horesti" or "Boresti," if we unite the two initial letters it would give us an aspirated *b* in Gaelic having the sound of *f*. This strongly suggests the Latin *foris* as the etymon of the name, meaning those living outside the Roman settlements.

Coming to a time more recent we are told that Egfrid, son of Osway of Northumbria, a Saxon, made war against his "relation" the king of the Picts, and at the battle of the Pool of Garan was defeated and slain. "From that time the Saxons of Northumbria never succeeded in exacting tribute from the Picts." The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle says the "pool of lamentation," as we may translate Linn Garan, was "north of the sea," the Frisian Sea, the Scotwater, the Firth of Forth; later documents locating it at Dunichen.

Before this date, the fabulous account of the founding of the episcopate of St. Andrews, said to have been in the time of Theodosius, in the fifth century, says it was on the arrival of St. Regulus, who brought St. Andrew's relics from Constantinople. To Regulus as first abbot was given also the bishopric of St. Andrews which extended over a third part of Scotland, that is, that portion of modern Scotland north of the Firths. Coming still nearer our own time, and now within the historic period, this third part of Scotland we have fairly defined by the titles of six of the seven Earls of Scotland taking part in the Coronation of Alexander II., on the death of William the Lion (1214). The first mentioned of these was the Earl of Fife, and the district under the jurisdiction of the six was the east of modern Scotland, from a line drawn from the Deveron on the Moray Firth to the river Forth. The six were the Thanes of Pictish Scotland, while the kingdom of Northumbria extended to the Forth. When Lothian was finally added to the kingdom of the Scots in 1016, the Earldom of Lothian became a Scottish dignity. Still more recently Shakespeare and his authorities give, in the play of Macbeth, as the most prominent rivals the Thane of Moray and the Thane of Fife, the northern and southern extremities of the Pictish kingdom of the East of Scotland. Surely till at least the eleventh century, commencing from the earliest records, Fife must have represented another kingdom to the dwellers south of Forth.

Taking a broad view, from the fact that Picts and Scots were associated in the first mention of them in history, Scot, the more comprehensive designation, absorbed the descriptive name Pict. We are forced to conclude that the expression "Kingdom of Fife" is a survival of the recognition of a portion of modern Scotland being Pictish, containing a governing class so described in heathen times, and, sub-

sequently to the establishment of Christianity, the bishopric of St. Andrews.

Certain sculptures, evidently with a religious significance, though exceptionally occurring elsewhere, are peculiar to this district. On p. 3 mention is made of the so-called spectacle and sceptre design, frequently cut on these sculptured stones, having been once found engraven on personal equipment at Largo in Fife.

This collection includes the Folk-Lore of Kinross and Clackmannan. Kinross was originally a portion of Fife, and indeed the evidence of this is retained in its name, meaning the head of the wooden peninsula, *cean*, a 'head,' *rós*, *ross*, both a 'wood' and a 'promontory.' Clackmannán seems a partly Gaelic, partly Teutonic name. In Chalmers' *Caledonia* he mentions that the first, the Gaelic element, is probably the word *clach*, a 'stone,' because in the village of Clackmannan there was a stone which, having been broken in old days, had been joined together again by iron clamps, demonstrating the great importance attached to it locally. Chalmers gives no suggestion as to the second element in the name, but there can be no doubt that it is the same word as occurs in Slamannan, the *Sla* in which is the equivalent of *sliabh*, 'moorland.' Tradition tells us that from this district of modern Scotland, called by the Welsh chroniclers 'Manand,' went a certain Cunedda with his sons in the beginning of the fifth century, who drove the Scots out of north Wales. The men from Manand were accounted as British, and their movement was caused by the Teutonic invasion which resulted in the Saxonising of East Britain. Clackmannan is then the stone of Manand, as Slamannan is the moor of Manand. Manand appears to have the Teutonic *māno*, *māni*, *maane*, the 'moon' as its etymon, connected however with Welsh *mann*, 'wheat' given by Lhuyd. The district of Manand has another name,

purely Teutonic, *Fothric*, *Fothreuve*, from *vad*, a 'ford,' and *drygen*, to 'dry,' *vadu-dryge* (?), Bodotria, the Myreford of the Saxon Chronicle. The extent and depth of mud of the Firth of Forth west of Bo'ness is characteristic.

The conclusion to be gathered from these etymologies is that our earliest records point to a Teutonic settlement in the higher reaches of the Firth of Forth, and on the whole of the Eastern cultivable portion of Scotland. As there can be no reasonable doubt of the long continuance thereafter of the use of a British Celtic dialect, "Pict," we conclude, represented a member of a ruling class of Teutonic origin.

Picts and Scots were associated from the earliest times in which they are mentioned. The disappearance of the name Pict in that of Scot proves that the latter were the more numerous, and the Scotic tongue, a dialect of Gaelic, the more prevalent language.

In Fife, as along the whole east coast of Scotland, as the reader of this book will notice, the sea-going populace still hold themselves as a separate people from the landward inhabitants, and they are undoubtedly purely Teutonic. One instance will suffice. The use of what are called "tee" names, that is nicknames, is necessary, owing to family names being largely descriptive, and common to a number. There is a well-known story, first given by the late Robert Ballantyne, of a person inquiring for 'Sandy White.' Description having failed to identify the particular Sandy, the inquirer at last remembered that he had a cast in his eye. "Oh," said the native to whom he was speaking, "what for do you no ask him by his name, that's Goup-the-Lift." The name is pure Teutonic, *gaff die luft* 'stare in the air.'

An endeavour has been made to give as accurate an idea as possible from a folklore point of view of the origin of "Fife and all the lands about it."

The local lore, of which this is a very complete collection, we recommend to the attention of every Fifer. It can scarcely be conceived of any one interested in his own district not acquiring a copy, both for present instruction and for future reference. We commend it also to the " foreigner," who need not be frightened by the considerable examples of local dialect which may seem not easily comprehensible. It used to be the fashion to put such extracts into King's English as accepted at the date of publication, but when in doubt, with the assistance of Wright's *Dialect Dictionary*, none need find Saxon dialect north of Forth any more difficult than that on its southern side.

" Smoking the cobbler," as it used to be called, is mentioned on p. 139 as a Hallowe'en observance. I am afraid it was not confined to that time, but we mention this to put on record the name of the apparatus described, certainly known in Fife, as " Tammy Reekie."

R. C. MACLAGAN.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

THE compilation of this Collection has been a labour of love which has occupied much of my spare time for the last nineteen years, and its completion causes something of the regret felt in parting with an old friend. In sending it forth to the public I have much pleasure in acknowledging my indebtedness and expressing my thanks to all those who have in any way assisted me in the work.

To Dr. George F. Black, Ph.D., Public Library, New York, Dr. David Hay Fleming, LL.D., and the Hon. John Abercromby, LL.D., I am indebted for guidance and assistance in a variety of ways. My thanks are due to Mr. Alexander O. Curle, Director of the Scottish National Museum of Antiquities, and to Mr. George Walker, Chief Clerk, Royal Scottish Geographical Society, for the loan of books which otherwise I could not have obtained; to Dr. David Rorie, M.D., for many notes included in the body of the work, as well as for the Appendix; to the gentlemen, some of them unknown to me, who have kindly interested themselves in procuring appropriate illustrations; and to Mr. William Brotherston, W.S., for his kind assistance in correcting the proofs. I would also gratefully acknowledge the many kindnesses for which I am indebted to Mr. George Archibald, Assistant Librarian, Scottish National Museum of Antiquities.

I must also express my sense of obligation and my sincere thanks to the many Authors, Editors, Societies, Clubs, and

representatives of deceased writers, who have kindly granted me permission to make excerpts from their books and periodicals; as well as to the Publishers of works quoted, many of whom have not only generously granted permission to make excerpts from books of which they themselves hold the unexpired copyright, but have been at considerable trouble in assisting me to obtain the present addresses of Authors where necessary. Amongst them I would like especially to mention Messrs. Blackwood and Son, Messrs. Douglas and Foulis, Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier, Messrs. Menzies and Co., and Messrs. W. and R. Chambers (Edinburgh), Mr. A. Gardner (Paisley), Mr. George Innes, and Messrs. Westwood and Son (Cupar). I ask the indulgence of those authors from whom I have quoted, but whose addresses I have not succeeded in obtaining, and with whom therefore I have been unable to communicate.

Finally, I most cordially thank Miss Charlotte S. Burne, the General Editor of the County Folk-Lore Series, for the pains she has bestowed on seeing the volume through the press.

JNO. E. SIMPKINS.

MUSEUM OF ANTIQUITIES,
EDINBURGH, 20*th February*, 1914.

LIST OF AUTHORITIES CITED.

ALLAN. *Carnock Ancient and Modern Village Life.* By John ALLAN. Reprinted from the *Dunfermline Press* 1895.

ALLAN (2). *Carnock and its Thorn-tree Cross: Suggested Restoration.* By John ALLAN, Architect, Stirling. Dunfermline: A. Romanes & Son, 1907.

ANALECTA. *Analecta Scotica.* Collections Illustrative of the Civil, Ecclesiastical, and Literary History of Scotland, chiefly from Original MSS. 2 vols. Edinburgh: J. and G. Stevenson, 1832.

ARCHAEOLOGIA SCOTICA, or *Transactions of the Society of Antiquaries.* 5 vols. 1781-1850. An Account of Sheuchy Dyke in the East of Fife. By the late Dr. Wm. BROWN. Vol. 2, p. 95.

ARNOT. *A Collection and Abridgement of Celebrated Criminal Trials in Scotland from* 1536 *to* 1784. By Hugo ARNOT. Edinburgh: William Smillie, 1785.

BALLINGALL. *The Shores of Fife.* By Wm. BALLINGALL. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas, 1872.

BANNATYNE. *Journal of the Transactions in Scotland During the Contest Between the Adherents of Queen Mary and those of her Son* 1557-1573. By Richard BANNATYNE, Secretary to John Knox. Edited by John Graham Dalyell. Edinburgh: A. Constable and Co., 1806.

BARBIERI. *A Descriptive and Historical Gazetteer of the Counties of Fife, Kinross, and Clackmannan.* With Anecdotes, Narratives, and Graphic Sketches, Moral, Political, Commercial and Agricultural. By M. BARBIERI, Surgeon, formerly Chemist to the late Earl of Elgin. Edinburgh: Maclachlan and Stewart, 1857.

BAXTER. *Selections from the Minutes of the Synod of Fife.* 1611-1687. Presented to the members of the Abbotsford Club. By Charles BAXTER. Edinburgh 1837.

BEATH. *The Bishopshire and its People.* By David BEATH. Kinross: D. Brown, 1902.

BELLENDEN. *History and Chronicles of Scotland.* By Hector BOECE, translated by John BELLENDEN. 2 vols. reprint. Edinburgh: W. and C. Tait, 1821.

BEVERIDGE. *Between the Ochils and Forth.* By David BEVERIDGE. Edinburgh: Blackwood and Son, 1888.

BEVERIDGE (2). *Culross and Tulliallan or Perthshire on Forth. Its History and Antiquities.* By David BEVERIDGE. Edinburgh: Blackwood and Son, 1885.

BEVERIDGE (3). *The Churchyard Memorials of Crail.* By Erskine BEVERIDGE. Edinburgh: J. and A. Constable, 1885.

BLACK. *Folk-Medicine; a Chapter in the History of Culture.* By William George BLACK, F.S.A.Scot. London: Folk-Lore Society, 1883.

BLAIR. *Rambling Recollections.* By William BLAIR. Edinburgh: John Menzies, 1857.

BRAND. *Observations on the Popular Antiquities of Great Britain.* By John BRAND. Edited by Sir Henry Ellis. 3 vols. London: H. G. Bohn, 1849.

BRODIE. *Historical Sketches of Pathhead and Vicinity.* By Robert BRODIE. Kirkcaldy: J. Crawford, 1863.

BROWNE. *The Golden Days of Youth, or a Fife Village in the Past.* By John Hutton BROWNE. Edinburgh: R. W. Hunter, 1893.

BRUCE. *The Land Birds in and around St. Andrews.* By George BRUCE. Dundee: John Leng and Co., 1895.

BUCHAN. *Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland.* Hitherto unpublished with explanatory notes. By Peter BUCHAN. 2 vols. Edinburgh: W. Aitken, 1828.

BUCKNER. *Rambles In and Around Aberdour and Burntisland.* By J. C. R. BUCKNER. Edinburgh: Menzies and Co., 1881.

BUTLER. *The Ancient Church and Parish of Abernethy.* By Rev. D. BUTLER. Edinburgh: Blackwood and Son, 1897.

CAMPBELL. *Balmerino and its Abbey. A Parish History with Notices of the Ancient District.* By Rev. James CAMPBELL. New Edition. Edinburgh: Blackwood and Son, 1899.

CHALMERS. *Historical and Statistical Account of Dunfermline,* By Rev. Peter CHALMERS. 2 vols. Edinburgh: Blackwood and Son, 1844.

CHAMBERS. *The Popular Rhymes of Scotland.* By Robert CHAMBERS. New Edition. Edinburgh: W. & R. Chambers, *n.d.*

CHAMBERS, 1826. First Edition of the above.

CHAMBERS (2). *The Domestic Annals of Scotland from the Reformation to the Revolution.* By Robert CHAMBERS. 3 vols. Edinburgh: W. and R. Chambers, 1858.

CHAMBERS (3). *The Scottish Songs collected and Illustrated.* By Robert CHAMBERS. 2 vols. Edinburgh: W. and R. Chambers, 1829.

CHAMBERS (4). *The New Picture of Scotland.* Being an accurate guide to that part of the United Kingdoms. With map and plates. 2 vols. D. Morison, Perth, and Williams and Smith, London, 1807.

CHAPMAN. *A Hand Book to Elie and the East of Fife.* By Thomas CHAPMAN. Leven: John Purves, 1892.

CHEVIOT. *Proverbs, Proverbial Expressions and Popular Rhymes of Scotland.* Collected and Arranged with Introduction, Notes, and Parallel Phrases. By Andrew CHEVIOT. Paisley and London: A. Gardner, 1896.

CHILD. *The English and Scottish Popular Ballads.* Ed. by Francis James CHILD. 5 vols. New York: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co., 1882-1898.

CONOLLY. *Fifiana, or Memorialls of the East of Fife.* By M. F. CONOLLY. Glasgow: J. Tweed, 1869.

COOK. *Annals of Pittenweem, Being Notes and Extracts from Ancient Records of that Burgh,* 1526-1793. By David COOK. Anstruther: Lewis Russell, 1867.

CRAWFORD. *Memorials of the Town and Parish of Alloa.* By the late John CRAWFORD, with memoir of the author by the Rev. Charles Rogers. Alloa: J. Lothian, 1874.

Doric Lays, by the same. *Ibid.* 1850.

CUNNINGHAM. *Rambles in the Parishes of Scoonie and Wemyss.* By And. S. CUNNINGHAM. Leven: Purves and Cunningham, 1905.

CUNNINGHAM (2). *Markinch and its Environs.* By And. S. CUNNINGHAM. Leven: Purves and Cunningham, 1907.

CUNNINGHAM (3). *Upper Largo, Lower Largo, Lundin Links, and Newburn.* By And. S. CUNNINGHAM. Leven: Purves and Cunningham, 1907.

CUNNINGHAM (4). *Inverkeithing, North Queensferry, Limekilns, Charlestown, the Ferry Hills: their Antiquities, Recreations, Resources* (etc.). Edited by And. S. CUNNINGHAM. Dunfermline: W. Clark and Son, 1899.

D. D. A. *Notes and Queries.* Fifth Series. Vol. 2, 1874.—*Witchcraft in Scotland.* By D. D. A.

DEFOE. *A Tour Thro' the Whole Island of Great Britain.* By a Gentleman (Daniel DEFOE). 4 vols. London 1742.

DICKSON. *Emeralds Chased in Gold, or the Islands of the Forth. Their Story. Ancient and Modern..* By John DICKSON. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier 1899.

DOUGLAS. *A General Description of the East Coast of Scotland from Edinburgh to Cullen.* By Francis DOUGLAS. Paisley: A. Weir, 1782.

D. R. *MS. Notes.* By Dr. David RORIE.

EDINBURGH EVENING DISPATCH. *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch.* Printed by John Ritchie and Co., "Scotsman Buildings," Edinburgh.

EXCHEQUER ROLLS. *The Exchequer Rolls of Scotland.* Edited by George BURNELL, Lyon King at Arms. Published by the authority of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury . . . H. M. General Register House, Edinburgh. 1882.

FARNIE. *Handy Book of the Fife Coast from Queensferry to Fifeness.* By Henry FARNIE. Cupar: John C. Orr, n.d.

FERGUSSON. *Scottish Social Sketches of the Seventeenth Century.* By R. Menzies FERGUSSON, M.A., B.D. Stirling: R. S. Shearer and Son; 1907.

FERGUSSON (2). *The Ochil Fairy Tales; Stories of the Wee Folk for Young and Old Folk.* By R. Menzies FERGUSSON. London: David Nutt, 1911.

F. H. & J. *Fife Herald and Journal.* Being the *Fife Herald* (1822) and the *Fifeshire Journal* (1833) combined. George Innes, Cupar (every Wednesday evening).

FIFESHIRE. *The Fifeshire Advertiser.* Kirkcaldy (every Saturday): L. Macbean, High Street.

FINDLAY. *Scottish Historical and Romantic Ballads, chiefly Ancient.* John FINDLAY. 2 vols. Edinburgh: Ballantyne, 1808.

FLEMING. *Register of the Minister Elders and Deacons of the Christian Congregation of St. Andrews . . .* 1559-1600. Transcribed and Edited from the Original Manuscript with Preface and Notes. By David Hay FLEMING. 2 vols. Edinburgh: Scottish History Society 1889-1890.

FLEMING (2). *Hand-Book to St. Andrews and Neighbourhood.* By D. Hay FLEMING, LL.D. New Edition. St. Andrews: *Citizen* Office, [1902].

FOLK-LORE. *Transactions of the Folk-Lore Society: a Quarterly Review of Myth, Tradition, Institution, and Custom.* (Incorporating the *Archæological Review* and the *Folk-Lore Journal*). London: Sidgwick and Jackson.

FOLK-LORE JOURNAL. *The Folk-Lore Journal.* London: Published for the Folk-Lore Society. By Elliot Stock. 7 vols. 1883-1889.

FOLK-LORE RECORD. *The Folk-Lore Record.* London: Printed for the Folk-Lore Society by Messrs. Nichols and Sons. 5 vols. 1878-1882.

FORBES. *Kalendars of Scottish Saints, with Personal Notices of those of Alba, Loudonie and Strathclyde. . . .* By Alexr. Penrose FORBES. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas, 1872.

FORBES (2). *Lives of St. Ninian and St. Kentigern. Compiled* in the Twelfth Century. Edited from the best MSS. By Alexander Penrose FORBES, D.C.L. Forming Vol. V. of "The Historians of Scotland." Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas, 1874.

FORSYTH. *The Beauties of Scotland*; Containing a full and clear Account of the Agriculture, Commerce, Mines, and Manufactures, of the Populations, Cities, Towns, Villages, etc., of each County. By Robert FORSYTH. 5 vols. Edinburgh: Constable and Co., 1806.

FRASER. *Fraser's Magazine: for Town and Country.* London. Second Series, 1870-1882.

GARDINER. *Gardiner's Miscellany of Literature, Science, History and Antiquities.* Original and Selected. Cupar 1842.

GARNETT. *Observations on a Tour through the Highlands and part of the Western Isles of Scotland*; particularly Staffa and Icolmkill. To which are added a description of the Falls of the Clyde, of the country round Moffat, and an analysis of its Mineral Waters. By T. GARNETT, M.D. New Edition. London: John Stockdale, 1810.

GEDDIE. *The Fringes of Fife.* By J. GEDDIE. Edinburgh: D. Douglas, 1894.

GIBSON. *Reminiscences of Dollar and Tillicoultry and other Districts adjoining the Ochils.* By Wm. GIBSON. 2nd Edition. Edinburgh: Andrew Elliot, 1883.

GOURLAY. *Fisher Life, or the Memorials of Cellardyke and the Fife Coast.* By Geo. GOURLAY. Cupar: Westwood and Son, 1879.

GRAHAM. *Ancient and Modern History of Buckhaven.* The Collected Writings of Dougal GRAHAM. Ed. by Geo. Macgregor. 2 vols. Glasgow: Thomas Morison (For Private Circulation), 1883.

GRANT. *The Mysteries of all Nations.* By James GRANT. Leith: Reid & Son, n.d.

GROOME. *Ordnance Gazetteer of Scotland.* A Survey of Scottish Topography, Statistical, Biographical, and Historical. Edited by Francis H. GROOME. Edinburgh: T. C. Jack, 1884.

GULLAND. *The Lomond Hills—A Poem.* By the author of *Sylvanus* (C. GULLAND). 2nd Edition. Cupar 1877.

GUTHRIE. *Old Scottish Customs.* By E. T. GUTHRIE. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co., 1885.

HALL. *Travels in Scotland by an Unusual Route.* By Rev. James HALL. 2 vols. London: J. Johnson, 1807.

HARVEY. *Rhymes, Proverbs, and Proverbial Expressions of Stirling and District.* By William HARVEY. Stirling Natural History and Archaeology Society's *Transactions*, 1899-1900.

HENDERSON. *The Annals of Dunfermline and Vicinity from the Earliest Authentic Period to the Present Time,* A.D. 1090-1878. By Ebenezer HENDERSON. Glasgow: John Tweed, 1879.

HENDERSON (2). *Notes on the Folk-Lore of the Northern Counties of England and the Borders.* By Wm. HENDERSON. New Edition Folk-Lore Society, 1879.

HERALD. *Historical Notes and Reminiscences of Cupar.* Reprinted from the *Fife Herald.* G. Innes, Cupar-Fife, 1884.

HISLOP. *The Book of Scottish Anecdote.* Humorous, Social, Legendary and Historical. Edited by Alexander HISLOP. 7th edition. Glasgow: Thomas D. Morison, 1888.

HOME. *The Estuary of the Forth and adjoining Districts viewed Geologically.* By David Milne HOME. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas, 1871.

HUME BROWN. *Early Travellers in Scotland* (*Richard Frank,* 1659). Edited by P. Hume BROWN. Edinburgh: D. Douglas, 1891.

JACK. *An Historical Account of St. Monance, Fifeshire, Ancient and Modern.* By John JACK. Cupar: J. S. Tullis, 1844.

JACK (2). *The Key of the Forth, or Historical Sketches of the Island of May.* Interspersed with a variety of curious scenes on the East Coast of Fife. By John JACK. Edinburgh: W. P. Nimmo, 1858.

JAM. DIC. *An Etymological Dictionary of the Scottish Language . . . Elucidating National Rites, Customs and Institutions in their analogy to those of other nations.* By John JAMIESON. 2nd Edition. 2 vols. Edinburgh: Wm. Tait, 1841.

JAM. DIC. SUP. *Supplement* to the above Dictionary. By John JAMIESON. 2 vols. Edinburgh: W. and C. Tait, 1825.

JAMIE. *Old Church Life in Ballingry.* Being the History of a Fifeshire Parish. Based chiefly on its old Session Records. By Rev. David JAMIE, B.D., Minister of Ballingry. Kinross: Geo. Barnet, 1890.

J.C. *The Scottish Journal of Topography, Antiquities, Traditions, etc.,* from September 1847-July 1848. ["Folk-Lore of Clackmannanshire," etc., by J. C.] Edinburgh 1848.

J.C. EDINBURGH. *The Edinburgh Topographical Traditional and Antiquarian Magazine* from September to December 1848. Edinburgh 1848.

JERVISE. *MS. Collections.* By Andrew JERVISE. Vol. 5. Fifeshire: Lib. Soc. of Ant. Scot. Edinburgh.

J. W. JACK. *Glenfarg and District Past and Present.* By James W. JACK, M.A. Perth: Miller and Small. 2nd edition 1893.

KENNEDY. *Glenochel.* A Descriptive Poem with notes. By James KENNEDY. 2 vols. Glasgow: R. Chapman, 1810.

KILROUNIE. *The Kingdom. A Descriptive and Historical Hand-Book to Fife.* Edited by KILROUNIE. 4th edition. Cupar: Westwood and Son, n.d.

KINGHORN. *A Selection of Extracts from the Minutes of the Kirk-Session of Kinghorn.* [No name.] Kirkcaldy: J. Crawford, 1863.

KINLOCH. *Selections from the Presbyteries of St. Andrews and Cupar,* 1541-1598. Edited by Geo. R. KINLOCH. Edinburgh: Abbotsford Club, 1837.

KIRK. *Tours in Scotland,* 1677 *and* 1681. By Thomas KIRK and Ralph THORESBY. Edited by P. Hume Brown. Edinburgh: D. Douglas, 1892.

KIRKTON. *The Secret and True History of the Church of Scotland.* By Rev. James KIRKTON. Edited from the MS. By Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe. Edinburgh: Jas. Ballantyne and Co., 1817.

LAING. *Lindores Abbey and its Burgh of Newburgh. Their History and Annals.* By Alexander LAING. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas, 1876.

LAING (2). *Notice of the Ancient Ecclesiastical History of Abernethy and of the condition of the Early Inhabitants of Scotland.* An Address by Alexr. LAING, delivered in Abernethy on 28th January, 1861. Newburgh: James Wood, 1861.

LAMONT. *The Diary of Mr. John Lamont of Newton,* 1649-1671. [Edited by Geo. R. KINLOCH.] Edinburgh: Abbotsford Club, 1830.

LAW. *Memorialls or Memorable Things that fell out within this Island of Britain from* 1638 *to* 1684. By the Rev. Rob. LAW. Edited from the manuscript by Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe. Edinburgh: A. Constable and Co., 1818.

LEIGHTON. *History of the County of Fife from the Earliest period to the Present time.* By John M. LEIGHTON. 3 vols. Glasgow: Joseph Swan, 1840.

LYON. *History of St. Andrews.* By the Rev. C. J. LYON, M.A. 2 vols. Edinburgh: Wm. Tait, 1843.

MACBEAN. *The Kirkcaldy Burgh Records,* with the Annals of Kirkcaldy, The Town's Charter, Extracts from original Documents, and a Description of the Ancient Burgh. By L. MACBEAN. Kirkcaldy 1908.

MACKAY. *A History of Fife and Kinross.* By Æ. J. G. MACKAY, Sheriff of these Counties. Edinburgh: Blackwood & Son, 1896.

MACKENZIE. *The Lives and Characters of the most Eminent Writers of the Scots Nation,* with an Abstract and Catalogue of their works, Their various Editions, and the Judgment of the Learn^{d} concerning them. By George MACKENZIE. Edinburgh: James Watson, 1708.

MARTIN. *A Description of the Western Islands of Scotland.* Circa 1695. By Martin MARTIN. Glasgow: Thomas D. Morison. London: Hamilton, Adams and Co., 1884.

MARWICK. *List of Markets and Fairs Now and Formerly Held in Scotland,* with Notes as to Charters, Acts of Parliament, and other Documents by which the Right to hold them has been Conferred. Prepared for the Royal Commissioners of Market Rights and Tolls. By Sir James David MARWICK, LL.D., F.R.S.E., Town Clerk of Glasgow, 1890.

MELDRUM. *Grey Mantle and Gold Fringe.* By David Storrar MELDRUM. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Son, 1896.

MEMORIALS. *Memorials of the Family of Wemyss of Wemyss.* By Sir William FRASER, K.C.B., LL.D. 3 vols. Edinburgh 1888.

METCALFE. *Ancient Lives of Scottish Saints.* By W. M. METCALFE. Paisley: A. Gardner, 1895.

MSS. *Criminal Proceedings.* Manuscript taken from the Records of Justiciary from 1584-1723. 3 vols. Lib. Soc. Ant. Scot. Edinburgh.

MUIR. *Notices from the Local Records of Dysart.* By Rev. William MUIR. Maitland Club, 1853.

MUNSTER. *My Memories and Miscellanies.* By the Countess of MUNSTER. 2nd Edition. London: Eveleigh Nash, 1904.

MURRAY. *Extract from Kirk-Session Records.* By the Rev. Mr. MURRAY. Printed in the *East of Fife Record,* Nov. 23rd, 1894. Anstruther: Lewis Russell.

NEISH. *History of Newport and the Parish of Forgan and Rambles round the District.* By J. S. NEISH. Dundee: *Weekly News* Office, 1890.

N.S.A. *New Statistical Account of Scotland.* By the Ministers of the Respective Parishes. Vol. IX. Fife and Kinross.

O.S.A. *Statistical Account of Scotland.* Drawn up from the Communications of the Ministers of the Different Parishes. 21 vols. Ed. by Sir John SINCLAIR, Bart. Edinburgh 1791-1799.

PATRICK. *The Sculptured Caves of East Wemyss.* By John PATRICK. *The Reliquary and Illustrated Archæologist,* Vol. XI. No. 2 April, 1905. London: Bemrose & Son.

PEOPLE'S JOURNAL. *The People's Journal.* Published weekly by John Leng and Co., Bank St., Dundee.

PITCAIRN. *Criminal Trials in Scotland* from A.D. MCCCCLXXVIII. to A.D. MDCXXIV. Embracing the entire Reigns of James IV. and V., Mary Queen of Scots, and James VI. Compiled from the Original Records and MSS. with Historical Notes and Illustrations. By Robert PITCAIRN, Esq. 3 vols. Edinburgh: W. Tait, 1833.

POLLOCK. *The Dictionary of the Forth from Aberfoyle to Isle of May.* By David POLLOCK. Edinburgh: T. C. and E. C. Jack, 1891.

PRO. SOC. ANT. SCOT. *Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland.* Edinburgh 1851 to date.

PRYDE. *The Queer Folk of Fife. Tales from the Kingdom.* By David PRYDE. Glasgow: Morrison Bros., 1897.

RAMSAY. *The Ever Green.* Being a Collection of Scots Poems, wrote by the ingenious before 1600. Published by Allan RAMSAY. 1824.

REID. *Kinghorn. A Short History and Description of a Notable Fifeshire Town and Parish.* By Alan REID. Kirkcaldy: L. Macbean, 1906.

ROBERTSON. *The Provost o' Glendookie. Glimpses of a Fife Town.* By Andrew Smith ROBERTSON. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier, 1894.

ROGERS. *Social Life in Scotland from Early to Recent Times.* By Rev. Chas. ROGERS. 3 vols. Edinburgh: Grampian Club, 1884.

RORIE, *F. A.* Articles by Dr. RORIE in the *Fifeshire Advertiser*, 1903.

ROSS. *Aberdour and Inchcolme.* Being Historical Notices of the Parish and Monastery in twelve Lectures. By Rev. Wm. Ross. Edinburgh: D. Douglas, 1885.

ROSS (2). *Glimpses of Pastoral Work in the Covenanting Times.* A Record of the Labours of Andrew Donaldson, a Minister of Dalgety, Fifeshire, 1644-1662. By Rev. Wm. Ross, LL.D. London: Jas. Nisbet, 1876.

RYMOUR CLUB. *The Rymour Club, Edinburgh. Miscellanea* from March, 1906. Printed for Members only.

S. A. or N. N. & Q. *The Scottish Antiquary, or Northern Notes and Queries from* 1886. 17 vols. Edinburgh: David Douglas.

THE SCOTS MAGAZINE. *The Scots Magazine.* Containing a general view of the Religion, Politicks, Entertainment, etc., in Great Britain, and a succinct account of Public Affairs, foreign and domestic. Printed at Edinburgh (First Series from 1740).

THE SCOTSMAN. *The Scotsman* [*Newspaper*]. Published every morning by John Ritchie and Co., Edinburgh.

SIBBALD. *The History Ancient and Modern of the Sheriffdoms of Fife and Kinross.* By Sir Robert SIBBALD. New Edition. Cupar: R. Tullis, 1803.

SIMPSON. *On an Old Stone-Roofed Cell or Oratory in the Island of Inchcolm.* By Prof. J. Y. SIMPSON, *Proc. Soc. Ant. Scot.* Vol. 2, pp. 505-506.

SIMPSON (2). *Archaeological Essays.* By the late Sir James Y. SIMPSON, Bart., M.D., D.C.L. Edited by John Stewart, LL.D. 2 vols. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas, 1872.

SIMSON. *Reminiscences of Childhood at Inverkeithing, or Life in a Lazaretto.* By James SIMSON. Edinburgh: Maclachlan and Stewart, 1882.

SINCLAR. *Satan's Invisible World Discovered.* By George SINCLAR, Professor of Philosophy and Mathematics in the University of Glasgow, 1654-1696. Reprinted from the Original Edition published at Edinburgh in 1685. Edinburgh: Thos. Geo. Stevenson, 1871.

SKENE. *The Historians of Scotland,* Vol. IV. John of Fordun's Chronicle of the Scottish Nation. Translated and edited by William F. SKENE. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas, 1871.

SKINNER. *Autobiography of a Metaphysician.* Being the Life of late Rev. James Skinner with selected Remains. Edited by Rev. Robert SMITH, Kinross. Edinburgh: Andrew Elliot, 1893.

SMALL. *Interesting Roman Antiquities Recently Discovered in Fife.* Also observations regarding the Ancient Palaces of the Pictish Kings in the Town of Abernethy and other Local Antiquities. By Rev. Andrew SMALL. Edinburgh: J. Anderson and Co., 1823.

SMALL (2). *Select Remains of the Ancient Popular and Romance Poetry of Scotland.* Collected and Edited by David LAING, LL.D. Re-edited with Memorial, Introduction and Additions by John SMALL, M.A. Edinburgh: Wm. Blackwood and Son, 1885.

S. N. &. Q. *Scottish Notes and Queries* from 1887 to date. Aberdeen: A. Brown & Co.

S. N. H. & A. S. *The Stirling Natural History and Archæological Society's Transactions*, 1884 to date. Stirling: Scott, Learmonth and Allan.

SPOTTISWOODE. *History of the Church of Scotland.* Beginning the year of Our Lord 203, and continued to the end of the reign of King James VI. By the Right Rev. John SPOTTISWOODE, Archbishop of St. Andrews. With Biographical Sketch and Notes. By the Right Rev. M. RUSSELL, LL.D., D.C.L. 3 vols. Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd, 1851.

STEVENSON. *The Presbyterie Book of Kirkcaldie*, Being the Record of the Proceedings of that Presbytery from the 15th day of April, 1630, to the 14th day of September, 1653. Edited with Introduction, Notes, and Index, by William STEVENSON, M.A. For Private Circulation. Kirkcaldy: James Burt, 1890.

STEVENSON (2). *The Kirk and Parish of Auchtertool.* By the Rev. William STEVENSON, M.A., F.S.A.Scot., Minister of Auchtertool. With a Memoir by the Rev. J. Campbell, B.D. Kirkcaldy: James Burt, 1908.

STEWART. *Reminiscences of Dunfermline and Neighbourhood.* Illustrative of Dunfermline Life Sixty years ago. By Alexr. Stewart. Edinburgh: Scott and Ferguson, 1886.

STUART. *Records of the Priory of the Isle of May.* By John STUART. Edinburgh: Soc. of Ant. Scot. 1868.

TAYLOR. *Historical Antiquities of Fife, chiefly Ecclesiastical, connected with some of its Districts.* By Rev. J. W. TAYLOR. 2nd Ed. 2 vols. Cupar: Wm. Robertson, 1868.

TENNANT. *Anster Fair.* By William TENNANT, LL.D., with memoir and Notes. Edinburgh 1871.

T.B.F.C. *Transactions of Buchan Field Club*, 1907-1908. Paper on "Ancient Scottish Tales. An unpublished Collection made by Peter Buchan." By J. A. FAIRLEY. Peterhead: P. Scrogie, 1908.

THOMSON. *The Dunfermline Hammermen.* A History of the Incorporation of Hammermen in Dunfermline, to which is appended A History of the Convener's Court of Dunfermline. Compiled from the Ancient Minute Books and Manuscripts connected with the Craft. By. Daniel THOMPSON. Paisley: Alexander Gardner, 1909.

VEDDER. *Poems, Legendary, Lyrical and Descriptive.* By David VEDDER. Edinburgh: Printing and Publishing Co., 1842.

WALKER. *Holy Wells in Scotland.* By J. Russell WALKER. *Proc. Soc. Ant. Scot.*, Vol. XVII. pp. 186-210.

WEBSTER. *Collection of Rare and Curious Tracts on Witchcraft and Second Sight.* By Thomas WEBSTER. Edinburgh 1820.

WESTWOOD. *The Illustrated Guide to St. Andrews.* By A. WESTWOOD & SON. Cupar 1887.

WODROW. *Analecta or Materials for a History of Remarkable Providences.* By Rev. Rob. WODROW. 4 vols. Edinburgh: Maitland Club, 1852.

WOOD. *The East Neuk of Fife. Its History and Antiquities.* By Rev. Walter Wood. 2nd Edition. Edinburgh: D. Douglas, 1887.

W.S. *The Weekly Scotsman.* John Ritchie and Co., Edinburgh; every Saturday.

PART I.

SUPERSTITIOUS BELIEF AND PRACTICE.

I. HILLS, ROCKS, CAVES, EARTHWORKS.

Tower Hill, Treasure Legend. *Tayport.*—There is a legend that at some far distant period in the "misty past" a chest of gold was buried somewhere about the summit of this hill. The belief in the existence of hidden treasure is kept alive by an old rhyme, which runs thus:

> "Here I sit, and here I see,
> St. Andrews, Broughty, and Dundee,
> And as muckle below me as wad buy a' three
> In a kist."

NEISH, pp. 200-201.

Largo Law, Treasure Legend.—It is supposed by the people who live in the neighbourhood of Largo Law in Fife, that there is a very rich mine of gold under and near the mountain, which has never been properly searched for.[1] So convinced are they of the verity of this, that whenever they see the wool of a sheep's side tinged with yellow, they think

[1] There is a popular belief that the Eildon Hills contain a mine of gold, from the teeth of the sheep becoming yellow after feeding upon them. The same notion is entertained respecting Dunideer Hill in Aberdeenshire, as we learn from Hector Boece and Lesley, and in some other places in Scotland; and Mr. Buckingham tells us that the sheep which feed on Pisgah, from which Moses saw the "Promised Land," are believed to have their teeth converted into silver, by feeding on a particular plant which grows there.

it has acquired that colour from having lain above the gold mine.

A great many years ago, a ghost made its appearance upon the spot, supposed to be laden with the secret of the mine; but as it of course required to be *spoken to* before it would condescend to *speak*, the question was, who should take it upon himself to go up and accost it? At length a shepherd, inspired by the all-powerful love of gold, took courage and demanded the cause of this "revisiting," etc. The ghost proved very affable, and requested a meeting on a particular night, at eight o'clock, when, said the spirit:

> "If Auchindownie cock disna craw,
> And Balmain horn disna blaw,
> I'll tell ye where the gowd mine is in Largo Law."[1]

The shepherd took what he conceived to be effectual measures for preventing any obstacles being thrown in the way of his becoming custodier of the important secret, for not a cock, old, young, or middle-aged, was left alive at the farm of Auchindownie; while the man who, at that of Balmain, was in the habit of blowing the horn for the housing of the cows, was strictly enjoined to dispense with that duty on the night in question. The hour was come, and the ghost, true to its promise, appeared, ready to divulge the secret; when Tammie Norrie, the cow-herd of Balmain, either through obstinacy or forgetfulness, "blew a blast both loud and dread," and I may add, "were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe," for to the shepherd's mortal disappointment, the ghost vanished, after exclaiming:

> "Woe to the man that blew the horn
> For out of the spot he shall ne'er be borne."

In fulfilment of this denunciation, the unfortunate horn-blower was struck dead upon the spot; and it being found impossible to remove his body, which seemed, as it were,

[1] This rhyme is also presented in another form and tense, as follows:

> "Gin Auchindownie's cock hadna crawn
> Nor Balmain Mill-horn blawn,
> A gowd mine had been at Largo Law."
>
> CHAMBERS, 1826 Edition, p. 62.

pinned to the earth, a cairn of stones was raised over it, which, now grown into a green hillock, is still denominated *Norrie's Law*, and regarded as uncanny by the common people. This place is situated upon the farm of Fairyfield. . . .

In recent years it has become known that the above, taken down from tradition in 1825, has, through chance or otherwise, had a basis in fact. Archæologists are now well acquainted with the discovery of the silver relics of Norrie's Law. From Dr. John Stuart's beautiful book on the *Sculptured Stones of Scotland*, we learn that the first discovery of the said relics was about 1819, when a man digging sand at the place called Norrie's Law, found a cist or stone coffin containing a suit of scale-armour, with shield, sword-handle, and scabbard, all of silver. It appears that he kept the secret until nearly the whole of the pieces had been disposed of to a silversmith at Cupar; but on one of those few which remain it is remarkable to find the "spectacle ornament," crossed by the so-called "broken sceptre,"[1] thus indicating a great though uncertain antiquity.—CHAMBERS, pp. 238-240; CUNNINGHAM (3), pp. 70-71. Cf. p. 184.

Norrie's Law. The people of the district say that Norrie's Law was formed by the imps placed at the service of Sir Michael Scott, the wizard of Balwearie, by his Satanic Majesty, and that it represents one shovelful of earth, thrown from the top of Largo Law by those infernals when employed by the Wizard to level the same. They had no time to throw any more, as they were called hurriedly away to Kirkcaldy to assist their superior, who had been set the task—also by Michael Scott—of making ropes out of sea-sand there, a task which proved too much for his majesty.

A common saying about here [Leven] is that "The devil's dead and buried in Kirkcaldy."—*Communicated.*

See *Witchcraft, Balwearie*, p. 56. Also *Place Legends, Kirkcaldy*, p. 265.

[1 The above relics are now in the Scottish National Museum of Antiquities.]

Lomond Hills Easter and Wester. These isolated heights were called by the old Highlanders "Wallace's Goals," because the national hero was held to be capable of jumping from the one summit to the other. The Wester Lomond, which is the higher of the two, being 1713 feet high.

J. W. JACK, p. 54.

Calliard Hill, Witches' Assembly.—A gradually rising eminence betwixt St. Monance and Elie, reported in tradition as the principal arena where warlocks, witches, kelpies, and other imaginary beings hold their midnight revels, and carry on their incantations, seizing the benighted travellers, dragging them off their course, or tossing them in the air like feathers in the whirlwind. Even in the nineteenth century, a man was taken from that enchanted eminence and carried nine times round Kilconquhar Loch, without the use of any of his locomotive faculties. Such is stated to have been the declaration of the spell-bound individual himself.

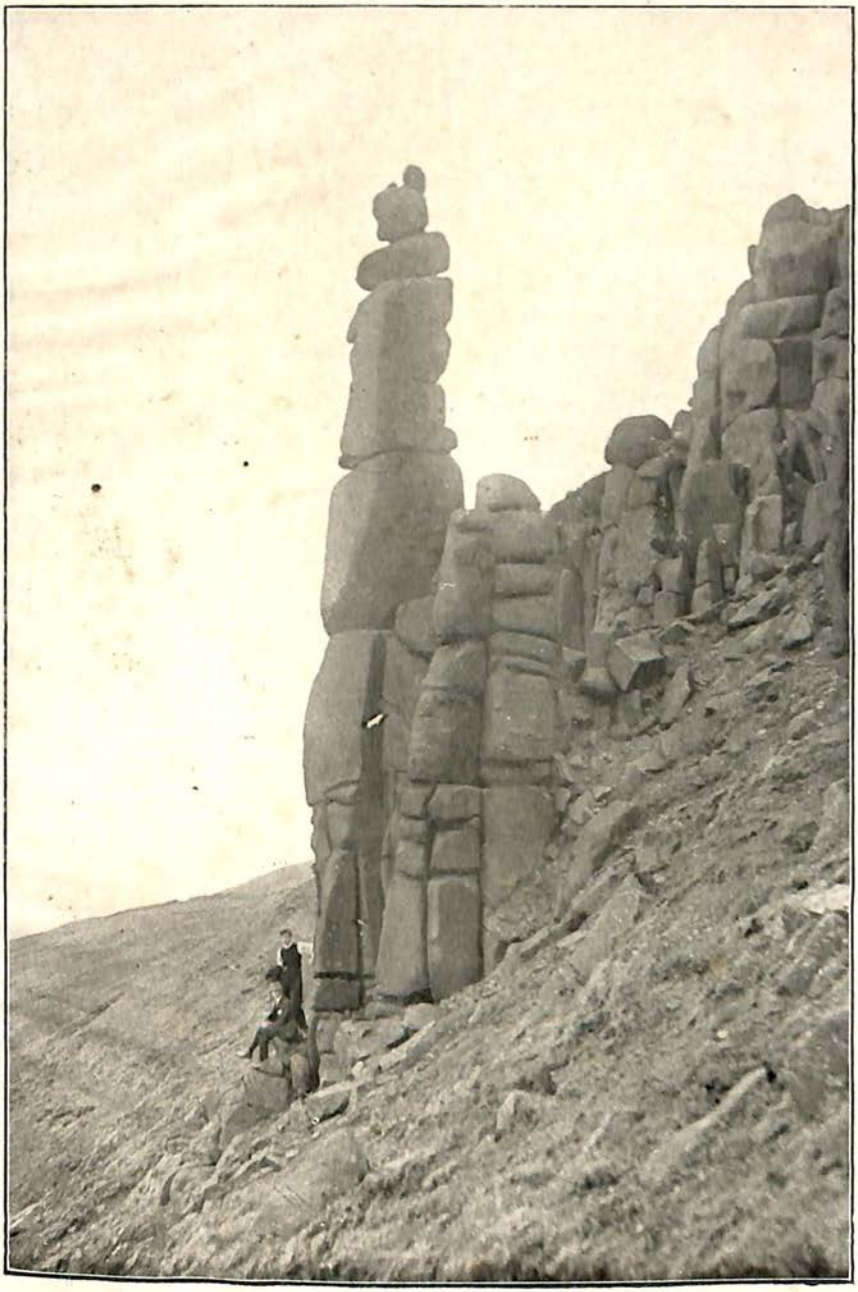
JACK, pp. 32-33, *note.*

Gouk Craig. *Forgan.*—Seven airs blow there, which are a remedy for whooping-cough. See *Leechcraft*, p. 134.

Bell Craig. See *infra*, p. 9.

2. ROCKS.

"Carlin Maggie" and **"The Devil's Burden."** [The narrow gorge of Glenvale between West Lomond Hill and Bishop Hill was formerly the haunt of witches, of whom "Carlin Maggie" was the chief. Seeing Satan approach bearing a burden of rocks she took her stand upon the Bishop's Hill and "flyted" him. He let fall his load upon the hill side, pursued her, and turned her to stone on the precipitous slope overlooking Lochleven, where the monolithic rock of Carlin Maggie and the scattered Devil's Burden are pro-



"CARLIN MAGGIE."

To face p. 4.

minent objects in the landscape to this day. The legend is told in verse in GULLAND, pp. 89-91.]

The Maiden-bore Rock. *Lomond Hill.*—Directly below the steep verdant base of the Western Lomond Hill, a little to the west of the highest peak or top of the hill, where it begins to subside into a plain, there is a cluster of freestone rocks which jut out from under the base of the hill close beside it, with a large perforation through the rock called the Maiden-bore, because maidens only were supposed capable of passing through it. The passage had been originally very small, yet it is now so enlarged, in consequence of so many people trying to pass, or rather to creep through it, that it will now admit the most bulky person.

SMALL, p. 94; cf. GULLAND, pp. 60, 61.

Danis Wark. *St. Andrews.*—Along the east coast of Scotland many structures are ascribed to them [the Danes] with which they had no connection. At St. Andrews, a perpendicular rock of at least 40 feet in height, composed of regularly laminated strata, closely connected with the rest of the shore, is still called the "Danis Wark"; and the smooth stones that had fallen from its face are believed to have been brought there to enlarge the work, which by some accident they were prevented from finishing. . . . The martial deeds, and the rapine and destruction of the Danes has magnified them into giants, who in a night could perform the labour of years, and by the exertions of their brawny arms could move rocks that have stood fixed from the creation.

SIBBALD, pp. 79-80, *note.*

See *Earthworks, East Neuk*, p. 11.

3. STONES.

Devil's Apron-String. *Ballingry.*—There have also been in prehistoric times many volcanic upheavals, and much

internal disturbance within the limits of our parish boundaries. . . . That is the reason why the plough strikes so often upon stones in B'ingry. . . . The old legend was that Sathanus intended to fill up Lochleven with stones; but as he flew through the air, and just when he was in sight of the loch, his apron-string broke, and all the stones were scattered over our fields. Anyhow, our fathers found, as we do, the stones lying in the fields.—JAMIE, p. 3.

The Blue Stone of Crail. This large blue stone, measuring about four feet in diameter, lies in the open space in front of the now disused east school, at the corner of the street, and about thirty yards south from the churchyard gate.

The legend runs that the arch-fiend, bearing some especial grudge against the church of Crail, took his stand upon the Isle of May, and thence threw a huge rock at the building. The missile, however, split during its flight into two pieces, of which the smaller one (bearing the impress of his satanic majesty's thumb) kept its intended course, falling but a few yards short of the church, while the other larger portion slanted off to the east and lit upon Balcomie sands—both fragments remaining to this day (thumb mark and all), to give ocular demonstration of the truth of the story.

BEVERIDGE (3), p. 61.

It is the local fetish, and Crail bairns used to kiss it in leaving the old town, in pledge of their return.—GEDDIE, p. 169.

See *Place Legends, Crail*, p. 261.

Witch-Stone. *Culross.*—In Culross muir, or common, there is a large stone with the mark of a human foot, seemingly indented, though not by art, and so credulous are some of the people here, that even yet it is believed that a witch, who happened to light here, from riding through the air, on a broomstick, imprinted this mark with her foot.

HALL, vol. ii. p. 49.

The De'il's Stane. *Waltonhill.*—Once upon a time, so runs the legend, Samson challenged the devil to match him at boulder throwing. As challenger, Samson stood on the West Lomond; Satan stood on the East. The signal was given; two mighty rocks whistled through the air. "The De'il's stane" fell where it now lies, on the road-side about a quarter of a mile west from Waltonhill Farm. Samson, though handicapped by three miles greater distance, flung his stone fully four hundred yards beyond that of Satan, and with such force that it split into three parts; which parts are now built into Waltonhill barn.—*F. H. & J.*, 1st November, 1905.

The Witch's Stone. *Dunfermline.*—A huge square Silurian block, probably from the hills near the Port of Menteith. Its horizontal dimensions above ground are diagonally 18 feet by 21 feet; its vertical height above ground 5 feet. . . . I estimate its weight at nearly 200 tons.

The legend connected with this boulder is, that a witch wishing to bestow a valuable gift on the Pitfirrane family, resolved to present to them a cheese-press. With that view, she lifted this boulder and carried it some distance in her apron, but owing to its excessive weight the apron-strings broke and the stone fell to the ground, where it has remained ever since.—HOME, p. 49.

Giant's Stone. *St. Andrews.*—About two miles west of St. Andrews, on the estate of Mount Melville, there is a conglomerate boulder 8 by 6 by 3 feet, pretty well rounded. It has been lodged on the bank of a valley, which bank faces the west. . . . The nearest conglomerate rock is distant many miles to the north-west. There is a legend connected with this boulder as follows: At the time St. Regulus built the Four Knockit steeple at St. Andrews, there lived a giant at Drumcarro Crags, a hill situated about five miles to the west; he was enraged at seeing this building rising up, and he resolved to demolish it,—so, having found a large stone,

he borrowed his mother's apron to use it as a sling for the stone in order to hurl it against the new building. But when in the act of throwing it, the apron burst under the weight of the stone, and it fell short of the object at which it was aimed, and rested on the bank where it now lies.

This legend receives geological confirmation in the circumstance that Drumcarro Crags bear about W.N.W. from the boulder, and judging by the situation of the nearest conglomerate rock, that was the direction from which the boulder must have come.—HOME, pp. 53-54 ; FLEMING (2), p. 113.

The Blue Stane. *St. Andrews.*—At the north-west corner of Alexandra Place, just within the railway, there is a whinstone boulder long known as *The Blue Stane.* The fairies were supposed to frequent it, and it was a favourite trysting-place for lovers.—FLEMING (2), p. 111.

Touch Stone.[1] *Balvaird.*—Near Balvaird in Fife, was a remarkable Curiosity. It was broken by Oliver Cromwell's soldiers, and then it was discovered, that its motion was performed by an egg-shaped extuberance [*sic*] in the middle of the under surface of the Upper Stone, which was inserted in a Cavity in the surface of the lower stone. As the lower stone was flat, the upper was globular ; and not only a just Proportion in the Motion was calculated from the Weight of the Stone, and the Wideness of the Cavity, as well as the oval Figure of the inserted Prominence ; but the vast Bulk of the upper Stone absolutely conceal'd the Mechanism of the Motion ; and, the better still to impose on the Vulgar, there were two or three surrounding flat Stones, tho' that only in the Middle was concerned in the Feat. By this pretended Miracle they condemn'd of Perjury, or acquitted, as their Interest or Affection led them ; and often brought Criminals to confess what could be by no other way extorted from them.

DEFOE, vol. iv. pp. 148-9.

[1 Evidently a rocking-stone.]

4. Caves and Underground Passages.

Cave in the Bell Craig, Kirkcaldy.[1]—Tradition affirms that there issued from a cave in the Bell Crag "an air from heaven or blast from hell" which enabled persons who imbibed it in proper measure to foresee future events. To this rock then the wizard [Sir Michael Scott] is believed to have resorted on particular occasions for inspiration. Within the memory of many, belated travellers, on passing the Crag, are reported to have experienced very peculiar sensations. All traces of the cave are now obliterated, that portion of the rock having been used as a quarry, and several stately buildings have been erected out of the walls of the wizard's cave.

[1] There is also a Bell Craig, otherwise called the Fait Stane, near St. Andrews.—Fleming (2), p. 118.

[Underground Music.] About a century ago a drunken piper, returning from Lochgelly Fair, was arrested by the intoxicating vapour. Instead of availing himself of the propitious moment to learn the probable duration of Christmas doles, penny weddings, and other customs in which it may be supposed a person of his calling would be especially interested, the infatuated mortal only testified his exhilaration by a tune upon the bagpipe. . . . A signal punishment, however, awaited him for the unhallowed use to which he had applied the divine *afflatus*. The instrument with which he had perpetrated the profanation was destined, alas! never more to pass from his lips. The night was stormy; but the louder the wind blew, the louder did the enchanted bagpipe sound along the strath. Such a piping was never heard either before or since. . . . Nor did the music cease till sunrise, when a peasant going to his work found the piper lying dead at the mouth of the cave, with the chanter between his lips. It rests on what the Ettrick Shepherd would have called excellent authority, that the **Spectre Piper**

is still heard, on very stormy nights, playing a coronach on the Bell Crag—

> "In a wild unworldly tone,
> To mortal minstrelsy unknown."
>
> GARDINER, p. 67; FARNIE, p. 63.

Of *Culross Monastery* . . . the usual tale is recorded of mysterious subterranean passages and communications. In one of these a man is said to be seated on a golden chair, and has doubtless prizes of regal magnificence to present to the courageous adventurer who may succeed in penetrating to his secret retreat. The story is told of a **blind piper** and his dog who entered the vaults at the head of the Newgate, and was heard playing his pipes on his subterraneous march as far as the West Kirk, three quarters of a mile distant. But the gnomes or subterranean demons got hold of him, and he never again emerged to the upper air. His dog managed to effect his escape, but the faithful animal of course could tell no tales.—BEVERIDGE (2), vol. ii. p. 260.

Kemback.—There is a tradition that a subterranean passage ran from the house [of Kemback] to Dairsie Castle, underneath the river. . . . When the present laird was a boy there was a very old woman who said that her grandmother told her that when some alterations were being made, the mouth of this passage was discovered. A **wandering piper** was induced to go into the hole and play his pipes, so that the direction in which the passage went might be discovered. The piping below ground led to the river's edge and ceased. The piper did not return, and after allowing what they considered a reasonable time, the people built up the mouth of the hole.—*The People's Journal*, 5th October, 1907.

Kilrenny.—There are some remarkable caves or coves, as they are sometimes called, situated in the eastern part of the parish and close by the shore. . . . They stand at present several feet above high-water mark, and rise to the height of 30 or 40 feet. There are likewise to be seen in the interior of the caves, artificial cuttings and chiselled crosses, which

indicate that at some period they have been used as the abode of men. . . . There is no tradition regarding them, except that there is a communication below ground between them and the house of Barnsmuir, situated nearly half a mile from the shore, where it is said that **a piper** was heard playing beneath the hearth stone of the kitchen; but these days of delusion have passed away.—N.S.A., vol. ix. p. 971.

See *Personal Legends. Kettle—Clatto Den to Tower of Clatto*, p. 248. Also *Markinch—Maiden Castle to Brunton*, p. 257.

Origin of Wemyss Caves.—The mothers and grandmothers of the locality long garrulously told their offspring that "the caves were bigget by the Pechs—short wee men wi' red hair and long arms and feet sae broad that when it rained they turned them up ower their head, and then they served for umbrellas. Oh, ay, they were great builders, the Pechs; they built a' the auld castles in the country. They stood a' in a row from the quarry to the building stance and elka ane handed foreward the stanes to his neighbour till the hale was bigget."—PATRICK, pp. 76, 77.

5. EARTHWORKS.

Danes Dikes. *East Neuk.*—The tradition relative to the fabric called "Danes Dikes" is, that it was raised by them [the Danes] for their defence in one night. The very great extent, the situation and composition of it, renders the story quite improbable. Indeed, so great was the terror inspired by invasions of these pirates of the north, . . . that the people attributed every great work whose origin was forgotten, to their extraordinary prowess.

SIBBALD, p. 79, *note*; O.S.A. vol. ix. p. 459.

II. WELLS, TIDES, THE MOON.

List of Holy Wells in Fife dedicated to Special Saints.

Names.	Where Situated.	Remarks.
St. Aidan -	Balmerino - -	Locally known as "Aldan's Well."
St. Andrew -	Lindores - -	Now filled up.
St. Bride or Brigid	Balmerino - -	Bridie's Well.
St. Fillan	[Aberdour - -	Cures sore eyes.]
	Pittenweem -	In a double cave in the innermost of which is a spring of water called St. Fillan's Well.
St. Glassin -	Kinglassie -	Known here as Glessianus.
St. John -	Inverkeithing.	
	Balmerino.	
	Falkland.	
St. Irnie - -	Kilrenny - -	Probably a form of Ethernan [*i.e.* Irenæus, the patron saint].
St. Leonard	St. Andrews.	
	Dunfermline.	
St. Margaret -	Dunfermline -	[Ancient Well-dressing, see p. 14.]

Names.	Where Situated.	Remarks.
St. Mary, Our Lady	Isle of May, O.L.	[Removes barrenness.]
	Leuchars, O.L. -	Used still to draw water from, and stands in the centre of the village square.
	Balmerino, O.L.	
	Falkland, O.L.	
	Cupar - -	Lady Burn.
St. Monan -	St. Monance.	
St. Salvator -	St. Andrews.	
[St. Theriot -	Fordell - -	Wishing Well.]

Holy Wells which have not had or which have lost their Individual Dedications.

Names.	Where Situated.	Remarks.
Holly Well -	St. Andrews.	
Chapel Well	St. Andrews.	
	Strathmiglo. -	Near site of chapel at Gateside.
Priors' Well	Balmerino.	
	Crail.	
Monks' Well	Balmerino.	
	Newburgh.	
Priests' Well -	Abdie - -	Priests' Burn [local name].
Abbots' Well -	Newburgh.	
Nine Maidens' Well -	Newburgh - -	[*i.e.*] The Nine Virgins, daughters to St. Donewald, under King Eugenius VII. in Scotland. [Visited on Holy Rood Day.]

Walker, *Proc. Soc. Ant. Scot.*, vol. xvii. pp. 186-210.

St. Fillan's Well. *Aberdour.*—During the fifteenth century a "Holy Well" at Aberdour, dedicated to St. Fillan, was resorted to by pilgrims and poor people on account of the supposed virtue of its waters. . . . It was situated about thirty yards to the south-east of the old Churchyard and down to 1840 was resorted to by persons afflicted with sore eyes. Its waters were regarded almost as a "sure cure" in such cases, and were occasionally bottled up and sent long distances.

BUCKNER, p. 5.

St. Margaret's Well. *Dunfermline.*—This well, like other *saints'* wells in the district, continued to be decorated with flowers on their saints' days annually, when they were visited by hundreds of persons "with song-singing and superstitious awe" until about 1649, when Kirk-sessions interfered and put a stop to the *holywell annuals*, in virtue of the following order of the General Assembly, held at Edinburgh on 4th April, 1649, viz: "The Assemblie being informit that some went superstitiouslie to wellis denominat from Saints, ordains Presbyteries to take notice thairof, and to censure these that are guiltie of that fault."

As previously mentioned, St. Margaret's Well is about a mile to the north-east of Dunfermline. On St. Margaret's Day (20th June)[1] this well was decorated with flowers, and a procession of monks and "religious inhabitants visited St. Margaret's Well" in joy, praise, and song.

HENDERSON, p. 320.

St. Theriot's Well. *Fordell.*—The name of the patron saint is about all that popular tradition retains, and that is more associated with St. Theriot's Well than with the chapel. The Well is known, to some of the people at least, as a "wishing" one, having the extraordinary property of securing that what one wishes, while drinking of its water, shall be obtained.—ROSS (2), p. 26; BUCKNER, p. 52.

[1 20th July.—ED.]

Our Lady's Well. *Isle of May.*—On the Island of May there was (and perhaps still is) a beautiful spring of pure pellucid water; in close connection with, and under the sole government of the convent there, which during the whole of the sixteenth century continued in the full exercise of all its powers and privileges. This spring, which was then under the special cognizance of the officiating monk, is traditionally famous for having possessed the mysterious power of curing female sterility, and converting the unfruitful daughters of Eve into fond mothers and joyous housewives, by washing away the reproach inseparable from barrenness, and conciliating the affections of their spouses. . . .

It still holds a prominent name on the East Coast of Fife for its marvellous qualities; and whenever, amongst the constantly unfolding secrets of futurity, a human being of dubious parentage exhibits itself on the stage of existence . . . the common remark is still familiar to all, that "*It has come from the Island of May.*"—JACK (2), pp. 190-200.

See *Proverbs*, p. 282.

The Lady's, The Pilgrim's, St. John's, and **St. Andrew's** wells are still pointed out [in the Isle of May], though their brackish waters have lost the magic virtue they were credited with in early Christian, possibly in pagan times.—MACKAY, p. 16.

Heugh Well. *Kinghorn.*—There are, or were, among others the **Heugh Well,** the **Blue Spout,** and **Dorrick's Well,** the last recommended in an old rhyme for tea:

> "Dorrick's Well water an' Bamfry (Banchory) butter,
> Edinburgh tea and Gottenburgh sugar."

HY. BLACK, *Weekly Scotsman*, 2nd December, 1899.

Nine Wells. *Newburgh.*—Many excellent springs are to be found within the limits of the parish. . . . One of these springs, which rises in the south-west, in the hilly district [at Skittlebear, below Ninewells Farm], is called the *Nine*

Wells; and though that precise number of openings cannot now be traced, there is little doubt, as tradition relates, that the name was really descriptive of the true character of the fountain. The discharge from the several openings is copious and of the purest quality, and being immediately collected into one current, forms no inconsiderable stream. . . . Here, amidst the barbarous practices of a bygone age, those who claimed the privileges of Clan Macduff at the cross, which stands in the immediate vicinity,[1] were required to wash off the stains from their murderous hands, to which reference is made in the well-known inscription on that ancient monument:

> "And by their only washing at this stone
> Purged is the blood, shed by that generation."

N.S.A., vol. ix. pp. 58-59.

In May, 1723, the minister informed the Session that Margaret Robertson in Byres of Balmerino had complained to him, that James Paton in Culter "had scandalized her in her good name by saying that she went to Nine Wells on the Road-day morning [*i.e.* Rood Day, the Invention of the Cross, 3rd May], to take away her neighbour's milk," or, as the charge was afterwards expressed, "to get the cream of the water, and to take away her neighbour's butter." The parties having been cited, Paton declared that what he had said was, "that he heard of a woman in Byres that went to Nine Wells on the Road-day morning to gett the cream of them, that she might gett other people's butter, but named no woman." Witnesses were summoned and examined on oath, but their evidence was not decisive, and the conclusion of the case is not recorded.—CAMPBELL, p. 462. [See *Festival Customs*, p. 140, *n.*]

Bluidy Well. *Newburgh.*—What is called the "Bluidy Well," which the rising generation look on with mysterious awe, as the place where the combatants washed their swords after a battle, is merely a hollow in the rock, which retains

[1 See Part II. *Local Customs*, p. 190 *sqq.*]

rain-water having a reddish tinge imparted to it by the nature of the rock.—LAING, p. 7.

[The Bluidy Well is situated on the top of Clachard, a large craig called by Sibbald Cathcart Craig; and is so named, local tradition says, because Wallace and his men washed their swords in it after a battle.—*Communicated through* DR. RORIE.]

The South Running Well, *Newburgh,* is situated to the South of the "Black Cairn," and it was here that, when the riding of the Marches was in progress, the young burgesses had their heads washed and their healths drunk. Cf. the virtue of south-running water, p. 75.—[*Communicated.* D. R.]

The Witch Wells. *Newburgh.*—Happily all that remains in this neighbourhood to remind us of the terrible infatuation is the name (fast becoming obsolete) of the Witch Wells, where it is probable the unhappy victims belonging to the parish of Newburgh suffered.

The Witch Wells were near the farthest-off house on the Wodrife Road.—LAING, p. 230.

Willie's Well. *North Queensferry.*—There was a saying current at one time, that any stranger who drank of Willie's Well would be sure to come back to the Ferry again.

CUNNINGHAM, iv. p. 107.

Monk's Well, see *Place Rhymes,* p. 285.

2. TIDES.

The Double Tides in the Firth of Forth. A singular natural phenomenon connected with the tides is to be observed in the neighbourhood of Kincardine, and adjacent places in the upper reach of the Forth from Culross to Alloa. This is the so-called *lakies* or double tides, which have long been a subject of remark; but to account for which hitherto no explanation has been devised. When the tide is flowing, and

has done so for three hours, it recedes for the space of two feet, or a little more, and then returns on its regular course till it has reached the limit of high water. Similarly, in ebbing it begins to flow again, and then recedes to the limit of low water, thus causing four tides in twelve hours, or eight in the twenty-four. The space over which it thus flows and recedes varies a little, and sometimes the *lakie* only shows itself by the tide coming to a standstill for about an hour and a half. The legendary account of the matter is that on one occasion when St. Mungo with some of his ecclesiastics was sailing up the Forth to Stirling, the vessel went aground in ebb-tide, and could not be floated. The saint exercised his miraculous powers, and the tide in consequence returned, so as to enable him and his companions to proceed on their journey; and there has ever since been a double tide in this region of the Forth.—BEVERIDGE, pp. 200-201.

3. THE MOON.

Weather Omen.

"I saw the new mune late yestreen
Wi' the auld mune in her arms,
An ever an alake, my father dear,
It's a token o' deidly storms."

Sir Patrick Spens, in BUCHAN, i. p. 1.

Moon's Changes. Grizzel Robertson, an adherent of the Auld Licht . . . would not comb out her hair at certain stages of the moon, and when she was sick she would not allow it to be taken down.—BROWN, p. 56.

Medicine administered at full moon, Appendix, p. 409.

III. TREES AND PLANTS.

Docken, etc. The docken, dandelion, yarrow, horehound and agrimony were held to be possessed of sovereign virtue :

> " Kirn milk and agrimony
> Mak' the lasses fair and bonny."
>
> STEWART, p. 46.

Dandelion. See *Leechcraft*, p. 137.

Gorse. It is pretty well known that

> " When the gorse is oot o' bloom
> Kissin's oot o' fashion,"

but every one may not know that to give a sprig of gorse bloom is a certain sign of anger. Some years ago, when in Fifeshire, I plucked a very fine bloom in a bleak season when no other wild flowers were to be seen. Meeting an elderly lady, she exclaimed on its beauty. I, thinking to please her, said, " You can have it," at the same time handing it to her. " Oh," she said, " why did you do that ? It is very unlucky to give any one whin blossom ; we shall be sure to quarrel." I laughed and said, " I never heard of that freit. Perhaps when one does it in ignorance it won't work." A few days later I had the ill-luck to offend the said lady. She was very angry, and gave me her opinion of me in no measured terms, ending by saying, " That's your present of whin bloom."—*Weekly Scotsman Christmas Number*, 1898.

Gowan. See *Witchcraft Trials* (1650), p. 92.

Herbs. See *Witchcraft Trials* (1588), p. 75.

Hazel and Fire. See *Saint Kentigern*, p. 237.

Marigold. See *Leechcraft*, p. 134.

Rowan Tree. There were those in this neighbourhood, long after the beginning of the present century, who believed that a slip of rowan tree carried on their person dispelled *glamour*, and rendered nugatory all the powers of sorcery and witchcraft. . . . This superstition continued to exert its power on men otherwise intelligent. Impelled by ancient custom, they bore on their persons on the eve of Mayday, a slip of rowan tied with red thread (. . .) as a charm against ill luck, and with an undefined hope that it would avert evil from their flocks and herds.—LAING, p. 384. Cf. *Hallowe'en*, p. 140.

Rantries. See *Witchcraft Trials*, p. 92 ; *Magic Art*, p. 110

Scabious or Devil's-Bit. See *Jingles*, p. 304.

Wheat. See *Witchcraft Trials* (1650), p. 92.

Whin. See *Gorse*, above.

See also Appendix, p. 411.

IV. ANIMALS.

1. Beasts.

Cat. It was thought very unlucky to have . . . a cat entirely of a black colour.—Stewart, p. 43. Cf. p. 389.

For witch assuming form of cat, see p. 53.

See also *Death*, p. 166, and Appendix, p. 390.

Cow. The breath and smell of a cow good for consumption. See Black's *Folk-Medicine*, p. 161.

Dog. A dog howling loudly during the night was a sure sign that a neighbour or some near friend was approaching the gates of death.—Stewart, p. 43.

Hare. Witch taking the form of. See *Witchcraft*, p. 53.

Unlucky to mention while at sea. See *Fishermen*, p. 125.

Hare's-foot and bad luck. See *Fishermen*, p. 125.

Horse. See *Animal Ghosts*, p. 47; *Witchcraft* (1704), p. 106.

Horse-Shoe. See pp. 113, 125, 390.

Mole. See *Ghosts*, p. 47.

Pigs. *St. Monans.*—The inhabitants of the Nethertown entertained a most deadly hatred towards swine as ominous of evil, insomuch that not one was kept amongst them; and if their eyes haplessly lighted upon one in any other quarter, they abandoned their mission and fled from it as they would from a lion, and their occupation was suspended till the ebbing and flowing of the tide had effectually removed the

spell. These same devils were kept, however, in the Upper-town, frequently affording much annoyance to their neighbours below, on account of their casual intrusions, and producing much damage by suspension of labour. At last, becoming quite exasperated, the decision of their oracle was, to go in a body and destroy, not the animals (for they dared not hurt them), but all who bred and fostered such demons, looking on them, too, with a jealous eye, on account of their traffic. Armed with boat hooks, they ascended the hill in formidable procession, and dreadful had been the consequence had they not been discovered. But the Uppertown, profiting by previous remonstrance, immediately set loose their swine, whose grunt and squeak chilled the most heroic blood of the enemy, who, on beholding them, turned and fled down the hill with tenfold speed, more exasperated than ever, secreting themselves till the flux and reflux of the tide had undone the enchantment. But this hostile state of matters could not long exist—incendiarism was threatened, and life and property were in constant jeopardy. The lord of the manor was applied to by the inhabitants of the Uppertown, who endeavoured to remonstrate with his vassals in the Nethertown on the impropriety of their conduct, by showing that the evil complained of was altogether imaginary; but their experience of the baleful influence of the long-nosed fraternity was too great to admit of any conviction to the contrary. Through their power they had suffered much in the success of their calling, besides making hairbreadth escapes from the dangers of the sea, and of late a whole boat's crew perished in consequence of having looked on one of the ominous brutes. Remonstance was wholly vain, so the feudal baron had no alternative left but to put forth his absolute edict decreeing the total extermination of the swine; and, according to the most authentic tradition, not an animal of the kind existed in the whole territories of St. Monance for nearly a century; and, even at the present day, though they are fed and eaten, they are extremely averse to looking on them or speaking of them by that name; but, when necessitated to mention the

animal, it is called " the beast " or " the brute," and in case the real name of the animal should accidentally be mentioned, the spell is undone by a less tedious process—the exclamation of " cauld iron " [1] by the person affected being perfectly sufficient to counteract the evil influence.—JACK, pp. 5-7.

A clergyman, totally unacquainted with the foibles of the people (*i.e.* their aversion to swine) was inducted to the parochial charge, and as a new besom sweeps clean, multitudes were drawn to the church by the irresistible principle of curiosity, who were not usually in the habit of resorting thither. But unfortunately, he murdered his popularity in the very vestibule of his ministerial career. Having selected the parable of the Prodigal as the subject of lecture, these words, of course, came in his way, " And he sent him into the fields to feed swine," at which " Cauld iron ! " in a strong whisper, burst simultaneously from a hundred mouths, accompanied with a desperate stretching of necks, arms, and eyes, to discover nail-heads in the nearest vicinity, on which they might place the points of their digits. The parson paused, and stared in astonishment, being utterly unable to divine what could possibly be the cause of such a strange ebullition. At length, conjecture favoured him with a hint that such might be the manner of giving their amen ; and he resumed, taking up the member of the same sentence at which he broke off, "Well, to feed swine." At this unlucky termination, the unseemly disorder was renewed with redoubled vehemence—" Cauld iron ! "—not now in suppressed whispers, but in wide-mouthed, united clamour, rang through the nave and remote aisles of the sacred edifice, and rebounded from the vaulted roof with astounding reverberation. The parson, again suspended on the horns of a dire dilemma, assumed the appearance of a petrified statue, while he looked unutterable things. Conjecture, however, was again at his elbow, suggesting that, as the Kirk had already brooked the ravages of three centuries, something might probably be giving way, which

[1 Cauld iron, touched or named, is understood to be the first antidote against enchantment. See pp. 127, 129.]

produced the sudden confusion and outcry; but observing no apparent danger, and having burst the trammels of his panic, he proceeded a little farther, pronouncing emphatically these words, "The husks that the swine did eat." Unable to sustain the third shock upon their feelings, with one simultaneous rush, like a sweeping torrent, they bolted from the pews and leaped from the galleries; and with rent garments, peeled noses, and shattered shins, the church, in one instant, was cleared of the whole seafaring population—and many of their descendants, up to the present day, never see more than the outside of it.

This tradition, like many others, may to a stranger savour powerfully of romance; but not more so than a circumstance which occurred in the presently existing generation. A sow in the neighbourhood happening to produce a dead litter, some wag, under the cloud of night, distributed the pigs amongst the line skulls or baskets of a boat's crew who were particularly under the enslaving influence of the strange superstition, carefully secreting them amongst the folds or coils of the fishing-tackle, and inserting a hook into the mouth of each. No discovery of this trick was made till the boat was at sea, and the skipper began to draw his line from the basket, when the semi-devil presented its ominous grunkle full in his view. Seized with dread astonishment, he exclaimed "God preserve us—what's that?—cauld iron!" An awful pause succeeded, till the rest of the crew, making a similar discovery, gave vent to similar exclamations. Then laying the oars to their boat, and having shot no lines, they returned with all possible speed to the harbour; nor did they again venture to sea till the diurnal wheels of time had accomplished seven revolutions twice told [*sic*].—JACK, pp. 35-37.

It was customary in those days as yet, to effect the transference of pigs by putting them into close bags and carrying them to the place of destination. . . . It unluckily happened, however, upon one occasion, that the pig, having gnawed a hole in the bag, made its escape, and took leg-bail in the direction of the Nethertown, closely pursued by its owner;

and it as unluckily happened that a fisherman with a net on his shoulder was ascending the hill at the very identical instant, who, on perceiving the fell fiend of Satanic origin, abandoned his mission, disencumbered himself of his burden, and retraced his steps with tenfold velocity, whilst every hair on his head became more inflexible than the bristles which covered the bugbear. Like a hard-hunted hare, his vision was all behind his ears, observing every motion of the obnoxious animal, and indulging the terrific apprehension that [he] himself was the devoted object of its pursuit; and thus panic-struck, he ran his reckless race, till a headlong plunge from the extremity of the pier concluded the fatal catastrophe.

As the gruesome, grunting, grizly [*sic*] terror pervaded the principal thoroughfare of the town before it could be intercepted and seized, many were the hapless eyes destined to behold it. And perceiving the oracle take to his heels, numerous was the body that followed him, not knowing whither they fled; and arriving at the Kirk-stile, their leader grasping the latch with his hand, thrice called out the name of Saint Monan, which effectually dissolved the spell; and the whole retinue, following his example, returned to their duty in a state of perfect composure. This oracular discovery had been previously made in consequence of his having accidentally come into contact with a salmon, the name of which being still odious, it is invariably designated a scaly brute. The wife of the oracle having likewise caught a glimpse of the ominous quadruped, and, being in a most interesting condition, was seized with nervous convulsions and premature labour.

JACK, pp. 30-32.

After killing a certain number of pigs a man runs the risk of seeing the devil; a pig sees the wind; a pig cannot swim without cutting his throat, etc. See *Fishermen's Freits*, p. 124; Appendix, p. 417.

Rabbit. Unlucky to mention while at sea. See ditto.

Rat. Unlucky to mention while at sea. See ditto.

Toads. The toad . . . is looked on as venomous, and usually stoned to death when discovered. A Fifeshire belief amongst the ploughmen is that if a toad is crushed to death in a linen bag and its blood dropped across the road, no horse will pass over the line. Further, if toads' blood is rubbed on a horse-collar, no horse will be got to put its head through, and a dismissed ploughman or groom will attempt to revenge himself on his successor by playing this trick—RORIE, in *F.A.*

See also Appendix, *Leechcraft*, p. 410.

2. BIRDS.

Cock.—Ghosts and goblins vanish at cockcrow; see JACK (2), p. 292.

Gouk, Gowk, (Cuckoo).—The following old rhyme is still used in Fife although it is given imperfectly:

> "On the ninth of Averil,
> The gouk comes o'er the hill,
> In a shower of rain;
> And on the —— of June
> He turns his tune again."
>
> JAM. DIC. SUP.

To see the Gowk in one's sleep, . . . to be given to vagaries.

FOLK-LORE RECORD, vol. ii. p. 74.

Anstruther.—The cuckoo's early visit is a sure mark that fine weather may be expected.—N.S.A., vol. ix. p. 618.

St. Andrews.—To hear it first when you are fasting is considered . . . a sign of ill luck.

If you have silver in your purse when you first hear it you will never want money all year.—BRUCE, p. 526.

Gulls. *St. Monans.*—The sea gulls (called by the vulgar sea maws) frequently come upon land; but when they do so, it assuredly prognosticates high winds, with falls of rain from the E. and S.E.—O.S.A., vol. ix. p. 339.

Magpie. *Dunfermline.*—If a captain on his way to set sail, or if a marriage party passed on their road three black crows, or a magpie sitting on a dyke or by the roadside, it was considered an evil omen.—STEWART, p. 42.

Newburgh.—Notwithstanding better knowledge, uncomfortable misgivings, of which they cannot altogether divest themselves, still come over the minds of many, if, while on a journey they observe one of these birds crossing the road on which they are travelling. In the last generation, if two magpies were seen flying over a house in which a person lay ill, it was held to be a sure omen that the sufferer would not recover. "She'll no get better," was the saying (which living ears have heard), "I saw twa piets flee ower the hoose this morning."

LAING, p. 385.

St. Andrews.—Woe to the house if a number were seen with an odd one sitting sulkily apart; and greater woe to a lover if he or she met such, or a party on their way to the altar. . . . It was worse than a black pig crossing the door of a fisherman's hut on his way to the sea, or a dead hare seen in his boat when at sea.—BRUCE, pp. 481-482.

St. Andrews.—An old rhyme says:

"Clash-pyet, clash-pyet,
Sits on a tree,
Dings doon apples—
Ane, twa, three;
Ane for the leddy,
Ane for the laird,
And ane for the clash pyet
That sits in the yaird."

When at school in my time a tale-bearer was called a "tale-pyet."—BRUCE, p. 481.

Robin and Wren. *Dunfermline.*—

"Robin Red and Jenny Wran
Made their parritch in a pan;
Robin steered and Jenny suppit:—
Eh, ye jaud, ye sh'd be whuppit."

RYMOUR CLUB, part iv. p. 135.

St. Andrews.—

"The robin and the wren,
Made their parritch in a pan,
But 'tween the kitchen and the ha',
Cock robin let the parritch fa'."

BRUCE, p. 506.

Robin. *St. Andrews.*—

"The robin and the wren
Are God's own cock and hen.

BRUCE, p. 292.

The Yellow-Bunting or Yellow-Hammer (*Emberiza citrinella*). *St. Andrews.*—In my young days it was called *yellow yowt*, as a name of familiarity—if not of despite, for the eggs of this pretty yellow painted bird were considered the lawful prize of all nest-hunting schoolboys, who used to play at periwinkie with them. . . .

This old bit of senseless rhyme shows the silly prejudice against this bonny bird:

"Hauf a puddock, hauf a taed,
Hauf a *yellow yeldren*,
You'll get a drap o' deevil's bluid
Ilka May morning."

It used to be called the "yellow yeldrin" and "devil's bird," but why can only be answered from the limbo of superstition.—BRUCE, pp. 380-381.

See Part II., *Games, Pillie Winkie*, p. 181.

Eggs.—[There is a] tradition that the hens in Fife are so cunning that they do not cackle when they lay an egg.

Stephen, *Weekly Scotsman*, May 2nd, 1903.

Eggs are always ominous of evil when placed in connection with love, and before lovers would dream of henwives or see eggs in vision, they would rather dream of the hangman and see the cloven foot of the *old serpent* [sic].—JACK (2), p. 213.

Newburgh.—It is still an article of belief with some, that eggs must be set below a hen, or other fowl, for a brood, when the tide is rising, and when the moon is on the increase, to make sure of the full tale of chickens.—LAING, p. 385.

3. Insects, Etc.

Bees.—Some of the vulgar believe that the bees may be heard to sing in their hives on Christmas Eve.

Jamieson, *Dict.*, s.v. Singin-E'en.

Beetles. *St. Monans.*—The horned golock, as it is provincially denominated, which is a species of the beetle tribe, is emphatically esteemed a very lucky creature, and whenever it exhibits its glossy presence . . . the good housewife . . . will frequently put herself to considerable inconvenience in the management of her domestic affairs rather than incommode this lucky insect in its grovelling pursuits; and if unhappily some misguided foot or misplaced household implement should crush and annihilate the creature, one would be very apt to conclude that some serious calamity had befallen the family, from the sombre appearance which the event, trivial in itself, communicates to the countenance; and the fondled wayward urchins, who rarely come under the rod for any other offence, have been often subjected to a severe ordeal of chastisement for recklessly destroying the lucky golock.

One forenoon, not many years ago, a female was discovered wending her way towards the harbour, wearing rather a rueful aspect, and, meeting with her husband, who had just returned from a fishing adventure, she whispered in his ear, "Aweel, Jamie, hasna that dautit laddie, Jock, killed our golock." He impetuously replied, "The deil confound 'im; whar is he? I kent something was wrang, for I hae lost a bow-tow and twa teaze o' line this mornin'."—Jack, pp. 165-166.

Called The De'il's Horse. See *Witchcraft*, p. 66.

Caterpillar. See *Leechcraft*, p. 136.

Crickets. *Dunfermline.*—It was thought very lucky to have crickets chirping at one's fireside.—Stewart, p. 43.

Spider. *Dunfermline.*—The Spider . . . was held to be an insect which it was unlucky to kill.—Stewart, p. 43.

St. Monans.—In some instances the ettercap or spider is still favourably looked upon, and, in consequence, is permitted to spin her attenuated threads and weave her silken tapestries without molestation.—JACK, p. 166.

Spider's Webs in Leechcraft, see p. 136.

4. FISHES.

Porpoise. } Unlucky to mention while at sea. See *Fisher-*
Salmon. } *men's Freits*, p. 417.

Skate. *Crail.*—Some of the fishers here, I found, had been lately much alarmed by a wonderful skate they had caught—a *lusus naturæ*. This fish having been brought on shore, lay quiet; but when they began to cut it, and prepare it for the market, it leaped from the table, bit and wounded many of them, and the pieces they had cut off leaped from place to place into the street. Amazement and terror seized every beholder, and they ran from it; but one of them who was an elder of the Kirk, venturing to return, the rest in crowds followed him. At length they collected the pieces, which, by being put together, seemed to collect new life; and having provided a decent coffin, they buried the fish, though not in the churchyard, yet as near the churchyard-wall as possible. As it was enormously large, they all supposed that it had fed upon some human body at the bottom of the sea, and had, with the flesh, imbibed some part of the nature and feelings of man.—HALL, vol. i. pp. 98-99.

See Appendix, *Leechcraft*, p. 411.

V. GOBLINDOM.

1. Fairies, Brownies, Kelpies, Etc.

Fairy Changelings. *Buckhaven.*—Fairies are terrible troublesome, they gang dancing round fouks lums, and rin through the houses they haunt, and play odd tricks, and lift new born bairns from their mothers, and none of them is safe to lie with their mothers, a night or two after they are born, unless the mother gets a pair of men's breeches under her head for the first three nights; when the Fairies are frighted, they will leave an old stock with the woman, and whip away the child. One tried to burn an old stock that the Fairies left in the cradle; but when the fire was put on, the old stock jumped out upon a cat and up the lum.[1]—Graham, p. 236.

[1] Frequent reference has been made to the supposed power of fairies over unchristened children and their mothers. "Changelings" were greatly feared. If a child developed a strong and uncontrollable temper, there arose a suspicion that it was a "changeling," the meaning being that the fairies had slipped away the mother's own child and substituted a little fiend in human form in its stead. It was believed that the best way to set the suspicion at rest was to submit the little unfortunate to the test of the fire.

Leuchars.—[Dr. Brown in his *Account of Sheuchy Dyke*, thus records his conversation with one of the inhabitants.]

Inquiring at an old man . . . as I understood he was an elder of the kirk, and the minister was present, I inquired at him by what means they used to prevent their women in child-bed, and their new-born infants, from being carried away by the fairies? The honest man told me very gravely, that indeed he had never seen a fairy himself, but that he had known many who, in the night time, had been much disturbed

by them in their houses. That in particular, he was well acquainted with one, whom he named, whose child was carried away by them, and a fairy infant child left in its place; that the goodman never recovered his own, but got rid of the fairy child by burning its toes in the fire. And that he was likewise well acquainted with another man whose wife was carried off by them; that frequently she appeared to her husband afterwards, and urged him to win her back from them; but, being married to another he refused. I had great curiosity to know by what means the honest woman was to be won. But either the old elder was not *au fait*, or did not choose to inform me, for fear, I suppose, the minister might think he held communion with evil spirits.

ARCHÆOLOGIA SCOTICA, vol. ii. p. 195.

The old and widespread superstitious belief that a fairy changeling, if passed through the fire, became again the person the fairies had stolen, . . . believed but not acted on by the old women of Fife in an earlier part of this [19th] century.

MACKAY, p. 163.

See *Witchcraft Trials* (1588, Alesoun Peirsoun) pp. 69-73; also *Birth*, pp. 159, 398.

Charms against Fairies. *St. Andrews.*—Professor Playfair, in a letter to Mr. Brand, dated St. Andrews Jan. 26th, 1804, mentioning the superstitions of his neighbourhood, says, "In private breweries, to prevent the interference of the fairies, a live coal is thrown into the vat. A cow's milk no fairy can take away, if a burning coal is conducted across her back and under her belly immediately after her delivery. The same mischievous elves cannot enter into a house at night if, before bedtime, the lower end of the crook, or iron chain, by which a vessel is suspended over the fire, be raised up a few links."—BRAND, vol. iii. p. 318.

Fairy Vengeance. *Inchdairnie.*—Old Mrs. Ross . . . belonged to Inchdairnie, Fifeshire, . . . I have heard her seriously tell of a house in that locality in which a murder or some great crime had been committed, and which had one

night been pulled down by the fairies. The owner of the building tried to rebuild it, but it was in vain ; as soon as the building was up a certain height, the fairies in the night time pulled it down again.—STEWART, pp. 125-126.

Gyre-Carling (*g* hard), the Queen of Fairies. Superstitious females, in Fife, are anxious to spin off all the flax that is on their rocks, on the last night of the year ; being persuaded that if they left any unspun, the Gyre-Carlin, or—as they also pronounce the word—the Gy-carlin, would carry it off before morning.—JAM. DICT. *s.v.*

Cf. *Festival Customs, New Year*, p. 146.

Brownies. *Strathmiglo.*—Previous to Cash becoming a portion of the barony of Strathmiglo we are told by tradition, that a brownie, who resided at the castle of that barony, used daily to leave his residence, and cross the Meglo to the tower of Cash, by stepping stones placed where the east mill bridge now stands. Here he used to labour cheerfully . . . in the barn and in the byre, thrashing the corn and milking the cows for the poor neighbours of the lordly baron in whose castle he resided. Brownie was never visible to mortal but his labour was daily observed ; and all that he required in return was, that he might be allowed to feed out of any dish he thought proper, but which had not been specially set apart for him. . . . One morning after a heavy rain, the river was flooded, and the stepping stones covered, so that the servants of Cash remarked to one another, that, "Brownie would not be with them that day" ; as they knew there was no bridge nearer than that at the west end of the town, and did not expect he would go round so far. Brownie, however, had been more anxious to serve their master than they supposed, and was not to be so easily deterred from performing, as usual, his self-imposed labour. One of the servant maids, who had begun with vigour to make her breakfast on a cogful of porridge, had scarcely taken a few spoonfuls, when she found that Brownie was really present, as the whole contents of the dish made a speedy

disappearance without her further aid. Brownie was immediately questioned how he got over the water, when he explained that he had gone "roun' by the brig," and hence has arisen a local proverb, "gae roun' by the brig, as Brownie did."

LEIGHTON, vol. ii. p. 188.

Kelpies. *Inchkeith.*—There was in the very olden time a hermitage on Inchkeith, and the island was also for many a day said to be a famous resort of Kelpies and mermaids. According to a popular rhyme, the hermit was a sorely tried and tempted man, for

"Four-and-twenty mermaids, who left the port of Leith,
To tempt the fine auld hermit, who dwelt upon Inchkeith;
No boat, nor waft, nor crayer, nor craft had they, nor oars nor sails;
Their lily hands were oars enough, their tillers were their tails."

KILROUNIE, pp. 52-53.

Buckhaven.—The Bucky lads and lasses when they go to gather bait tell strange stories about Witches, Ghosts, Willy with the Wisp and the Kelpy, Fairies and Maukens (hares) and boggles of all sorts. . . . Kelpy is a sly devil, he roars before a loss at sea, and frightens both young and old upon the shore.[1]—GRAHAM, pp. 235-236.

[1] The statement contained in the text gives an excellent account of what were believed to be the attributes of the water-kelpie. In many old ballads references such as the following, may be found:

"The bonnie gray mare did sweat for fear,
For she heard the water-kelpie roaring."

Ignis Fatuus. *Buckhaven.*—Willy and the Wisp, he is a fiery devil, and leads people off their road in order to drown them, for he sparks sometimes at our feet, and then turns before us, with his candle, as if he were two or three miles before us, many a good boat has Spunkie drown'd; the boats coming to land in the night-time, they observe a light off the land, and set in upon it and drown.—GRAHAM, p. 236.

2. Devils.

Devil's Rings. *Earlsferry.*—On the flat ground close to the Law are a good many perfect circles in the grass, vulgarly called "the devil's rings," caused, tradition says, by the Druids celebrating their religious rites.—Chapman, p. 28.

Pittenweem.—There is a curious tradition in connexion with this circumstance [the theft of wine from the Relief Church, Pittenweem] by which it appears that those reckless beings [the thieves] had seated themselves on a greensward near the sea side, betwixt St. Monance and Pittenweem, where they proceeded to discuss the sacramental wine. One of them poured out a quantity of the liquor on the ground in a circular manner, within the circumference of which they rioted in all the blasphemous wickedness that their evil hearts could conceive, saying in derision that the devil dare not enter the circle. This infidel ring is green when all is withered, and withered when all is green. Naturalists may visit it, and account for the phenomenon, if they can.—Jack, pp. 79-80.

Devil's Portion. *Earlsferry.*—At the west end of the open park is a large round piece of low-lying ground, enclosed by a blue stone wall. This is called the Dome Park, but should be read "Doom Park"—a piece of ground (as told in history) never touched by plough or spade, a dismal breadth of thorns and weeds: this is the portion of land set apart for the evil one. . . . It is believed the ground was set aside as a burial place of murderers and malefactors—hence called the Doom Park.—Chapman, p. 28.

Kennoway.—The Gudeman's Croft, or Devil's portion—an acre of land which was given over to briars, and thorns, and nettles—as an evidence and consequence of the curse.

Taylor, p. 193.

The Devil and the North. *Carnock.*—At renunciations, the north door [of the kirk] was opened for the escape of

"Auld Clooty." The devil in those days [early 17th century] was supposed to lurk about the north side of the kirk, and there are instances on record of villagers refusing to bury their dead on that side. . . .—ALLAN, p. 26.

Names for the Devil. The Devil was known as "Auld Nick," "Auld Sooty," "Auld Clootie," "Auld Uncle Geordie," .."The Deil," "Auld Hornie" and "The Auld Smith Himsel'." One old man who claimed in his youth to have been "knockit aff his feet by the Deil" stated that his Satanic Majesty ran between his victim's legs in the shape of "A sheeny white soo," and so "Coupit him." Hell was euphemistically described as "the bad place," or the "ill pairt"; *e.g.* "He sent me to the ill pairt—he told me to go to h——."

Communicated, D. RORIE.

Devil Legends. See pp. 245, 246.

The Devil and Witches. See pp. 360-371.

3. GHOSTS.

Buckhaven.—Ghosts, like old horses, go all night for fear they are seen, and be made to carry scate or fish, or be carted.

GRAHAM, p. 236.

Green Jean. *Wemyss Castle.*—My last reminiscence will be a ghost story for which I can vouch the truth.

My sister Millicent (who, as I have said married Mr. Hay Erskine Wemyss, of Wemyss Castle) herself told me the story.

There was a large party staying at Wemyss Castle for Christmas, and my sister had arranged some theatricals for Christmas evening for the amusement of her guests.

I ought to have begun by stating that "the ghost" of Wemyss Castle was always styled "Green Jean," and was supposed to appear in the form of a beautiful, tall, slim lady, clad in a long gown of green that "swished" very much as

she walked, or rather, *glided*, by. No one seemed to know her history, or, at all events, it was a subject which was to be avoided. But to my story.

Everything had been prepared for the theatricals, which were to take place in a large room, which was then used as a dining-room. A stage had been placed at the further end, and a curtain was hung in readiness. It must be noted that there was a small room which led from the stage, its door being in front of the curtain, and in view of everybody. This door was *kept shut*, the room being generally used by the butler to keep glasses, etc., in. At the time it was perfectly empty.

On the afternoon in question, two girls, my sister's eldest daughter and a girl friend, were sitting over the fire . . . talking over the coming theatricals. Nothing could be heard but their two voices, and the violent rain which was pouring against the windows. Suddenly a rustling sound smote their ears, as if coming from the stage. They looked up; the curtain, however, remained down. But presently it was gently pushed aside to make room for the entry of a tall, pale-looking lady dressed in green, who held a sort of Egyptian lamp (lit).

The lady took no notice of either of the girls, but, holding the lamp well in front of her, she walked calmly (her long gown "swishing" after her as she went) up to the door, before mentioned, in front of the curtain. She opened it, passed into the room, and closed it noiselessly. My niece was much excited. She sprang to the door, and taking the handle in her hand she called out to her companion, "Get a candle quickly; there is no way out of the room into which she is gone, and it is quite dark." The other girl hurriedly brought a light and ran to the door. They opened it. It was pitch dark—no sign of the Green Lady. To their amazement she had disappeared into space.

Not long after my sister's carriage was heard driving up to the door. The two girls rushed out to meet her, and told her "We have seen 'Green Jean!'" My sister knew the

effect such a report might have upon the visitors and the servants, and that it might alarm the latter so much as to spoil the arrangements and the pleasures of the evening. She was not the person herself to be alarmed at a ghost, but she feared the effects of such a report upon the others, so the story was hushed up.

Not long after my sister herself saw the Green Lady. . . . On the evening of the event I am about to relate, it was, as often is the case in bonnie Scotland, a pouring wet night. My sister's son had been out riding most of the day, and he being at that time rather delicate-chested, his mother was anxious . . . as regards his health, she . . . walked through into his bedroom, which was lit by gas. Seeing that his wet clothes were all lying on the ground she was satisfied, and made good her way out on to the gallery, when, to her surprise, she saw, about 20 yards off, coming towards her along the gallery, a tall lady in green! Although the house was full of guests, my sister could not conceive for a moment who this lady could be, for it was some one she had never seen before.

The lady walked in a slow, dignified fashion, and seemed in no way put out at seeing another person on the gallery. For a moment my sister stared in astonishment, but in a flash she *felt who it was.*

"It is 'Green Jean,'" she said to herself, "and I shall wait till she comes up to me, and then I shall walk by her side, and see what she will say." She waited. "Green Jean" joined her, *but turned her head away!* My sister moved on by her side, but, as she afterwards told me, she felt *tongue-tied.* The figure accompanied her to the end of the gallery, and then—was gone.

My sister felt, I think, annoyed with herself for not having *done* or *said* something. But when afterwards some one rebuked her for her faintheartedness, she said truly, "I walked by her the whole length of the gallery, and I don't think there are many who would have done that—but speak I *could not.*"—MUNSTER, pp. 159-164.

The Duke of Argyll, in his "Real Ghost Stories" in the *London Magazine* for November, 1901, tells of three other apparitions of apparently the same Green Lady, as often described to him by "the late Miss W. who lived in a castle in Fife." She had not seen anything supernatural for the first seventeen years of her life in the place, which, although altered for modern use, is throughout a large portion of the building of ancient date. One winter eve, a joiner was working in a little room which could only be reached by traversing the billiard-room, in which there was a fire, but no other light. The joiner had a lamp and Miss W. stayed with him a little time and then left him. As she re-entered the billiard-room, she felt there was somebody or something there, which craved her attention. She had a curious, indefinite feeling such as some have when another's eyes are resting on them. She looked up and saw at the other end of the billiard-room a misty, but defined figure advancing towards her. "The Green Lady" she at once thought, and stood still. The figure coming towards her was moving slowly. While passing the firelight, rather curiously, Miss W. remarked that it was not reddened by it or made more distinct. The grey indefiniteness of the moving person kept the same neutral colour and was still advancing, though not now, more than ten feet away. Then it turned a corner of the billiard-table and without pause or change of pace or attitude went on—through the wall! The same week this identical figure was seen twice by other inmates of the castle—once in a passage upstairs and once in a room. Since this triple appearance the Green Lady, who seems to have of late appeared in grey, has not been seen.—*F. H. & J.*, 8th February, 1905.

Thrummy Cap. *Methill.*—Earl David,[1] taking it into his head to be his own architect, did build his house at the Methill after the fashion of a ship-o'-war. . . . It is now covered in with a pointed roof of red tile... Deep casemates in two

[1 David, 2nd Earl of Wemyss, died 1680. Burke's *Peerage*, 1912.]

rows for windows, gave the building further the appearance of a double decker, with her port holes. . . .

There is a ghost on board the double-decker, converting it thus into a sort of phantom-ship. The ghost in question was once a wood-merchant or carpenter and contracted to supply the woodwork of the double-decker. Somehow or another, his little account was not paid, and in despair . . . he drowned himself in Methill harbour. And this would have been bad enough, but he was vindictive, and concluded to haunt the place which he had fitted up at his unrequited pains. Taking therefore upon himself the somewhat unaccountable name of Thrummy-Cap, he proceeded to disturb and still disturbs, the midnight equanimity of the crew of Earl David's double-decker.

We endeavoured to glean a few more facts concerning Mr. Thrummy-Cap from an old fisherman who dwelleth, in lieu of Earl David, within the red ship, but beyond these circumstances he knew nothing, pleading in extenuation that he "did na mind o' him"—which was likely to be true, seeing that Thrummy-Cap drowned himself a century and a half ago.—FARNIE, pp. 112-113; CUNNINGHAM, p. 159.

Baff Barefoot. *Grangemuir, St. Monans.*—Repose was utterly banished from the family mansion of Grangemuir in consequence of a strange unaccountable noise which invaded the ears of the inmates. . . . The sounds resembled those produced by a barefoot person hastily running from one apartment to another. . . .

This spectre continued its nightly visits, under the title of Baff Barefoot, till the beginning of the nineteenth century, when the house was razed to the foundation, being superseded by the splendid mansion which presently stands about a furlong to the northward of the old site; but for a certain reason, not a single fragment of the old building was applied to the new.[1] Wise caution.—JACK, p. 106.

[1 Cf. stories of ghosts "flitting" with the material or contents of the old house.]

Haunted Houses. *Balcomie Castle, Crail.*—Near the East Neuk o' Fife stands Balcomie Castle, which is said to be haunted by the ghost of a boy who was starved to death within its walls nearly 400 years ago. At the time in question, rumour says, the Castle was the home of a certain General, and there is a story to the effect that he kept in his service a merry boy who went about the Castle in his spare time playing very loudly on a penny tin-whistle.

One dark winter morning, says the story, the General was disturbed by the noise of the whistle, and, rushing from his bed-room, he caught the whistler by the throat. In a minute more the General had lodged the minstrel boy in the Castle "keep," forgetting he had done so till seven days later, when he rushed to the "keep" and found to his horror that the boy had been starved to death.

Full many a time since then the Castle has been shunned during darkness by people in the Neuk, for during darkness the minstrel's ghost is supposed to walk about.

It has been said that the chairs in the Castle are sometimes moved about by some invisible power, that the candles in the Castle often burn blue, and that wild, unearthly whistling comes from the darkness of the Castle "keep." But perhaps the strangest story in connection with the Castle was that told lately by an old Crail fisherman, who declared that he one night saw the minstrel's ghost sitting on the top of the Castle flag-staff in full possession of a rusty tin-whistle.—*The Weekly Scotsman Christmas Number*, December, 1899.

The College, Buckhaven.—To the east of the village, and retired from the main road by a few feet, with a gateway formed of whales' bones, stands a two-storied house. This house still retains the name of "The College.". . . This house for many years, was held the chief, if not the only school in Buckhaven.[1]. . . . . It came seventy or eighty years ago, into the possession of a sailor, who engaged in smuggling. The smuggled goods were concealed on the premises; and the gin, which was a principal article, often gave rise to drunken

[1] See Part IV. *Proverbs*, p. 272.

brawls. In one of these the sailor's wife, whose name was Maillie, met with her death. Thereafter, her ghost haunted the spot. It became a dreaded place; and instead of passing it in the dark, many, both old and young, within the last thirty years, preferred giving it a wide offing, by going down along the sands.—TAYLOR, vol. ii. pp. 155-157.

Pitreavie and Otterstoun. Dunfermline.—The old house of Pitreavie seems to have been . . . honoured by the attendance of a ghost, whose special habitat was a small weird-looking chamber in the uppermost storey on the north side of the house. I never could learn what appearance the spirit was supposed to assume; but so fixed and persistent was the belief in it, that not many years ago, when the house was empty, and a number of harvest labourers were bivouacked there, nothing could induce them to do otherwise than congregate together in one large room. A similar visitant was believed formerly to haunt Otterstoun, but in this case it took the form of a lady with a child in her arms—the victim of misplaced affection.—BEVERIDGE, pp. 242-243.

House near Kinghorn.—Near [Kinghorn is] a small house belonging to a Laird, which our guide told us had been haunted with a spirit; but about six years ago it took leave of them, and told them it would come again at the seven years end.

KIRK, p. 17.

The Kinglassie Deil.—The *locus* of this unearthly visitant was the old manse of Kinglassie, now demolished, which stood on the other side of the road from the present one. His presence was heralded by a loud noise in an upstairs room "as if a cart o' stanes had been coupit on the floor." The cause of the disturbance was never satisfactorily accounted for, but while the noises occurred they naturally caused great annoyance to the inhabitants of the manse. On one occasion the minister and his kirk session assembled at night, with coal and candle-light and an open Bible on the table, to wait for and lay the ghost. One member of the session professed great disbelief in matters supernatural, and, as it was a cold

night, had taken off his boots to warm his feet the more satisfactorily at the fire. Suddenly the terrifying noise occurred upstairs, and the unbeliever burned his feet very badly through trying to hide in the chimney. Told me by an old inhabitant, aged 80, in 1898.—D. RORIE.

Haunted Spots. *Battlefield, Edenshead.*—I cannot forbear to mention here, also, a singular circumstance I had from the landlord and landlady, both yet alive [1823] viz. that before parking or enclosing took place, they were accustomed to have folds built of feal or turf for the cattle lying in at night, but that, when the folds happened to be in this place where the dead had been burnt,[1] the cattle would never lie in them, but always broke through or leaped over the dyke; that they were obliged to give a man a boll of barley extra to watch them, when they lay in this spot, which was obliged to be repeated every four or five years in rotation, but that sometimes the man was not able to keep them in by all his endeavours, the cattle looking wild and terrified in appearance; and sometimes it required the united efforts of all the hands that could be had to keep them in, oftentimes springing over the fold dykes close beside them, and frequently crouching and trembling as if they would have fallen down with terror, although nothing appeared visible to the visual organs either of the man or those that occasionally assisted him. However, after the discovery of so many ashes and fragments of human bones, the man declared that, had he known of these being so near, he would not have been so fond of watching.

The late farmer of Upper Orquart, a most respectable man, with whom I was well acquainted, and upon whose farm the principal part of the battle was fought, told me also that always when the folds happened to be both at where the Caledonians were burnt as well as the Romans—but particularly he specified the spot where the Romans had been burnt, or the Witch Know or Knoll—the cattle would never lie in

[1 By the Romans after the battle of Meralsford; cf. p. 262.]

the fold, but were always breaking "the fauld," as he called it, except when they were particularly watched; and even that was not always effectual for keeping them from doing it either. This would insinuate as if the spirits of these departed heroes of antiquity sometimes visited and hovered about the places where their ashes had been deposited; though invisible to the more refined visual organs of the human eye, yet obviously visible in some shape or other to the more gross visual organs of the irrational or bestial tribe, else how can these forementioned occurrences be accounted for?

SMALL, Appendix I.

The Trooper's Dubb (or Pool), Tulliebole.—One of the King Jameses, tradition does not say which of them, being to pass that way was asked by the family of Tulliebole to dine. . . . Amongst the king's attendants was a trooper much celebrated for his ability in drinking intoxicating liquors. Among the laird of Tulliebole's vassals, there was one named Keltie (a name still common in the barony) equally renowned for the same kind of dangerous pre-eminence. The trooper and he heard of each other; and each was desirous to try the strength of the other. They had no opportunity while the king was there; but they agreed to meet early on a Monday morning soon after, on the same spot where the king had dined. It is not said what kind of liquor they made use of, but they drank it from what are here called quaffs [quaichs] a small wooden vessel, which hold about half an English pint. They continued to drink till the Wednesday evening, when the trooper fell from his seat, seemingly asleep. Keltie took another quaff, after the fall of his friend, to show that he was the conqueror; and this gave rise to a proverb, well known over all this country, *Keltie's Mends*; and nothing is more common, at this very day, when one refuses to take his glass, than to be threatened with *Keltie's Mends*. Keltie dropped from his seat afterwards and fell asleep. But when he awakened, he found his companion dead. He was buried in the same place, and as it is near a small pool of water, it still retains the name of "the Trooper's Dubb." . . . Some

of the people are still credulous enough to imagine that the trooper is still seen sometimes sitting on the spot; and in the night, would rather go a mile out of their way than pass the Trooper's Dubb. The road leading to this place still retains the name of the *Court Gate* or *Court Way*.

O.S.A., vol. xviii. pp. 473-474.

The tradition is that, during the darkness, he [the trooper] sits by this pool, mourning his wickedness and hard fate, gnashing his teeth, and ready to cast in each passer-by. Hence the pool, during the night, is carefully avoided by many a trembling rustic.—J. C., p. 69.

See *Kinross; Local Customs*, p. 374.

Fordell Mill.—Local tradition has it that an incident of a somewhat romantic nature took place here during Cromwell's invasion of Fifeshire in 1651. The story goes that a corporal and four soldiers, who were quartered at the mill, behaved in a disagreeable manner towards the miller's pretty wife, and still prettier daughter, and that the man of flour freed himself of his unwelcome guests by poisoning them. A party of soldiers was dispatched by Cromwell's officers to avenge the deaths of their comrades by hanging the miller on the nearest convenient tree. The miller had, however, been apprised of this intention, and, under pretence of business, decamped, leaving his foreman "Jock" to personate him till his return. It is, of course, needless to say that the foreman was seized and hung in the place of his master. The tradition proceeds: "Ever after people avoided the place, and no one ventured to pass after nightfall, as 'Jock's ghost' was always visible at midnight hanging from a tree near the mill."—BUCKNER, p. 53.

White Ladies. *Gouls Den, Kilmany.*—This romantic ravine lies a little to the north-west of Kilmany Cottage with its pretty walks, little waterfalls and overhanging rocks. . . . "White Ladies" and the shades of the departed (who found Kilmany so beautiful that they haunt it even yet) are to be seen, it is said, after nightfall by those who have

the courage to venture at the witching hour within its sombre depths. . . .—*F. H. & J.*, 20th July, 1904.

See *Place Legends, Kemback*, p. 264.

Denmiln, Newburgh.—It was implicitly believed that the ghost of "the Lady of Denmiln" wandered, or, to use the expression invariably applied to ghosts, "gaed" at nights around her old residence, restless because of her cheatrie in selling the meal ground at the mill, and muttering to herself:

> "The little lippie and the licht stane
> Gars me wander here my lane."

LAING, p. 382.

Dairy Ghost. *Crail.*—Many a runkled grannie is still possessed of an extensive catalogue of marvellous disclosures, purporting to have been made by ghosts, which are too absurd either to be remembered or recorded. One however may be given. . . . The being kept a dairy while in this world . . . and when she was transported to the vale of oblivion, she, like the patriarch's dove, could find no rest for the sole of her foot. . . . The restless ghost, denuded of its mortal vestment, incessantly haunted the very theatre where she usually figured in the drama of life, diffusing terror and dismay over the entire neighbourhood, and chasing home the night-wanderer, pale and trembling. . . . But the minister having been applied to, reluctantly undertook the unpleasant task of speaking to the ghost, from whose quivering lips, in dread unearthly accents, issued the cause of disquietude in the following words, then vanished for ever:

> "The watered milk, and light pund stane,
> They gar me wander here my lane."

JACK (2), pp. 122-123.

Local Ghost Stories. *St. Andrews.*—Some wonderful bogie stories . . . of the ghost of Thomas Plater, who murdered Prior Robert of Montrose on the dormitory staircase before vespers: of the nigger in a Fifeshire house, who is invisible himself, but maps out his bare footmarks on the floor of the

painted gallery [cf. Baff Barefoot, *ante*]: of [Archbishop] Sharp's [phantom] coach, which being heard, betokens a death; of haunted old Balcomie Castle; of the murdered pedler in our own South Street, who sweeps down with a chilly hand the cheeks of invaders to his haunted cellar; of the ghost that appeared in the house of Archbishop Ross, mentioned in Lyon's History; and of the terrible ghost in the Novum Hospitium, which so alarmed the people that it had to be pulled down; and only a fragment now remains.

F. H. & J., 13th January, 1904.

The tale goes that the phantom coach finishes its nocturnal journey in the waves of St. Andrews Bay . . . [and] has been seen from time to time on the roads round St. Andrews.

F. H. & J., 27th January, 1904.

Animal Ghosts. The old house of Pow-guild, which stands beside Loch Gelly, boasts of a white horse which haunts its precincts. As it is close to the loch, the horse is perhaps a variant of the water-kelpie. The garden of the same house has another and a smaller ghost—a mole or "moudie-wort." An old woman who lived there, and was a great lover of her garden, vowed on her death-bed that she would return to her garden and live there in the shape of a moudie-wort. Certain it is that some of the later dwellers in the house have hesitated to interfere with stray moles which are conducting digging operations there.—RORIE, *F. A.*

Apparitions. *Culross.*—My Lord Colvil dyed in march last [1728] and about Culros it is very currently believed that he has appeared more than once, and has been seen by severalls. Some say that he appeared to Mr. Logan, his brother-in-law, but he does not own it; but two of his servants were coming to the house, and saw him walking near them, and, if I remember, he called to them just in the same voice and garb he used to be in; but they fled from him, and came in in a great fright. They are persons of credibility and gravity, as I am told.—WODROW, vol. iii. p. 519.

Ballingry.—My grandmother had a belief in supernatural appearances as most people of her day seem to have had. . . .

Another story of my grandmother's related to the experience of a neighbour with whom both she and I were intimate. This man's wife had died a short time before. One summer morning he was lying in bed quite awake. One of his children was in bed beside him ill, and shortly after died. He became aware of the presence of some one near, and looking up, saw his deceased wife, as distinctly as ever he had seen her in life, gazing calmly in upon them.

SKINNER, p. 25.

Burntisland.—I lately heard a weird story that may interest many of the readers of the Weekly Club. My grandmother actually saw all the events related here, and told them to me a few weeks before her death. The only conditions she imposed on me were that I should not make known the story publicly until after her decease which she felt was fast approaching, and that if ever I did so, I should not publish any name in connection with it. Being now released from the first condition, I relate the story as it was told to me, with but few revisions, hoping that if any reader can throw any light on the matter or add fresh facts, he will oblige by letting us know. Here, then, is the story:

Shortly after I married, my husband and I went to live in an old spacious house opposite Burntisland, about half a mile from the coast. The day on which these wonderful events happened was a wild December one. My husband had gone to Dunfermline on business, and the servants were all out, for one reason or other. So I was left alone for the first time in that great house. After an extra furious gust of wind, I was aroused by a noise at the door. On opening it I was startled to see four unknown men, dressed like seamen, march in without a word, carrying the apparently lifeless body of a young lad. They carried him upstairs into a small bedroom at the back of the house. They halted beside a large cupboard that occupied one side of the room, and, while two men held the boy, the other two moved a small camp-bed

that was near beside the cupboard, and laid the boy gently thereon. Then all four marched out.

All this time I was watching, dumb with astonishment. Not a word had been spoken by them through the whole proceeding, and the few words I spoke were received in silence. A few minutes after the men left, a young lady, apparently about twenty-five, with a beautiful and expressive face, ran into the room. She was dressed in an antiquated style of dress of rich and elaborate material. I can yet remember every detail of the scene, so vividly was it impressed on my memory, although that was more than fifty years ago.

I was aroused by the sound of the girl speaking violently to the lad, who had just recovered from his faint or whatever it was, and I stepped forward to ask an explanation, when, to my horror, I saw the boy's face through the body of the girl. It was with an effort that I kept myself from fainting, but managed to seat myself in a corner of the room and await developments.

"Jack, Jack!" I heard her say. "He is coming. Hide yourself. He is within a hundred yards of the house."

"I cannot, Agnes," he said, with a look of terror and fatigue. "I am too weak, and there is nowhere to hide."

"Hide in here," she said, rapidly opening the door of the cupboard, and, pressing a spring at the back, revealed a dark opening. "Quick now, my poor boy," she said, tenderly, helping the boy in at the same time.

She had just time to close the spring door and the door of the cupboard when the door of the room was opened violently, and a tall, stern-looking, black-bearded man strode in.

"Where is the boy?" he shouted. Receiving no answer, he took a small dagger from his belt and repeated his question. This time the girl firmly refused to give any information, so without a moment's hesitation, he plunged the dagger into her heart. Instantly all vanished, but before I could recover myself I heard a scratching proceeding from the cupboard and agonizing cries of despair.

I tried to rise and go to the cupboard, but in vain; my

limbs refused to bear me. I fell back, and remembered no more until I awoke with my husband standing over me. When I was able I told him the whole story, and together we searched the cupboard. After much searching, we found the spring, and on opening the spring door discovered a few mouldering bones and a large but illegible manuscript. The affair was treated as a dream, until a caretaker was horrified to find himself chosen for the next spectator of the dire tragedy, when the house was pulled down and the site covered with wheat crops.

J. E. HARRIS, *The Weekly Scotsman*, December 26th, 1896.

Visions. *Lomond Hills.—A wonderful vision seen during the dispersion of a Field-conventicle held in the year* 1674.

There was a meeting on Lomond hills, where John Wellwood, a young man, both grave and pious, and of good understanding, preached to the meeting; there came a party of the Life-Guards, commanded as I heard by David Masterton of Grange, younger; the meeting was on the hill; the troopers essayed to ride up to them, I suppose between sermons, the people stood on the face of the brae, and the soldiers shot bullets among the people, with carabines and pistells, and as I heard, charged five or six several times; but though the balls lighted among men, women and children, and went through some of their hair, and broke upon stones beside them, yet hurt none, which was observed as a wonder to all present, the soldiers seeing the people stand still, and not stir, were forced to retire. . . .

It was affirmed by some women who stayed at home, that they clearly perceived as the form of a tall man, majestic like, stand in the air, in stately posture, with one leg as it were advanced before the other, standing above the people all the time of the soldiers shooting.

The wrytter hearing of this afterward, did write to ane honest man in that country to send him notice of the certainty of the vision, and the above said relation was returned in write to him, but the women knew not of the soldiers' onset

till the folk came home, to whom they told the vision that several of them had seen all the time.—LAW, *note*, p. 96.

Culross.—Patrick Erskine, son of Colonel Erskine of Carnock . . . told my informer that Mr. James Culbert, who had taken much pains upon him while alive, had more than once appeared to him in Culros, in Holland, and in New England, and had given many advices and excellent directions to him; That even when at table in his father's house, he would have had visions and apparitions, and the company would have observed him change colours, and fall a sweating; That when his mother dyed, he was for a long time peremptory she would not dye: She was very low, and not to be turned almost in her bed, yet still he said she would not die, till some hours before her death she would be caryed to another room for a change; and when that was moved, he fell a weeping and opposed it much, but was overruled. When inquired into the reason, he said that, severall dayes or weeks before, he had, in vision, seen her taken into that room, and lying dead and streighted in that bed. That still he had fostered the thoughts she would not die as long as she was in the other room: That now he saw his vision was to be accomplished, and he could not bear the thoughts of her being taken away, accordingly, she was taken into that room, and in some hours dyed. The accounts of these things are very strange, but I have them from the first hands.—WODROW, vol. iii. p. 519.

Wraiths. I have come across those who believed they saw the apparitions of absent friends at the moment of their (the friends') death. One case I came across of a woman who saw her own wraith. She was engaged in bed-making, and, looking up through the window, saw "herself" passing. She knew that it meant either sudden death or long life. In her case it was the latter (she lived to be 92).—RORIE, *F.A.*

Auchterderran.—A woman who was attending to an old man living alone in a cottage some distance from her residence, set out one evening to visit him. On coming near his house she saw him quite plainly standing outside the door, but he

was only " as heich [high] as the key-hole." She knew that this apparition meant that the man was dead, and on entering she found him dead in bed.—*Communicated,* D. R.

Second Sight. One curious instance of second sight I can vouch for as true. A boy of about eight in a miner's house was sitting on the fender looking into the fire, while his mother was at the table baking. The father was engaged at his work in the pit. Neither mother nor son was speaking, when the boy suddenly looked up and said " Father's got his leg broken ! " The mother got a great start and scolded him thoroughly ; but in about half an hour the father was brought in not with his leg but with his arm broken ! The accident must have happened almost exactly at the time the boy spoke.—RORIE, *F.A.*

Apparition in a Country House in Fifeshire. *See* HENDERSON (2), pp. 325, 326.

Ghost on Largo Law. See *Hills,* p. 2.

Piper's Ghost, Bell Craig. See *Caves,* p. 9.

Ghost of Balvaird Castle. See SKINNER, pp. 155-161.

Ghostly Funeral. See p. 173.

VI. WITCHCRAFT.

St. Monans.—Warlocks and all them sort of elves have no shadow.—JACK, p. 94.

Buckhaven.—Witches are the warst kind of devils, they mak use of cats to ride upon, or kail-kebbers [cabbage-stumps], and besoms, and sail over seas in cockle-shells, and witch lads and lasses, and disable bridegrooms.—GRAHAM, p. 236.

Aberdour.—I have myself conversed with an old woman who accounted for the lameness of an ancient crone, whom she had in her childhood seen, by an injury she had received when returning from one of her witch journeys. The form she had assumed was that of a black cat; and when she was about to enter her house, through a broken pane, a man passing with a hedge-bill in his hand, struck the animal on the leg, and the witch was lame ever afterwards.—ROSS, p. 327.

Carnock.—At Loanside lived a witch noted for calling up the spirits of the dead, and prophesying the movements of the living, transforming herself at will into inconceivable shapes, such as a March-hare. As an illustration of the Gled's power, a cow was grazing on the Clune road, and, slipping her hand over its back as she passed, it was observed from that hour its udder withered and ceased yielding any more milk. If she happened to spy a *kirning* it would yield or not yield butter as she "wished." Adam Dale, a well-to-do farmer of Bal, actually consulted and obeyed her as to remedies for ills that cattle and folk are heir to, and like "Endor" of old, could hold the cat and play kitlin. On his

last visit, a cinder sparked out of her fire in the form of a coffin, and he never again returned, but died shortly after.

ALLAN, pp. 29, 30.

Dunfermline.—Auld Bessie Bittem . . . was regarded as one who was "no very canny," and whom it was unsafe to disagree or to meddle with, and whose curses or prayers were equally to be dreaded. Even her big black cat did not escape suspicion. . . . One day Bessie appeard at the side of Johnnie K.'s loom, and said to him, "Johnnie, ye'll gang the morn and howk my wee pickle tatties—eh?" "Deed an' he'll do naething o' the kind," shouted Kirsty, his wife from the kitchen, "He has mair need to dad awa' at his loom, an' get his cut oot." Bessie replied, "He'll may be no get his cut oot ony the sooner for no howkin' my wee pickle tatties." "Ye'll better let me gang," said Johnnie to his wife, in a submissive tone. "Ye'll no gang your tae length," said Kirsty. "Ye auld neer-be-gaun jade, an' ye'll no let him howk a wee pickle tatties for a puir auld body like me! Ye'll no be ony the richer for't, I weell a wat! Noo mind ye, I'm tellin' ye!" shouted Bessie, as she toddled out of the shop, followed by her black cat.

Johnnie had scarcely resumed his work, when out flew his shuttle, and fell on the floor. He got off his loom and lifted it up, and then tried again, but with a like result. Out it sprang once more, giving him the trouble and delay of going for it, and lifting it with a sad, sorrowful heart, and a deep sigh. He considered himself bewitched, and it appeared as if a "judgment" had come upon him sooner than he expected. He then, as his only resource, took the shuttle to the kitchen, and sitting down before the fire . . . in order to break, if possible, the spell that hung over him, he began by solemnly drawing the shuttle three times through the smoke, dolefully saying as he did so, "I kent hoo it wad be, I kent hoo it wad be!" He then turned to his wife and said, "O Kirsty! ye micht hae mair sense than contrar' that auld witch Bessie Bittem."—STEWART, pp. 143, 144.

Interior of Fife.—An aged woman, bearing the character of a witch, lived alone in a miserable hovel, situated on an extensive moor in the centre portion of Fife. Besides bearing the notoriety of being an "uncanny wife," she was celebrated in the district for a wonderful breed of "doos" (pigeons) which she reared. On a certain day a boy made his appearance at the old woman's hut, and desired to purchase one of these pigeons. Being supplied according to his wishes, he turned his steps homewards, but had scarcely gone a mile when he discovered that the pigeon had disappeared. Scarcely knowing what he did, he returned to the old hag's hovel, where on entering he beheld his own bird sitting amongst its kin. An altercation immediately ensued betwixt him and the old woman, but he eventually regained possession of the bird, which this time he carried home in safety. Next morning, however, it was nowhere to be seen, and, after a search, was again discovered in the witch's hut. The boy's parents, by this time becoming suspicious that there had been some supernatural agency employed in this miraculous disappearance, applied to another old woman for aid, who advised them to send their boy to the witch's habitation, who, unseen, should cut off a small portion of her petticoat, which, on the boy's return, should be thrown into the fire. This was done. No sooner had the rag caught fire than a great noise was heard, and the old witch appeared at the doorway. Exclaiming that they were burning her heart, she rushed forward, seized the flaming fragment from the hearth, disappeared, and was never again seen in that district.

D. D. A., p. 83.

Isle of May.—There is a light-house upon the isle . . . [on] a tower fourty feet high.

(*Note.*)—The unfortunate architect to the tower was drowned on his return from the isle, in a storm supposed to have been raised by some still more unhappy old women, who were in consequence burnt as witches.

SIBBALD, p. 100; N.S.A., vol. ix. p. 612.

Newburgh.—In the beginning of the present century a reputed witch named Jean Ford was living in Newburgh. The belief in her occult powers was so strong, that sailors before setting out on a voyage were accustomed to propitiate her with a present to ensure a safe return. Jean in her latter years, was warned to remove from her house by her landlord, who had no dread of her hidden powers; not so, however, his wife. After receiving the notice of removal, Jean went to the landlord's residence (and taking care to stand where she could be seen by the inmates), she began to make mystical signs on the ground with her staff, muttering all the while some words to herself. The servants who had a wholesome dread of her powers, attracted the attention of their mistress towards her. The spell was successful; the warning was removed, and Jean was allowed to remain in her house all her life.—LAING, p. 381.

St. Andrews.—In the first half of the nineteenth century it was alleged that a woman in the village of Strathkinness on the last night of the year skipped in the open air swinging a cow-tether made of hair over her head while she repeated:

"Hares' milk, and mares' milk,
An' a' the beas' that bears milk,
Come to me!"

Her cow's tail being diseased, she examined that of a neighbour, which afterwards rotted away while hers recovered. A wounded hare took refuge in her garden, and she was afterwards seen with her head bandaged. Somewhat earlier another witch used to enter Clermont Farm during churning, which checked the process. A ploughman put a sixpence in the churn, and when the witch stooped to light her pipe, he pressed the churn-staff hard on it. She could not raise her head till he moved it. [Abstract of note by Dr. D. Hay-Fleming in *Folk-Lore*, vol. ix. p. 285.]

Sir Michael Scott of Balwearie.—Sir Michael Scott of Balwearie . . . was dubbed a knight by King Alexander III. (of Kinghorn memory) for good service done as ambassador

at the Court of France, . . . Sir Michael demanded in name of his master, certain concessions which the French King refused. Balwearie desired him to think the matter over, until the black horse which he rode should stamp three times. Stamp number one set all the bells in France a-ringing. Stamp number two of the coal-black steed threw down some towers of the palace. The French King did not wait to see what would be the effect of stamp number three. . . . He had no end of 'pacts with the devil. One demon he bought with the loss of his shadow. A Fife Laird—a wee Fifish [1] no doubt—met Sir Michael out hunting shortly after this little transaction, and said Balwearie's personal appearance would be much improved were he to bring his shadow along with him. No sooner had the Laird got out his joke, than he felt his sight grow duller. He went homewards alarmed. But he had not gone far before he became stone-blind, and was killed by falling over a precipice.

In a sweet little dell, a short way south-west from the ruined Tower of Balwearie stands a singular mass of sandstone, a conspicuous object in the landscape known as the Bell Crag. Tradition says that once Sir Michael rode his black steed (his Paris friend) to the top, having occasion to summon his vassals together, and that the infernal animal indented the rock with a deep and distinct hoof mark.—FARNIE, pp. 62-63.

See *ante*, CAVES, *The Bell Craig*, p. 9.

Sir Michael occasionally intermitted his severer studies to enjoy the pleasures of the chase. When hares were scarce, or did not sit close, he had recourse to an old woman, who inhabited a cottage on his property, and who in consideration for the protection extended towards her, condescended to become puss in such emergencies, and give the dogs a turn or two for the amusement of their master. In these diversions, the old lady always eluded their pursuit. It happened, however, one day that a stranger hound belonging to one of the party was in the hunting field; but as he was held in leash, Sir Michael did not hesitate to start Lucky as usual. Just

[1 *Fifish.* Somewhat deranged.—*Jam. Dict. Sup.*]

as the hare was beginning to gain upon her pursuers some one cut the leash which held the strange dog. Off started the hound fresh from the springs, and soon overtook poor puss. By this time, however, she was close to a hut on the moor, which she was observed to enter, by leaping through a bole, or small open window, in the gable. But she did not effect her escape till she had been slightly wounded by the stranger dog; and it was remarked by the neighbours that Lucky had a limp ever after, which incapacitated her for enacting the part of puss for the amusement of the wizard and his guests.

He was hunting one day, when, feeling hungry, and spying a house not far off, he sent his servant to ask a cake of bread. The gudewife replied she had no bread in the house, while the blazing fire, the reeking girdle, and peculiar savour of burnt meal, so grateful to the olfactories of every Scotsman, assured him that she had told a falsehood. Quitting the inhospitable mansion, he returned to his master and stated the result of his mission, and the observations he had made. Sir Michael, taking a devil's buckie [1] from his pocket, gave it to his servant, and desired him to return to the farm-house, and place it unobserved above the lintel of the door. No sooner had he done so than the charm began to work. The auld wife "ayont the fire" was seized with an ungovernable fit of dancing, which consisted in rapid gyrations around the chimney—chanting at the same time, as loud as could reasonably be expected from the lungs attached to members executing the Highland Fling:

> "Sir Michael Scott's man
> Came seekin' bread and gat nane."

In the meantime, the farmer began to wonder why his spouse had neglected to send the shearers' dinner to the field, and so dispatched an emissary to ascertain the reason. The girl no sooner crossed the threshold than she was seized

[1 Devil's buckie, the whelk. The East Coast Scots will not eat them, owing to their resemblance to snails.]

with the spirit of St. Vitus, and began to caper round the cradle chimney on a footing of perfect equality with her mistress, and with a vehemence which made her think a kemp,[1] or even the barrel-ride, very gentle exercise compared with it. The messenger not returning, the gudeman resolved to solve the mystery himself, and walked towards the homestead. . . . Before entering the kitchen, however, . . . he resolved to reconnoitre through the window, . . . when he beheld his better half and her handmaiden dancing like five-year-aulds. Determined to punish them for such flagrant indecorum, he entered the house, but no sooner had the devil's buckie sounded in his ears than . . . with old-fashioned gallantry he whisked off and joined the ladies. The high dance, commenced by a single performer, had now become, by repeated accessions, a most uproarious threesome reel, enlivened by the inhospitable matron chanting, in a voice now getting feeble from exhaustion :

> " Sir Michael Scott's man
> Came seekin' bread and gat nane."

The wizard . . . sent his servant back to the enchanted house in the course of the afternoon to remove the charm from the door-head. This being done, the three performers dropped from sheer exhaustion upon the hearth [where they fell into a long slumber].—GARDINER, pp. 65-67.

Sir Michael had dispatched this indiscreet person [his serving-man] to the Eildon Hills for his magic book, which had been lent to a potent necromancer who wonned in these parts. He was compelled to swear, before he set out on his important mission, that he would not open the clasps of the mystic volume. His curiosity was too powerful, however, to be restrained either by his faith or fears ; and when he had reached the Haughmill, which is near his master's residence, he availed himself of the seclusion of the spot to take, what he had long meditated, a sly peep into the folio, about which

[1 A strife in the harvest-field, when the reapers try to outdo one another.]

Sir Michael and his brother wizard affected so much mystery. No sooner had he opened the volume than a swarm of fiends started out from between the leaves, and became quite clamorous for employment, crying out to the astonished courier whom they surrounded, "Work, work." Here . . . seeing the Windygates hill straight before him, and remembering . . . the many toilsome ascents he had made in executing his master's errands, he conceived the patriotic project of employing the disaffected multitude around him in the task of cleaving the hill in twain. He had scarcely had time to congratulate himself on his ingenious device, by which he had dismissed the infernal legion, when back they sallied, as importunate as ever, exclaiming, "Work, work," and, on looking east, he observed their task was already finished, and in the most masterly manner. There was no resisting . . . as they very plainly indicated that, in the absence of other employment, they would be under the necessity of falling upon their master, and might make cat's meat of him, as it was foreign to their nature to be idle. . . . To manufacture ropes out of sand . . . was the next job assigned to the infernal imps; who were accordingly packed off to Kirkcaldy beach, which furnishes, . . . a plentiful supply of the raw material. But although they were able to achieve wonders, they could not accomplish impossibilities, and so after an unsuccessful attempt at rope-making with such refractory materials, the demons returned in very bad humour to the terrified valet, and demanded more rational employment. . . . He now began to repent his temerity; the fiends being about to tear him in pieces merely to relieve their ennui, when Sir Michael himself most opportunely arrived at the scene of action. With a spell he at once inclosed the demons within their vellum receptacle, excluding only one fiend, who was forthwith dispatched through the air to Padua with the faithless messenger, with instructions to deliver him over to the Doctors of the Infernal College, to be punished for presuming to practice *diablerie* without a diploma.

GARDINER, pp. 67-68.

Kirkcaldy.—Michael Scott, the warlock of Balwearie . . . was troubled with an evil spirit some say the devil himself, who came every night seeking work to do. After performing unheard of exploits and tasks at Sir Michael's bidding, that afflicted mortal at last got relief by giving the demon a task which proved even too hard for him. If this was the scene, it would be down there on these very Kirkcaldy sands that the demon laboured, and laboured in vain (perhaps still toils), trying to make ropes out of sea-sand.

KILROUNIE, pp. 23-24.

See *Norrie's Law*, p. 3.

The "warlock" doings near Melrose, which were ascribed to Sir Michael are very similar to those which are told of him in Fife. "He cleft Eildon hills in three." This work of cleavage he also practised in the neighbourhood of Kirkcaldy. That den [ravine] which runs up from the town, and which the railway crosses near Dunnikeir foundry, was produced by Sir Michael. He had offended a fiend, and was pursued by him. To stop the pursuit, or get in advance of his enemy, the wizard caused the earth to yawn at that spot, and its yawning mouth has never since been closed. . . .

Local tradition connects the road which leads up to Balwearie with Sir Michael. It is generally said to have been his making, very likely, in engineering it he had taken advantage of the opening in the Windygate or West Mill Brae, for the sake of having the road easier. But this simple act of engineering skill popular superstition converted into a work of wizard power, and the intersection is said to have been accomplished by demons.—TAYLOR, vol. ii. pp. 62-63.

Earl Beardie. *Lordscairnie Castle.*—The ancient seat of Earl Beardie,[1] who, according to legendary lore, may still be seen on the last night of the year playing cards with the devil in some corner of the ruin, if one only has the luck to look in at the stroke of twelve.—*F. H. & J.*, 20th July, 1904.

[1 Alexander, 4th Earl of Crawford, died 1453. Burke's *Peerage*, 1912.]

Archbishop Sharp. 1679.—[After the murder of Archbishop Sharp] they took nothing from him but his tobacco-box and Bible, and a few papers. With these they went to a barn near by. Upon the opening of his tobacco-box a living humming-bee flew out. This either Rathillet or Balfour called his familiar, and some in the company not understanding the term, they explained it to be a devil. In the box were a pair of pistoll balls, parings of nails, some worsit or silk, and some say a paper with some characters, but that is uncertain.

KIRKTON, p. 421, *note*; MACKAY, pp. 147-148.

John Knox. Raising the Devil, 1570.—While the venerable reformer lived at St. Andrews, it was rumoured, and very generally believed as a serious truth, that he had been banished from the town, "because in his yard he had raised some sancts, among whom came up the devil with horns; which, when his servant, Richard Bannatyne, saw, he ran wod [mad] and so died." It is stated that Lady Hume and some others thronged round the postman of St. Andrews, with anxious inquiries whether it was true that Knox was banished from St. Andrews, and that Bannatyne had run mad in consequence of seeing the devil raised.

CHAMBERS (2), vol. i. p. 70.

Rosicrucians. *Cupar.*—Lord Fountainhall in his collections of *Decisions of the Court of Session*, vol. i. p. 15, gives the following account of the schoolmaster's encounter with the disciples of the Rosy Cross: As for the encounter betwixt Mr. Williamson schoolmaster of Cupar . . . and the Rosicrucians, I never trusted it till I heard it from his own son, who is at present (1678) minister of Kirkcaldie. He tells that a stranger came to Cupar and called for him, after they had drunk a little, and the reckoning came to be paid, he whistled for spirits; one in the shape of a boy came, and gave him gold in abundance, no servant was seen riding with him to the town, nor enter with him into the inn. He caused his spirits next day bring him noble Greek wine from the Pope's cellar, and tell the freshest news from Rome; then trysted

Mr. Williamson at London, who met the same man in a coach near to London bridge, and who called him by his name, he marvelled to see any one know him there, at last he found it was his Rosicrucian. He pointed to a tavern, and desired Mr. Williamson to do him the favour to dine with him at that house, whither he came at twelve o'clock, and found him and many others of good fashion there, and a most splendid and magnificent table, furnished with all the varieties of delicate meats, where they were all served by spirits. At dinner they debated on the excellency of being attended by spirits, and after dinner they proposed to him to assume him into their society, and make him participant of their happy life; but among the other conditions and qualifications requisite, this was one that they demanded, his abstracting his spirit from all materiality, and abandoning and renouncing his baptismal engagements. Being amazed at the proposal, he falls a-praying, whereat they all disappear and leave him alone. Then he began to forethink what would become of him if he were left to pay for that vast reckoning, not having so much on him as would defray it. He calls the boy, and asks what has become of these gentlemen, and what was to pay? He answered, there was nothing to pay, for they had done it, and were gone about their affairs in the city. This relation his son affirmed to be truth.

LEIGHTON, vol. ii. p. 25; HERALD, p. 40.

Punishments for Witchcraft. *Culross*, 1684.—

Oct. 18th, 1684.

Sir . . . I shall informe you, with three remarkable Stories which may be attested by famous Witnesses, many of which are yet living.

I had the curiosity, when I was a Scholar to pass over from Borrowstonness to Culros, to see a notable Witch burnt. She was carried to the place of Execution in a chair by four men, by reason her Legs, and her Belly were broken, by one of the Devils cunning tricks which he plaid her. This woman was watched one night in the Steeple of Culros, by two men,

John Shank a Flesher and one John Drummond, who being weary went to another Room, where there was a Fire, to take a Pipe. But to secure her, they put her Leggs in the Stocks, and locked them, as well as might be. But no sooner were they gone out of the Room, but the Devil came into the Prison, and told her he was obliged to deliver her from the shame she was like to suffer for his sake; and accordingly took her out of the Stocks, and embracing her, carried her out of the Prison. At which she being terrified made this exclamation by the way, O God whither are you taking me! At which words, he let her fall, at the distance from the Steeple, about the breadth of the street of Edinburgh, where she brake her Leggs and her Belly. I saw the impression and dimple of her heels; as many thousands did, which continued for six or seven years upon which place no Grass would ever grow. At last there was a stone dyke built upon the place.

. . . . . .

The Author of this letter is a Person of great honesty and sincerity. From the First Relation of his, we have an evident instance that the Devil can transport the Bodies of men and Women thorow the Air; 'Tis true, he did not carry her far off, but not for want of skill and power. Neither was he afraied to hear the name of God spoken; but purposing to destroy both the Soul and the body of the poor creature, he has pretended so much, to excuse himself, at her hand.

The first Story puts me in mind of one Craich a Witch put in prison, in the Steeple of Culross, to whom several years agoe, Mr. Alexander Colvil, Justice Depute came, a gentleman of great sagacity and knowledge as to Witches. He asked if she was a Witch. She denyed. Dar you hold up your hand and swear that you are not a Witch. Yes sir said she. But behold, what a remarkable Judgement of God came upon her. While she is swearing with her arm lifted up, it became as stiff as a tree, that she could not pull it in again, to the amazement of all that were present. One person yet living there, was a witness and can attest this. The Gentleman

seing the vengeance of God upon her for her wickedness falls down presently upon his knees, and entreated the Lord in her behalf, who was graciously pleased to hear him.

SINCLAR, pp. 207-212.

Culross.—The mark of a witch's foot is still pointed out on the turret-stair leading to this apartment [on the first floor of the church-steeple], and is reported to have been made by one of these unfortunate women.—BEVERIDGE (2), vol. i. p. 203.

Dysart.—The Red Rocks was the place where reputed witches were burnt.—CHAPMAN, p. 27.

Earlsferry.—The rocks in the middle of the bay are called the Cockstail or Cucks-stool; . . . are said to have got their names from being used as a ducking place for scolds.

CHAPMAN, p. 24.

Newburgh.—In regard to the Cross of Mugdrum, even tradition ceases to furnish any information. . . . It continues to preserve the memory of the spot, in the lands belonging to the town of Newburgh, on which more than one unfortunate victim fell a sacrifice to the superstition of former times, intent on punishing the crime of witchcraft.

O.S.A., vol. viii. p. 177.

St. Andrews.—Near where the Martyrs' Monument now stands, there was formerly a small knoll known as Methven's Tower. This knoll, it was believed, was haunted by the fairies; and on it, too, witches are said to have been burned. . . . According to tradition, the suspected witches were thrown into the Witch Lake, to see whether they would float or sink. A real witch would not drown, and was therefore burned. . . . Before being cast into the water, the right thumb of the suspected was tied to the great toe of the left foot, and the left thumb to the big toe of the right foot—otherwise the proof was not canonical, the accused not being crossed.—FLEMING (2), p. 89. Cf. LYON, vol. ii. p. 56, who states that the knoll was called Witch Hill.

St. Monans.—The tradition respecting Witch Grizzie of the fifteenth century; who, having been found guilty of a fatal incantation, was condemned to expiate her guilt in the

midst of the flaming faggots. But, during the interval which preceded the execution of the sentence, she was incautiously permitted to fall under the drowsy dominion of Morpheus; and the very instant that her eyelids came in contact with each other, she vanished, with a sonorous noise, in the shape of a droning beetle; and that insect is known by the title of the Deil's Horse to this day. Though Grizzie never after rendered herself visible in human shape, yet those who were mainly instrumental in procuring her condemnation were constantly infested with a droning noise in their ears, whilst every action of their subsequent lives is said to have been governed by enchantment. And since this untoward event, no witch, after condemnation, was suffered to fall asleep.

JACK, pp. 62, 63.

See pp. 96, 106.

See **Calliard Hill, Witches' Assembly,** *ante*, chap. i., p. 4.

VII. TRIALS FOR WITCHCRAFT.

1563. *Dunfermline.*—Jun. 26 Agnes Mulikine, alias Bessie Boswell, in Dunfermeling, wes Banist and exilit for Wichecraft.[1]—PITCAIRN, vol. i. part 1, p. 432.

1572. The 28th of Apryle thair was ane witche brunt in St Androis, wha was accused of mony horrible thingis, which scho denyed; albeit they were sufficientlie proven. Being desyred that scho wold forgive a man, that had done hir some offence (as scho alledged), refused; then when ane vther that stude by said, gif scho did not forgive, that God wald not forgive hir, and so scho suld be dampned. Bot scho not caren for hell nor heawin, said opinlie, I pas[2] not whidder I goe to hell or heawin, with dyvers vtheris execrable wordis. Efter hir handis were bound, the provest causeth lift vp hir claithis, to see hir mark that scho had, or to sie gif scho had ony thing vpon hir I can not weill tell, bot thair was a white claith like a collore craig[3] with stringis in betuene hir leggis, whairon was mony knottis vpon the stringis of the said collore craig, which was taken from hir sore gainst hir will; for belyke scho thought that scho suld not have died that being vpon her, for scho said, when it was taken from hir, "Now I have no hoip of myself."—BANNATYNE, p. 339.

18th Januarii 1575. The quhilk day, Robert Grub yownger in Baalye, witnes, examinat, upon the dilatioun and accusa-

[1] This is the earliest existing case in the Records of the High Court, of this nature; and it is almost the only instance of so mild a sentence having been pronounced. [The culprit was perhaps a Gypsy.]

[2] Care.] [3] Neckcloth, cravat.]

tioun of Mariorye Smytht, spous of Johne Pa, dilatit and accusat of wichecraft, sworne, deponis that he hard be his awin wyffe, Isobel Johnestoun, and Nannis Michell, report that the said Isobel Johnestoun, being in traveling of hir childe, Pais wyffe cam to hir and Nannis Michel being thair layit hir hand on the said Nannis, and sche becam seik incontinent thaireftir; and the deponentis wyffe being laid up in hir bed, sche tuik the said Nannis be the hand, and sche becam weil again, and eat and drank witht the rest of the wemen [that] war thar; and attour,[1] deponis that viij or nyne dayis taireftir his spous foirsaid, being verry seik, send for the said Pa wyffe, and sche refusit to cum quhil the deponent yeid hym self and compellit hir to cum, and at hir cumin sche tuik the deponentis wyffe be the arme, and grapit hir, and pat up hir fyngaris betwix the scheddis of hir hair, and incontinent thaireftir sche cryit for mait: and attour, deponis his wyffe was sa seik that nane trowit hir lyffe being oppressit with swait and womyng,[2] quhil Pa wyffe cam and handillit hir, and this was foure yeir syne cum Witsunday.

Christiane Methtuen, . . . deponis in hir aitht that tyme foirsaid sche was present in Grub hows, quhen his wyffe was travelling in hir childe-evill, and Nannis Michel cam in, and eftir sche had askit at Grub wyffe hir ant quhow sche did, Pa wyffe said, sche wald be weil belyffe, and incontinent thaireftir the said Nannis Michel becam verry seik, and Grub wyffe was lychtar[3] incontinent and softer of hir seikness; and Grub wyffe being laid up in hir bed the said Nannis becam the better: and confessis that they war all fleyit,[4] and ane myst cam ower the deponent's ein, that sche could not see quhat Payis wyffe did to Grub wyffe: and forthir deponis that ix days eftir the said Grub wyffe was lychter and being verry seik, the deponent and Robert Grub yeid for Pa wyffe, and compellit [hir] to cum and vesy[5] Grub wyffe, and eftir sche tuik Grub wyffe be the hand sche becam the bettir and eit and drank. . . .

[1 Moreover.] [2] Moist heat (?) [3 Delivered.]

[4 Afraid.] [5 Examine.]

James Gilrwitht, witnes, confessis that his kow gaif na mylknes, and his dochtir repruffit and accusit Mariory Smytht that hir fathir kow gaif na mylk, and thaireftir his dochtir becom seik, and Mariory being callit to James Gilrwitht hous to vesy his dochtir, sche said nathyng wald aill hir scho wald be weil aneucht.

Item, Andro Sellar and Thomas Christie, examinat in the said mater, deponis that they desyrit Johne Pay nocht to depart of the town gyf his and his wyffs caus war gud. He ansuered that he feared, and thairfoir he and his wyffe yeid thair wayis: And Besse Hereis confessed the sam, and forthir [that he] said that for hym self he durst byde: bot yit his wyffe feared, and thairfoir they durst not byde.

FLEMING, pp. 414-416.

1588. *St. Andrews.*—May 28—Alesoun Peirsoun in Byrehill. Dilatit of the points of Wichcraft eftir specifeit. . . .

Verdict. The said Alesoune, being put to the knawledge of ane Assyis of the personis aboue writtin, wes conuict be thair delyverance, of the vsing of Sorcerie and Wichcraft, with the Inuocatioun of the spreitis of the Dewill; speciallie in the visioune and forme of ane Mr William Sympsoune, hir cousing and moder-brotheris-sone, quha sche affermit wes ane grit scoller and doctor of medicin, that haillit hir of hir diseis in Lowtheane, within the toun of Edinburghe, quhair scho reparit to him, being twell zeiris of aige; and thair cuming and gangind be the space of sewin zeiris, quhen scho wes helpit of hir seiknes, quhilk scho had quhan hir poistee [1] and power wes tane fra hir hand and fute; continewing thairby in familiaritie with him, be the space foirsaid; dealing with charmes, and abusing of the commoun people thairwith, be the said airt of Wichcraft, thir diuers zeiris pypast.—(2) Item, for hanting and repairing with the gude nychtbouris and Quene of Elfame [2] thir diuers zeires bypast, as scho had

[1] *Poustie, potestas.*

[2] The brownies or fairies, and the Queen of Faery (*q.d.* elf-hame ?).

confest be hir depositiounis, declaring that could nocht say reddelie how lang scho wes with thame; and that scho had freindis in that court quhilk wes of hir awin blude, quha had gude acquentance of the Queen of Elphane, quhilk mycht haif helpit hir; bot scho wes quhyles weill and quhyles ewill, and ane quhyle with thame and ane vthir quhyle away; and that scho wald be in hir bed haill and feir, and wald nocht wit quhair scho wald be on the morne: And that scho saw nocht the Quene thir sewin zeir: And that scho had mony guid freindis in that court, bot wer all away now: And that scho wes sewin zeir ewill handlit in the Court of Elfane and had kynd freindis thair, bot had na will to visseit thame eftir the end: And that itt wes thay [these] guid nychtbouris that haillit hir vnder God: And that scho wes cuming and gangand to Sanct Androus in hailling of folkis, thir saxtene zeiris bypast.—(3) Item, conuict of the said airt of Wichecraft, in sa far, as be hir Depositione scho confest that the said Mr Williame Sympsoun, quha wes hir guidschire-sone,[1] borne in Striuiling, his fader wes the Kingis smyth, lernit hir craft, quha wes tane away fra his fader be ane mann of Egypt, ane gyant, being bot ane barne, quha had him away to Egypt with him, quhair he remanit to the space of tuell zeiris or he come hame agane; and that his fader déit in the meane tyme for opining of ane preist-buik and luking vponne it: And that the said Mr Williame haillit hir, sone eftir his hame cuming.—(4) Item, that scho being in Grange-mure, with the folkis that past to the Mure, scho lay doun seik alane; and thair come ane man to hir, cled in grene clathis, quha said to hir, 'Gif scho wald be faithfull, he wald do hir guid'; and that scho seing him, cryit for help, bot nane hard hir; and thane, scho chargeit him, 'In Godis name and the low he leuit one,' if he come in Godis name and for the weill of hir soull, he sould tell: Bot he gaid away thane, and apperit to hir att ane vther tyme, ane lustie mane, with mony mene and wemen

[1] Grandfather's son, paternal uncle. He is called "hir cousing and moder-brotheris-sone" above.

with him: And that scho sanit hir and prayit, and past with thame fordir nor scho could tell;[1] and saw with thame pypeing and mirrynes and gude scheir, and wes careit to Low-theane, and saw wyne punchounis with tassis [2] with thame: And quhene scho tellis of thir thingis, declarit, scho wes sairlie tormentit with thame: And that scho gatt ane sair straik, the fyrst tyme scho gaid with thame, fra ane of thame, quhilk tuke all the poistie [3] of hir car syde fra hir, the mark quhairof wes blae and ewill faurrit;[4] quhilk mark scho felt nocht, and that hir syd wes far war.[5]—(5) Item, that scho saw the

[1] "Ane carling of the Quene of Phareis,
That ewill-win yeir to Elphyne careis,
Through all Braid-Albane scho hes bene,
On horsbak on Hallow-ewin;
And ay in seiking certayne nyghts,
As scho sayis, with sur sillie wychtis;
And names out nychtbouris sex or sewin,
That we belevit had bene in heawin.
Scho said scho saw thame weill aneugh,
And speciallie gude *Auld Balcleugh*
The *Secretare* and sundrie vther;
Ane Williame Symsone hir mother brother,
Whom fra scho hes resavit a buike,
For ony herb scho lykis to luike:
It will instruct hir how to tak it;
In saws and sillubs [*] how to mak it;
With stones that mekill mair can doe,
In Leich-craft, whair scho layis them toe.
A thowsand maladies scho hes mendit,
Now being tane and apprehendit,
Scho being in the Bischopis cure,
And keipit in his Castell sure,
Without respect of Warldie glamer,
He past into the Witchis chalmer."
Legend of the Bischop of St. Androis, p. 321.

[* Salves and potions.]

[2] Cups or goblets.]

[3] *Poustie, potestas*, viz. took the power of her left side from her.

[4] Discoloured and ill-looking.

[5] Worse.

guid nychtbouris[1] mak thair sawis,[2] with panis and fyris: And that they gadderit thair herbis, before the sone rysing, as scho did: And that thay come verry feirfull[3] sumtymes, and fleit[4] hir verry sair, and scho cryit quhene thay come: And that thay come quhyles anis in the aucht dayes, and when scho tauld last of it, they come to hir and boistit[5] hir, saying, scho sould be war handlit nor of befoir; and that thaireftir thay tuke the haill poistie of hir syde, in sic soirt, that scho lay tuentie oulkis[6] thaireftir: And that oft tymes thay wald cum and sitt besyde hir, and promesit that scho sould newir want, gif scho wald be faithfull and keip promeis; bot, gif sch wald speik and tell of thame and thair doingis, thay sould martir hir: And that Mr Williame Sympsoun is with thame, quha haillit hir and teichit hir all thingis, and speikis and wairnis hir of thair cuming and saulfis hir; and that he was ane zoung man nocht sax zeiris eldar nor hirself; and that scho wald feir quhene scho saw him; and that he will appeir to hir selff allane before the Court[7] cum; and that he before tauld hir how he wes careit away with thame out of middil-eird: And quhene we heir the quhirll-wind blaw in the sey, thay wilbe commounelie with itt, or cumand sone thaireftir; than Mr Williame will cum before and tell hir, and bid hir

[1] "In the hinder end of Harvest, on All-Hallowe'en,
When our Good-neighbours does ride, if I read richt,
Some buckled on a bunewand and some on a bean,
Ay trottand in troups from the twilight;
Some saidled a she-ape, all grathed into green,
Some hobland on a hemp-stalk, hovand to the hight;
The King of Pharie and his Court, with the Elf Queen,
With many elfish Incubus was ridand that night,
There was an Elf on an ape, an wasel begat,
Into a pot by Pomathorne;
That brat chart in a busse was borne;
They fand a monster on the morn,
War faced nor a cat."
Flyting against Polwart, Watson's Coll. Part iii. p. 12.

[2] Salves, ointments.
[3] Modern Scotch "fearsome," frightful.
[4] Terrified.
[5] Rated, scolded, threatened.
[6] Twenty weeks.
[7] Before the Court of Elfame.

keip hir and sane hir, that scho be nocht tane away with thame agane; for the teynd of thame gais ewerie zeir to hell.[1]—(6) Item, of hir confessioune maid, That the said Mr Williame tauld hir of ewerie [2] seiknes, and quhat herbis scho sould tak to haill thame, and how scho sould vse thame; and gewis hir his directioune att all tymes; And in speciall, scho said, that he tauld hir, that the Bischop of Sanct Androus [3] had mony seiknessis, as the trimbling fewer,[4] the palp,[5] the rippillis [6] and the flexus;[7] and baid hir mak ane saw [8] and rub it on his cheikis, his craig, his breist, stommak and sydis: And siclyke, gait hir directiounis to vse the zow mylk [9] or waidraue [10] with the herbis, claret wyne; and with sume vther thingis scho gaif him ane sottin [11] fowll; and that scho

[1] A tithe, or tenth part of them. This singular part of the prevailing superstition the Editor has seldom before met with. It suggests a strange idea of a kind of intermediate state of existence, maintained by the "guid nichtbouris," through the medium of evil spirits; and for this extraordinary privilege, they were annually *decimated*, or forced to pay tithe to "Sathanas," their lord paramount. The *wally-draigles* of this foul nest were no doubt pitched upon for payment of the annuity, and Maister Williame was jealous of the fate of his unfortunate relative, Alisoun. In the introduction to the *Tale of Young Tamlane*, Sir Walter Scott remarks, "This is the popular reason assigned for the desire of Fairies to abstract young children, as substitute for themselves in this dreadful tribute" (paying the teind to hell).

"Then I would never tire Janet,
In Elfish land to dwell;
But aye at every seven years,
They pay the teind to hell;
And I am sae fat and fair of flesh,
I fear 'twill be mysel."

The Editor [*i.e.* Mr. Pitcairn] begs to refer the reader to the Essay "On the Fairies of Popular Superstition," in *The Border Minstrelsy*, edit. 1821, vol. ii. p. 109.

[2] Every.

[3] The celebrated Patrick Adamson, Archbishop of St. Andrews.

[4] Fever and ague. [5] Palpitation at the heart?

[6] Weakness in the back and loins.

[7] Probably the flux. [8] Salve. [9] Ewe-milk.

[10] Perhaps the herb woodruff? [11] Sodden.

maid ane quart att anis, quhilk he drank att twa drachtis, twa sindrie dyetis.[1]

[1] A pretty decent draught for an archbishop! . . . In that cutting satire, *The Legend of the Bishop of St. Andrews*, his trafficking with witches is thus recorded:

Sic ane seiknes hes he tane,
That all men trowit he had bene gane
For leitchis mycht mak no remeid,
Thair was na bute to him bot deid.
He seing weill he wald nocht mend,
For Phetanissa hes he send.
With Sorcerie and Incantationes,
Raising the Devill with invocationes
With herbis, stanis, bukis and bellis,
Menis memberis and south-runing wellis;
Palme-croces and knottis of strease,
The paring of priestis auld tees.
And *in principio* socht out fyne,
That vnder ane alter of stane had lyne
Sanct Jhones nutt and the four-levit claver,
With taill and mayn of a baxter aver
Had careit hame heather to the oyne,
Cuttit off in the cruik of the moone;
Halie water and the lamber beidis,
Hyntworthe and fourtie vther weidis:
Whairthrow the charming tuik sic force,
They laid it on his fat whyte horse.
As all men saw, he sone deceisit;
Thair Saga slew ane saikles beast.
This wald not serve; he sought ane vther,
Ane devill duelling in Anstruther
Exceading Circes in conceatis,
For changene of Wlisses meatis," &c.
" Heiring how Witches wrang abust him,
The Kirkmen calld him and accused him,
And scharplie of theis pointis reproved him,
That he in Sorcerie beleavit him,
Whairthrow his saule mycht come to skaith,
The Witche and he confessing bayth,
Scho tuik some part of white wyne dreggis,
Wounded rayne and blak hen eggis,
And made him droggis that did him gude," &c.

DALYELL'S *Scottish Poems*, ii. 318.

Sentence—. . . There is merely a marking in the margin of the Record, "Conuicta et Combusta."

PITCAIRN, vol. i. part 2, pp. 161-165.

1588. *St. Andrews.*—17 July . . . The quhilk day, conperit Agnes Meluill, dochter of umquhill Androw Meluill elder sumtyme redar at the kirk of Anstrother, born in Anstrother on Margret Wod hir mother, of aige xxxiiij or xxxv yeiris, being delatit as ane suspect of wischcraft. . . .

Item, the said Agnes being inquirit be the minister, in presens of the hail sessioun, convenit with Mr. Thomas Buchannane and Mr. Jhone Caildcluiche and as thai quha ar direct from the Presbittrie, if sche hes skell of persell,[1] syffis,[2] confort,[3] wormed,[4] aylay-cumpanay,[5] and of ane herbe callit *concilarum*[6] and declaris that sche hes usit syffis, persell, and confort, to help sindry personis that hes hed evill stomokis; and spetialie that sche usit this cuir to Jonet Spens, spous of Jhone Symson in Craill.

Item, being inquirit if sche knawis the vertew of stanis, denyis.

Item, being inquirit quhat vertew is betuix sowth rynnand watter and uther water, knawis nocht, bot heris say south rynand watter suld be usit.[7]

Being inquirit if sche helpit Cathrine Pryde . . . in Craill of hir disais and seiknes, ansueris that Cathrine Pryde had ane disais and seiknes, quhilk wes ane consumptioun at her stomak, and that sche maid ane drink of suffis persell and

[1] Parsley. [2] Young onions. [3] Comfrey.

[4] Wormwood. [5] Elecampane.

[6] Probably cochlearie, the well-known and greatly prized scurvy-grass.

[7] In 1603, James Reid, who professed to be able to cure "all kynd of seiknes" was "wirreit at ane staik," and burnt to ashes, on the Castle-hill of Edinburgh. He was convicted of meeting with the devil, "quhyles in the liknes of a man, quhyles in the liknes of a hors, . . . quhilk lykwayis lernit him to tak southe rynnand-watter to cuir the saidis diseissis." (Pitcairn, vol. ii. pp. 421-422.) Pitcairn remarks: "This superstition still obtains, in many remote places of Scotland, where the virtues of such water are firmly believed in.

confort, and stipit in aill xxiiij houris, and geif hir to drink, quha drank thairof viij dayis; and thaireftir desyrit hir to wasche hir with watter and spetialie south rynnand watter; and quhen sche hed weschin hir with the watter, baid hir cast furth the watter on the midding, for feitt water suld nocht be cassin in ony bodies gait. . . .

Declaris that sche lernit the knawlege of herbis, and spetialie of that herbe *concilarum*, in North Beruik, fra ane man callit Mr Jhone . . . and declaris that Mr. Jhone schew to hir that south rynnand watter is best, and better nor uther watter; and that the samyn is gude to wesche folkis fra the kneyis and elbokis down, and gud to help thair hurt stommok; and sayis that sche hed ane vomeid [1] quhen sche com furth of North Bervik; and that Mr. Jhone lernit hir to tak syffis, persell, and twa blaidis of confort, and *concilarum*, to mak drink of and lernit hir to mak drinkis thairwith.

And forder declaris that Jhone Meluillis wyffe in Craill lernit hir to tak quheit bread with watter and sukker, to help to stanche the vomeid, and sayis sche lernit na uther thing fra na uther persoun.[2]—FLEMING, pp. 620-623.

1597. On the 1st of September there is this other entry in the Register of the Presbytery: "As also a supplicatioun to be maid to his Majestie for repressing of the horrible abuse by carying a witch about; and Mr. Robert Wilichie ordanit to request the magistratis of Sanctandrois to stay the same thair." The witch here referred to was no doubt carried

[1] Vomit.

[2] Agnes Melvill . . . may be identified as the second witch said to have been consulted by Patrick Adamson, and described by Sempill as:

> "Ane devill duelling in Anstruther,
> Exceading Circes in conceatits,
> For changene of Wlisses meatis:
> Medusa's craftis scho culd declair
> In making eddars of her hair:
> Medea's practicques scho had plane,
> That could mak auld men young agane."
>
> DALYELL'S *Scottish Poems of the Sixteenth Century*, p. 319; FLEMING, p. 800.

about to detect other witches . . . in all likelihood she was none other than Margaret Aitken, "the great witch of Balwery" . . . (see *Register of Privy Council*, v. 410, *n.*), and so it is plain that at least one Presbytery, despite its zeal against witchcraft, emphatically disapproved of such a method of discovering witches.—FLEMING, p. 801, *note.*

1597. [*Margaret Aitken, the Witch of Balwearie.*]—This summer there was a great business for the trial of witches. Amongst others one Margaret Atkin, being apprehended on suspicion, and threatened with torture, did confess herself guilty. Being examined touching her associates in that trade, she named a few, and perceiving her delations find credit, made offer to detect all of that sort, and to purge the country of them, so she might have her life granted. For the reason of her knowledge, she said "That they had a secret mark all of that sort, in their eyes, whereby she could surely tell, how soon she looked upon any, whether they were witches or not," and in this she was so readily believed, that for the space of three or four months she was carried from town to town to make discoveries in that kind. Many were brought in question by her delations, especially at Glasgow, where divers innocent women through the credulity of the minister Mr John Cowper, were condemned and put to death. In the end she was found to be a mere deceiver (for the same persons that the one day she had declared guilty the next day being presented in another habit she cleansed), and sent back to Fife, where first she was apprehended. At her trial she affirmed all to be false that she had confessed, either of herself or others, and persisted in this to her death; which made many forthink their too great forwardness that way, and moved the King to recall the commissions given out against such persons, discharging all proceedings against them, except in case of voluntary confession till a solid order should be taken by the Estates touching the form that should be kept in their trial.—SPOTTISWOOD, vol. iii. pp. 66-67; CHAMBERS (2), vol. i. p. 291.

1610 Sep. 7th.—Grissell Gairdner . . . of Newburgh. Dailaitit of certane crymes of Witchcraft and Sorcerie. . . .

In þe first, for on-laying, be Witchcraft and Inchantment, of ane grevous diseas and seiknes vpone the said Alexander Wentoun; quhairin he lay in a feirful madnes and ffurrie þe space of ten oulkis togidder; and in end, for af-taking of þe said diseas and grevous seiknes af him, be certain directiones gevin, and vþeris devillische practizes vset be hir for his recoverie; committit be hir in the moneth of Februare last bypast. Item, for hir devillisch Sorcerie and Witchcraft, practizet be hir, in laying on the lyk feirfull diseas and unknawin seiknes upone Williame Andersoune wricht in Newburcht, for certane allegit injuries done be him to Andro Baird, his sone; in the quhilk grevous seiknes he continewit the space of ten dayis togidder, tormentit in maist feirfull maner; and af-taking of þe same seiknes, be hir, be repeiting thryse of certain woirds, quhilk scho termet prayeris. And siclyk, for Bewitching of ane kow, pertening to þe said Williame quhairthrow þe haill milk that scho thairefter gaif was bluid and worsam [1] committed be hir devilrie and Inchantment. . . . Item, for þe Bewitching, be hir devilrie and Inchantment of James Andersone, sone to Margaret Balfour in Newburcht, in onlaying of ane grevous seiknes and diseas vpone him; quhairof, in ane grit ffurie and madnes, within foure dayis eftir on-laying þairof, he deceissit; and þairthrow, for airt and pairt of his murthour and deid.[2] . . . Item, for ane cowmone and notorious Witche and abusear of þe people, by laying on of seiknes vpone men, wemen, bairnes, and bestiall; and be geving of drinkis, and vseing of vþer vngodlie practizes, for af-taking of þe saidis seiknessis and diseases, and be consulting with the Devill, and seiking of responssis fra him, at all times this fourtene or fyftene zeir bygone, for effectuating of hir devillisch intentiones. . . .

Mr. *Johnne Caldcleuch, Minister*,[3] being sworne maist solemnelie, be the Justice, Deponis, that a fourtene yeir syne

[1] Blood and corrupted or purulent matter.

[2] Death. [3] Clergyman of the parish of Newburgh.

this Grissell Gairdner was than suspect to be ane wicket woman, and ane Sorcerer; and be the Depositiones of the Witches execute for Sorcerie and Witchcraft, at Abernethie, Falkland, and Newburcht, scho was reput to be ane manifest Witch; bot becaus thair was na precedent fact qualifeit aganis hir, the Presbiterie thairfoir delayit hir Tryell and accusatioun. And as concerning hir lyfe and conversatioun sen syne, scho hes bene suspect to be ane verrie evill woman; and for hir privat revenge aganis sic as scho buir ony malice vnto, hes vset devillische and vngodlie meanis, be Sorcerie and Incantatioun, to lay on dyuerse grevous diseassis on thame; and speciallie, on the persones set doun in hir Indytement; quhairthrow the cuntrie and parochin quhairin scho dwellis hes bene gritlie sclanderit in suffering sic ane persone vnpwneist. . . .

Verdict. . . . The said Grissell to be ffyld, culpable, and convict of the haill crymes aboue mentionat.

Sentence. . . . To be wirreit at ane staik quhill scho be deid; and thairefter hir body to be brunt in asches; and all hir moveabill guidis and geir to be escheit and inbrocht to our soveran lordis use.—PITCAIRN, vol. iii. pp. 95-98.

1623 Aug. 1.—Thomas Greave, Dilaitit of dyuerse poyntis of Sorcerie and Witchcraft following: For cureing of the persones following, be Sorcerie and Witchcraft, to wit: Ane sone of Archibald Arnote in the Wayne, of ane heavie and vncouth[1] seiknes: Ane sone of Andro Geddis in Freuchie, also hevilie disseisit: Ane bairne of Thomas Kilgoures in Falkland, visseit with ane grevous seiknes. Item, ffor cureing, be Sorcerie and Witchcraft, and making of certane croces and singes,[2] off Dauid Chalmer in Lethame, and be causeing wasche his sark[3] in ane South-rynnand watter, and thairefter putting it vpone him; quhairby he ressauit his helthe. Item, ffor cureing of ane woman in Ingrie, besyde Leslie, of ane grevous seikness, be taking the seiknes of hir

[1] Strange, unreal, unaccountable.

[2] Crosses and signs. [3] Shirt.

and puting it vpone ane kow; quhilk kow thaireftir ran woid,[1] and diet. Item, ffor cureing off Alexander Lausones bairne in Falkland of grit seiknes, be Sorcerie, and making of certane signes, and vttering of dyuerse vnknawin woirdis. Item, ffor cureing of ane woman, duelland besyde Margaret Douglas, of ane grit and panefull seiknes, be drawing hir nyne tymes bakward and fordward be the leg. Item, ffor cureing of Michaell Glassics wyfe, in the Mylnes of Forthe, of ane grevous seiknes, be causing brek ane hoill in the wall, vpone the North syde of the chymnay, and putting ane hesp[2] of yairne thre several tymes furth at the said hoill, and taking it bak at the dur; and thaireftir, causeing the said Michaellis wyfe ix tymes pass throw the said hesp of yairne, and thairby to procure hir help. Item, ffor cureing, be devillerie and Witchcraft, of Williame Kirkis bairne, in Tulliebule, of the seiknes callit *Morbus caducus*,[3] be straiking bak the hair of his heid, taking ane lang claith, with certane vnguent and vther inchantit matter, furth of ane buist,[4] and rowing[5] the bairne nyne tymes within the said claith, vttering, at ilk tyme of the putting about of the claith, dyuerse wordes and croces and vther signes; and be that meanis pat the bairne asleip; and thairby, throw his devillerie and Witchcraft curet the said bairne of the said seiknes. Item, vnderstanding that Johnne Fischer, in Achalanskay, was hevielie diseasit of a grevous and vnknown fever, vpone aduerteisment gevin to him thairof, he causit bring the said Johnne Fischeris sark to him; quhilk sark being brocht, the said Thomas, turning it over, cryit out at that instant, "Allace! the Witchcraft appointit for ane vther hes lichted upone him!" And, luiking at the breist of the sark, he tauld "that the seiknes

[1] Mad.

[2] A hasp of yarn is equal to twelve "*cuts*" or six "*heer*." Each "*cut*" goes six score times round the reel.

[3] Epilepsy, or the falling sickness. Perhaps it may refer to consumption, "*decay*" or "*decline*."

[4] Out of a small box or chest.

[5] Wrapping, *rolling*.

was nocht cum as zit to his heart." And eftir some croces and signes maid be the said Thomas vpone the sark, delyuerit the sark to Jonet Patoun, the said Johne Fischeris mother, commanding hir, with all speid to ryn to him thairwith; and declairit to hir that "Gif scho come thairwith befoir his heart was assaulted," he should convalese; at quhais cuming to him with the said sark, the said Johnne hir sone was deid. Item ffor practizeing of dyuerse poyntis of Sorcerie vpone Williame Beveridge, in Drumkippie, in Salen, and cureing him thairby of ane grevous seiknes, be causeing him pas throw ane hesp of yairne thre seuerall tymes; and thairefter burning the said hesp of yairne in ane grit ffyre, quhilk turnet haillilie blew. Item, ffor cureing of Margaret Gibsones ky,[1] in Balgonie, be putting thame thryse throw ane hespe of yairne, and casting of certane inchantit watter, inchantit be him, athort[2] the byre; and thairby making thair milk to cum to thame agane, quhilk thay gaif nocht ane moneth of befoir.[3] Item, at Martimes 1621, Elspeth Thomesone, sister to John Thomesone, portioner of Pitwar, being visseit with ane grevous seikness, the said Thomas com to hir hous in Corachie, quhair, eftir fichting and gripping of hir, he promeist to cure hir thairof; and for this effect callit for hir sark, and desyrret tua of hir nerrest friendis[4] to go with him: Lykas, Johnne and Williame Thomesones, hir brether, being sent for, past the said Thomas, in the nicht seasone, fra Corachie towardis Burley, be the space of tuelff myles; and inioynet the tua brethir nocht to speik ane woird all the way; and quhat euir thay hard or saw, nawayis to be effrayed, saying to thame, "it mycht be that thai wald heir grit rumbling, and sic vncouth and feirfull apparitiones, bot nathing sould annoy thame!" And at the ffurde be-eist Burley, in ane South-rynning watter, he thair wusche the sark; during the tyme of the quhilk wasching of the sark, thair was ane grit noyse

[1] Kine, cattle. [2] Athwart, across.

[3] Which they had not yielded for the space of a month.

[4] Kinsmen, relations.

maid be ffoullis [1] or the lyll beistis,[2] that arraise and flichtered in the watter. And cuming hame with the saik, pat the samyn vpone hir, and curet hir of her seiknes: And thairby committit manifest Sorcerie and Witchcraft. Item, ffor the cureing of Williame Cousines wyfe, be Sorcerie and Witchcraft, be causing hir husband heit the coulter of his pleuch, and cule the samyn in watter brocht from Holy Well of Hillsyde; and thaireftir, making certane conjurationes, croces, and signes vpone the watter, causet hir drink thairof for hir helth; and thairby, be Sorcerie, curet hir of hir seiknes. Item, ffor cureing, be Sorcerie and Witchcraft, of James Mwdie, with his wyfe and childrene, of the fever; and namelie, in cureing of his wyfe, be causeing ane grit ffyre to be put on, and ane hoill to be maid in the North syde of the hous,[3] and ane quick hen [4] to be put furth thairat, at thre seuerall tymes, and tane in at the hous-dur, widderschynnes;[5] and thaireftir, taking the hen and puting it vnder the seik womanis okstar [6] or airme; and thairfra, cayreing it to the ffyre, quhair it was haldin doun and brunt quik thairin; and be that devillisch maner, practizet be him, curet hir of hir seiknes: ffor the quhilk, the said Thomas ressauit xx lib. fra hir husband. And last, ffor commoun Sorcerie and Witchcraft, practizet be him, and abuseing the people thairby; expres agains Godis devyne Law, and Actis of Parliament maid agains Sorceraris. . . . Sentence . . . To be Wirreit at ane staik quhill he be deid, and his body thaireftir to be Brunt in asches.—PITCAIRN, vol. iii. pp. 555-558.

1633. *Kirkcaldy.*—Kirk-Session of Kirkcaldy 1633. September 17th.—The which day compeared Alison Dick, challenged upon some speeches uttered by her against William Coke, tending to witchcraft; denied the samyne. . . .

[1] Water-fowl.

[2] Little "beasts," *Scottice*, for some sort of small birds or fowls, such as snipes, etc.

[3] A hole to be made in the north wall of the house.

[4] A live fowl.

[5] Backwards, contrary to the course of the sun.

[6] Arm-pit.

4. Jean Adamson deponed that she heard Alison Dick say to her husband William Coke, "Thief! thief! what is this that I have been doing? Keeping thee thretty years from meikle evil-doing. Many pretty men has thou putten down both in ships and boats; Thou has gotten the women's song laid now.[1] . . .

6. Marion Meason deponed, that she heard her say, "Common thief, mony ill turns have I hindered thee from doing this thretty years; mony ships and boats has thou put down; and when I would have halden the string to have saved one man, thou wald not. . . .

8. Compeared Janet Allan, relict of umquhile John Duncan, fisher; deponed, that Alison Dick came in upon a certain time to her house, when she was lying-in of a bairn, and craved some sour bakes; and she denying to give her any, the said Alison said, "Your bairns shall beg yet," (as they do). And her husband being angry at her, reproved her; and she abused him in language; and when he strak her, she said that she should cause him rue it; and she hoped to see the powarts [?] bigg in his hair; and within half a year he was casten away, and his boat, and perished.

9. Janet Sanders, daughter-in-law to the said William Coke, and Alison Dick deponed, that William Coke came in to her; and she being weeping, he demanded the cause of it, she answered it was for her husband. The said William said, What ails thee? Thou wilt get thy guidman again; but ye will get him both naked and bare: and whereas there was no word of him for a long time before, he came home within two days thereafter, naked and bare as he said; the ship wherein he was being casten away. . . .

12. Compeared Isobel Hay . . . who being sworn, deponed, that . . . the said Alison came into her house, she being furth, and took her sister by the hand, and since that time, the maiden had never been in her right wits.

[1 To lay the woman's song seems to have been an emphatical phrase, formerly used as denoting the change of mirth to sorrow, for the loss of a husband or a lover.—JAMIESON'S *Dic.*]

13. William Bervie declared, that Robert Whyt having once stricken William Coke, Alison Dick his wife came to the said Robert, and said, Wherefore have ye stricken my husband? I shall cause you rue it. The said Robert replying, What sayest thou? I shall give you as much—you witch. She answered, "Witches take the wit an grace from you," and that same night, he was bereft of his wits.

14. Janet Whyt, daughter of the said Robert, compearing, affirmed the said dittay to be true upon her oath. And added, that she went to the said Alison, and reproved her, laying the wyt of her father's sickness upon her. "Let him pay me then, and he will be better; but if he pay me not, he will be worse. For there is none that does me wrong, but I go to my god and complains upon them: and within 24 hours, I will get a mends of them." The said Janet Whyt declared, that Alison Dick said to her servant, Agnes Fairlie, I have gotten a grip of your guidwife's thigh; I shall get a grip of hir leg next; the said Janet having burnt her thigh before with lint; and thereafter she was taken such a pain in her leg, that she can get no remedy for it, Whilk the said Agnes Fairlie deponed, upon her great oath to be true.

15. Alison Dick herself declared, that David Paterson skipper, having struck William Coke her husband, and drawn him by the feet, and compelled him to bear his gear aboard, the said William cursed the said David and that voyage he was taken by the Dunkirkers. Also, at another time thereafter, he compelled him to bear his gear aboard, and the captain's who was with him; and when the captain would have paid him, the said David would not suffer him; but he himself gave him what he liked. The said William cursed the said David very vehemently; and at that time he himself perished, his ship, and all his company, except two or three. Also she declared, that when his own son sailed in David Whyt's ship, and gave not his father his bonnallie,[1] the said

[1 A drink taken with a friend when one is about to part with him; as expressive of one's wishing him a prosperous journey.—JAMIESON'S *Dic.*]

William said, What? Is he sailed and given me nothing? The devil be with him:—if ever he come home again, he shall come home naked and bare, and so it fell out. . . .

The same day Alison Dick being demanded by Mr. James Simson, Minister, when, and how she fell in covenant with the devil, she answered, her husband many times urged her, and she yielded only two or three years since. The manner was thus: he gave her, soul and body, quick and quidder full [?] to the devil, and bade her do so. But she in her heart said, God guide me. And then she said to him, I shall do anything that you bide me; and so she gave herself to the devil in the aforesaid words. This she confessed about four hours at even, freely without compulsion. . . .

18. Compeared also Kathrine Wilson, who being sworn, deponed that . . . Janet Whyt bade her give her [Alison] a plack and she should pay her again: And when she got it, she said, is this all that she gives me? If she had given me a groat, it would have vantaged her a thousand punds. This is your doing, evil tidings come upon you. And she went down the close, and pissed at their meal-cellar door; and after that, they had never meal in that cellar (they being meal-makers). And thereafter, they bought a horse at 40 lib.; and the horse never carried a load to them but two, but died in the butts, *louping to death*, so that every-body said that he was witched. . . .

20. Thomas Mustard being sworn, deponed, that James Wilson going once to sail, Alison Dick came to him, and desyred silver from him, he would give her none; she abused him with language, and he struck her; she said to him, that that hand should do him little good that voyage; and within two days after his hand swelled as great as a pint-stoup, so that he could get little or nothing done with it. The next time also when he was to sail, the said Alison went betwixt him and the boat; and he said, Yon same witch thief is going betwixt me and the boat; I must have blood of her: and he went and struck her, and bled her, and she cursed him and banned him; and that same voyage, he being in Caithness,

standing upon the shore, cleithing a tow, and a boy with him, the sea came and took him away, and he died; and the boy was well enough. . . .

In the Minute of 17th December, there is a particular account of the Town and Session's extraordinary Debursements for William Coke and Alison Dick, witches.

Imprimus.—To Mr James Miller, when he went to Prestowne for a man to try them, 47s - - - - - - - - -	£2	7	0
Item.—To the man of Culross (the executioner) when he went away the first time, 12s - - - - - - - - -	0	12	0
Item.—For coals for the witches, 24s - -	1	4	0
Item.—In purchasing the commission - -	9	3	0
Item.—For one to go to Finmouth for the laird to sit upon their assize as judge -	0	6	0
Item.—For harden to be jumps to them -	3	10	0
Item.—For making of them - - - - -	0	8	0
Summa for the Kirk's part - Scots	£17	10	0

The Towns part of Expences Debursed extraordinarily upon William Coke and Alison Dick.

Imprimis.—For ten loads of coal to burn them 5 merks - - - - - -	£3	6	8
Item.—For a tar barrel, 14s - - - -	0	14	0
Item.—For towes - - - - - -	0	6	0
Item.—To him that brought the executioner	2	18	0
Item.—To the executioner for his pains -	8	14	0
Item.—For his expences here, - - - -	0	16	4
Item.—For one to go to Finmouth for the laird,	0	6	0
Summa Town part - - Scots	£17	10	0
Both - - - - - - Scots	£34	11	0
or - - - - - - Sterling	£2	17	7

O.S.A., Appendix, vol. xviii.

1643. *Pittenweem.*—3d Nov. 1643—"John Dawson has made payment of his grassmail,[1] and of the soume of £40 (£3 6s. 8d. sterling) expenses depursit[2] upon executing his wyff, to the Treasurer."

13th Dec. 1643—"George Hedderwick being found guiltie of giving evil advice to Margt. Kingow, his mother-in-law, captivat for witchcraft, is convict in ane unlaw of 50 merks (£2 15s. 6½d. sterling) and ordainit to mek payment thereof to the Treasurer, to be employed for defraying of hir chairges."

18th Dec. 1643—"Thomas Cook, son to Margaret Horsbrugh, is ordainit to pay three score of pounds (£5 sterling) for expenses depursit on the executing of his said mother for witchcraft."

21st Dec. 1643—"John Crombie is ordainit to pay fourscore pounds (£6 13s. 4d. sterling) for expenses depursit upon Janet Anderson his spouse."

12th Jan. 1644—"Archibald and Thomas Wanderson, and every ane of them, are decerned to pay the soumes of ane hundred merks (£5 11s. 1d. sterling) for defraying of the chairges depursit upon their wives, execut for witchcraft."

COOK, pp. 49-50.

1648. Helen Small, who resided in Monimail parish, had been long reputed a witch; and it was now alleged against her that she had sent to a man in Letham "a stoupfull of barme to be given him to drink whil (*i.e.* till) he was sick," after which he died; that the wife of another man, "having flitten[3] with the said Helen, fell sicke," and when the man afterwards reproved Helen, his cow died, and immediately his wife recovered; and that when another man, who was riding to Letham, met Helen, she was heard to say, "Saw yee ever such a long-legged man as this?" after which he fell sick, and "dwined about[4] till he died." The evidence for these accusations, however, taken by the Session of Monimail, proved to be insufficient. Having compeared before the

[1 Grass-rent.] [2 Disbursed.]
[3 Had a war of words.] [4 Dwindled; declined in health.]

Presbytery, Helen was asked why she was not careful to be purged of this scandal and replied: "that she could not stope their mouthes, and God would reward them."

CAMPBELL, p. 381.

1649. *Dalgety.*—June 3d, 1649—Compears Issobell Scogian and confesses that, having had a sore and vehement paine in her heid since Lambes [Lammas] that Issobell Kelloch, spous to Archibald Colzier, did borrow ane courche [head covering] from her. She off late since the said Issobell Kelloch was blotted [accused] for ane witch, did goe unto her and sought health; wherupone Issobell Kelloch desired her to forgive her, and sate doune upone her knees and said thryse oure, Lord, send the thy health; after which she confessed she was much eased. . . .—BUCKNER, pp. 44-46.

1649. *Burntisland.*—Janet Brown . . . was charged in the indictment with having held "a meeting with the Devil appearing as a man, at the back of Broomhills, who was at a wanton play with Isobel Gairdner elder, and Janet Thomson; and he vanished away like a whirlwind.—With having there renounced her baptism, upon which the Devil sealed her as one of his, by a mark on the right arm, into which Mr James Wilson minister of Dysart in presence of Mr John Chalmers minister at Auchterderran, thurst a long pin of wire into the head, and she was insensible of it. . . . The prisoner, and two other women, were convicted, condemned, and executed, in one day.

Within a few days after, other three miserable women arrived at the last stage of a common journey in those days of superstitious ignorance, viz. from the parson of the parish to the criminal judges, and from the criminal judges to the executioner. They were arraigned before the same tribunal, on the hacknied charge of meeting with the Devil. One of them, Isobel Bairdie, was accused of having taken up a *stoup*, *i.e.* a flaggon, and drank, "and the devil drank to her, and she pledging him, drank back again to him, and he pledged her, saying, Grainmercie you are very welcome."—In each of the

three indictments, it is added that the prisoner had confessed, in presence of several ministers, bailies, and elders, and . . . that these inquisitors were produced before the court, to prove the *extrajudicial confessions* of the miserable prisoners. . . .

ARNOT, pp. 357-359.

1649. *Balmerino.*—March 8.—Elspit Seith, in the paroche of Balmirrinoch, compeiring, is examined by the Presbyterie, and *summond aqud acta* to compeir the next day.

March 15.—The whilk day, Andrew Patrik compeiring, and being examined, declared, that in the last goesommer [1] save one, as he was comming furth of the Galrey to goe to his owne house, betuixt 11 and 12 houres at euen, as he was in the west syde of Henry Blak his land, he saw 7 or 8 women dancing, with a mekle man in the midst of them, who did weare.[2] towards him, whil they came to a litle loch, in the which they werre putting him, so that his armes werré wett to the shoulder blaids; and that he knew none of them except Elspet Seith, whom (as he affirms) he knew by hir tongue, for he hard hir say to the rest, "He is but a silly druken larde [3]; let him goe." . . . And that he went in to his owne house with gryt fear all wett. He being questioned, why he did not reveile the foirsaid mater presently theirafter? Answered, that wpon the morn he told it to Alexander Kirkaldy.

Andrew Patrik and she being confronted befor the Presbyterie he affirms, she denyes. . . .

August 6th. . . . Elspet Seith is ordeined to be recommended to the Magistrats of Couper to be incarcerat for tryall. The Baillyies are desyred to cause keip hir closse, and permitt no body to offer violence to hir, nor have accesse to hir, but such as the Presbyterie shall appoint. . . .

September 13.—This day, Elspet Seith compeires, and being confronted with Jean Bruise, the said Jeane declares, that Elspet Seith had said to her sister, "Is your kow calfed?" The young lasse answered, "Know ye not that our kow is

[1] The beginning of Autumn. [2] Gradually approach.

[3] A small proprietor; see "Fife laird," p. 281.]

calfed?" The said Elspet replyed, "Their is milk bewest me, and milk be-east, and aill in David Stennous house, and a hungry heart can gett none of it. The Diwell put his foot among it." And before that tyme tomorrow ther cow wold eate none; wherupon they went to find Elspet Seith . . . and desyred hir to come sie their kow. . . . And the said Jean affirmes, that the said Elspet went in to sie the kow, and layd hir hand wpon hir bake, and said, "Lamby, lamby, yee wilbe weill enough." And from that tyme furth the kow amended.

It is also declared by the said Jean, that she used to sitt downe in the way when she mett any body.

Isobel Oliphant declares . . . that the said Elspet did cast a cantrep[1] on hir kow, that she wold not eate nor give milk, but did dwyne on a long tyme till she dyed. The said Isobel affirmed, that she never spake it, but Elspet Seith hir selfe did blaze it abroad.

She declares, that she did sitt downe in the gate ordinarily.

Jonet Miller . . . declares, that she came and looked in at Elspet Seithes door, did sie hir drawing a cheyne tether and theirafter the said Elspet tooke the tether, and did cast it east and west, and south and north.[2] She asked hir what she was doing; answered, "I an ewen looking at my kowes tether." The said Janet affirmes, that it is not a yeir since till Mertimes,[3] and it is evidently knowne that she had not a kow this sixteen yeir.

The said Elspet denyes all, and wold have used violence to the said Jonet if she had bein permitted.

Jean Andersone . . . declared, that the said Elspet requyred milk, and she gave her bread but no milk. And when she went to milk her kow, she fand nothing but blood first,

[1 Spell.]

2 Witches were said to have had the power of making the milk of their neighbour's cow flow into their own vessels, by drawing or *milking* (as it was termed) a tedder in Satan's name, and circulating it in a contrary direction to the sun.

[3 Martinmas.]

and theirafter blak water all that season. . . . She declared also, that the said Elspet used to sit downe when she mett any body.

Andrew Patrik, being confronted with the said Elspet is questioned, if ewer he saw the said Elspet early or late in the fold? Answered, that he had sein hir severall tymes, and once he saw hir in the morning, and he had a little dog who barked despytefully at her: She desyred him, "Stay the dog." He answered "I wold it wold worry yow." Theirafter the dog newer eated. He affirmed also, that he saw hir amongst these women dancing. She denyed all.

. . . . Margaret Boyd is confronted with the said Elspet, and declares, that hir goodman, Robert Broun, went to death with it, that Elspet Seith and other two did ryde him to deathe; which he declared before the ministers wyfe, Mr. James Sibbald, Scholmaster, and David Stennous, elder. She affirms also, that he asked his wyfe, if she did not sie hir goe away? She feared, and answered him, that she saw not; and immediately he was eased.

Jonet Miller againe compeirs, and declares that hir howsband David Grahame, saw Elspet Seith and Helen Young meitt, the one going one way, and the other another, the said Elspet sat downe on hir knees, and Helen Young layd hir hand on hir showlder, and she spak some words to hir. The said David Grahame questioning Helen Young on hir deadbed, what she was doing then when they mate? She answered, that she was desyring Elspet Seith to witch him. He questioned hir, why she wold not doe it hir selfe? She answered, she had no power.

Isobel Blak called, and confronted with the said Elspet, declares nothing, but that she used ordinarly to hurch downe in the gate lyk a hare.

September 20.— . . . This day compeirs Johne Blak, who declared, that he saw a hare sucking a kow, and she run among the hemp towards Elspet Seith's house.

December 6.—Elspet Seith, in the paroche of Balmirrinoch, suspect of witchcraft, appeiring, the Presbyterie, considering

that the town of Couper wold not assist in warding and watching the said Elspet, (according to the Act of Parliament,) and not finding it possible to gett hir otherwyse tryed, having called hir before them, did ordein hir, lykas she promysed to compeir againe when ewer she showld be requyred.

KINLOCH, pp. 136-151.

[Nothing more of this case.]

1650. *Torryburn.*—24th April.—Delated Robert Cusing in Kincardine, who went to the man of Kilbuck-Drummond for ane John Aitkine in Torriburn, for seeking helth to his wyf, whom he allaidged wes witched.

27 of April. Robert Cousing cited, accused of his goeing to the man of Kilbuck, for seeking helth to John Erskin's wyf in Torryburn—denyed altogether that ever he wes employed in such a busines. . . .

30th Apryll 1650. The whilk day John Aitkene being convened befor the session and examined for his alleged consulting with witches anent his wyfe's sicknes, he confessed as follows—that he, hearing a common report that James Young being sick wes healed again by the help of Robert Cousin in Kincardine, went and asked James Young his wyf concerning this; that she bad him goe to Kincardine to Robt. Cousing and hir daughter; that he went to them, and that the said Robert's wyff said to him that hir goodman brought . . . . from the wyff's son of Kilbuck a yellow gowen [1] which healled hir father; and that the said Robert Cousing agreit with him to go to the said wyff of Kilbuck hir sonne, to get helth to his wyff, that he gave his wyff's much [2] with him, and that he returned with this answeare, that his wyff had gotten wrong by thos whom he suspected; that shee wold be dead befor he went home, that her pictur wes brunt [3] that he

[1] Probably this was the *lucken gowen* (*i.e.* the closed or locked gowen) or globe flower. . . . It used to be in great repute with the country people as a charm.

[2] Cap, head covering.

[3] An allusion evidently here to one of the means supposed to be

brought with him three pieces of rantries,[1] and baid him lay thes onder his door threshold, and keep one of them upon himself with seven pickles of whyt,[2] because seven wes set for his lyf; that he brought with him ane orange-coloured saw,[3] whilk he did keep with himself, because his wyff was dead before he came with it. . . .

14 May. . . . This day John Aitken, in presence of Robert Cousing, did affirm that he, hearing report of him that James Young wes healled by a yellow gowan which he brought to him from the wyff of Kilbuk, and that he tok James Young's wyff's much with him; that he came to James Young's hous, and told him his errand. James Young answeared that about bearsyd[4] tyme bygone four years Robert Cousing brought hom a yellow gowan ten myles beyond Dumblane, from Drummond the wyff's son of Kilbuk, and caused him goe to a south-running water and put in his neck and wash himself three times all over in the water, and goe three tymes withersones[5] about, and say, All the evel that is on him bee on the gowen. John Aitkin offered him a firlot of corne and twentie schillings of silver, which he was content with; and that he went away on Saturday in the morning, and returned on Sunday and brought him the rantress, the pickles of whyt, and the orange-coloured saw, and bad him keep a piece of the rantree on him, and put a piece onder his door threshold, for they wer set for his lyf also; and the man told him his wyff wold be dead or he cam home again, bot if shee wer alive to put that saw on hir bak forgainst hir heart, and it wold tak the heat out of it. . . . At length the said Robert Cousing confessed all the premiss *verbatim* as is wreatten. Removed;

employed by witches in carrying out their malevolent designs—by exposing a waxen image of their victim to a slow fire, and thus causing in him by their incantations a similar wasting and decay.

[1] Same as rantle-tree. [2] Seven grains of wheat.]

[3] Salve or ointment. [4] Barley-seed.]

[5] Also written *withershins* or *widdershins*, in a contrary direction to the sun.

he is apoynted to mak his repentance in sackcloth, according to the ordinance of the Presbetrie.

BEVERIDGE (2), vol. i. pp. 237-239.

For South-running water see (1588) *Trial of Agnes Melvill*, p. 75. Also pp. 17, 110.

1643. In Fife alone, in the course of a few months of the above year, about forty persons were burnt for witchcraft. Yet singular to say, we have no particulars of these burnings, so common had they become, or so unimportant in the opinion of the nation. The ministers used to thrust, or cause to be thrust, long pins into the fleshy parts of these unhappy women, to try if they were proof against feeling, or to extort confessions from them. At other times, a suspected witch was tied up by the thumbs and whipped, or had the flame of a candle applied to the soles of her feet till she confessed.

LYON, vol. ii. p. 56.

1650. A Witch's Pryer.— . . . 7th May: This day comperit marion Cunnynghame, who, the last day of April 1650, gave in a complaint against Jonet huton, for calling her *witche* and *banisht theef*, whitch complaint was not accepit nor heard, because she did not consign her money for proving the same. Bot the s^d^ Jonet huton appearand the s^d^ day and hearing the caus for w^ch^ she was cited, Denyit y^t^ she callit her a witche, bot affirmit y^t^ the s^d^ marion *said over a prayer* ilk ny^t^ quhen she went to hir bed which wes not lawf^l^, ... The s^d^ Jonet being desyrit to repeat it, affirmed y^t^ she had *bot a part yrof*, whitch she said over as follows, viz.:— "*Out throw toothe and out throw tongue, out throw liver and out throw longue, and out throw halie harn pan;*[1] *I drank of this blood instead of wine; thou shalt have mutifire* [?] *all thy dayes syne, the bitter and the baneshaw* [?] *and manie euil y^t^ no man knowes.*" Upon the whitch the said marion being askit, denyit the same altogidder. . . .

David Lindsay of Cavill gave in a copie of y^e^ s^d^ marion

[1 Brainpan, head.]

Cunnynghame's prayer, repeated and said ouer to him be herself as follows :—" *The day is fryday, I shall fast quhill I may ; to hear the knell of Christ his bell, the lord god on his chappell stood, and his* 12 *apostles good. In came Drightine dear lord of Almightine ; say man or Ladie sweet St. marie, q^t^ is yon fire so light, so bright, so far furthe fra me ; It is my dear sone Jessus, he is naild to the tre ; he is naild weill, for he is naild throw wynegare, throw toothe and throw tongue, throw hail harn pan.*" . . . Being posed yrupon, she confest this following viz. :—" *Out throw toothe and out throw tongue, out throw liver and out throw longue, and out throw the halie harn pan.*" ; but denyit, be the death she must go to, thir words following :—" I drank of this blood instead of wyne, thou shalt have mutifire all thy days syne ; the bitter and the baneshaw, and manie evil y^t^ na man knawes."

After other " posings " and " takings " before the Presbytery, she was, until further findings, *suspended from the communion of the Kirk.*—HENDERSON, pp. 321-322.

1650. On the 14th of May 1650, Janet Anderson presents herself before the Session with a bill, in which it is declared that Isobel Inglis and Marjorie Flooker have called her a witch. She craves that the Session will investigate the matter. . . . The appointed day arrives, and the reputed witch and her accusers confront one another, before Mr. Bruce [minister] and the other members of the Kirk-Session. . . . . It is averred that Janet Anderson, coming into the house where Andrew Kellock's child lay in its cradle, put a mitten under its head, and . . . by so doing, she bewitched the child, and caused its death. The witnesses are all put upon oath. Marjorie Flooker depones that she found Janet Anderson's mitten under the child's head after its death, and that she took the said mitten and cast it on the ground. Isobel Inglis depones that she took the mitten, when it was lying on the floor, and cast it into the fire. . . . Isobel further declares that, when Janet Anderson knew that her mitten was burned, she said, " What misters [necessitates] the mitten

to be burned, after the bairn is dead: for, if there had been any ill in the mitten, it was past before the death of the bairn." Other witnesses corroborate this evidence; and Andrew Kellock and his wife depone that Janet Anderson told them, that on the very day that Robert Anderson got himself hurt, he had called her "a trumpous (cross-tempered) witch," and her heart "sythed" (glowed with satisfaction) when she saw him coming home in his hurt condition, holding his injured arm "as if it had been a fiddle." Still further it was deponed that James Murray had declared that he was going from Aberdour to Whitehill one night, he heard "ane great guleing[1] voice and dinne, in the hollow of the gait[2] be southold Couras Aiker (the Cross Acre)," which greatly astonished him. . . . [on advancing he saw] Janet Anderson, on her knees, scraping the ground with both her hands, and uttering the most unearthly cries. He asked her what moved her to do this, and she replied that she could not tell. . . . William Watson deponed that, after Janet was delated to the Session she said, in his house, "it might be that her spirit zeid (went) forth out of her when she did not know of it. . . . She was . . . released from prison; for another notice we have of her is after the lapse of nine years when she applies to the Kirk-session for a "testimonial," or certificate of character, being on the point of leaving the parish. The Session grants the certificate, but are careful to note the fact that "she had been accused of being a witch."—Ross, pp. 325-328.

1651. *St. Monans.*—. . . . Maggie was arraigned at the bar of the sanhedrim, under the grave charge of being in compact with the Prince of Darkness, by whom she had been guilty of fell deeds, and caused meikle dool[3] and wonder in the neighbourhood. . . . She pleaded guilty to the charge—confessing the manner in which she became possessed of the familiar spirit, and for what purpose. . . . The trial was consequently short, the conviction easy, and the sentence divested of all dubiety, viz.:—That ane great pile of faggots

[1 Howling.] [2 Road.] [3 Grief.]

be upbigget on the Kirk Hill the morrow morning, after whilk she sall be forth brought and laid thereon, where she sall suffer the pains of devouring fire in face of the noontide sun of heaven, that all may take warning, and avoid sic like affinity, league, or compact with the wicked spirits of darkness. Meanwhile, two sergeants [1] shall watch her with eidence to prevent slumber and escape. . . . The process of watching was . . . [that] whilst one of the guards, with a large sounding-horn, continued to assail her ears with intermitting blasts in rapid succession, the other assiduously applied the witch-goad [2] in order to test her consciousness. To this strange ordeal was the ill-fated wretch subjected for nearly twenty-four hours, until the erection of the fatal pile was completed, she was then brought forth pinioned, and extended on its summit; when the beadle judiciously applied his lunt,[3] and the whole combustible materials, in a little space, exhibited a most stupendous and appalling conflagration. . . .

The pile being consumed, the beadle's next business was to scatter the ashes towards the four winds of heaven, and collect the fragments of the burnt bones which remained, and deposit them in the Brunt Laft, to which allusion is made in another section of this work.[4] This is the last witch that is said to have suffered the flames in the territories of St. Monance, though tradition teems with prodigious exploits performed by such characters long subsequent to this period.

It may be observed in conclusion, that the three ancient elbow-chairs which were placed on the Kirk Hill during the execution, and occupied by the civic authorities, are still in

[1] Certain officials of the catchpole species, who, at that period, were annually appointed by the feuars, as conservators of the peace.

[2] This was a sort of wooden instrument somewhat in shape of a paddle, having the flat end stuck full of pins. This instrument was occasionally brought into collision with various parts of her body, in order to keep the witch moving, that sleep might be effectually prevented.

[3] Torch or match.]

[4] See p. 106.

the Town-hall, and occupied by their successors on all judicial occasions.—JACK, pp. 61-64.

1653. *Newburgh.*—In the minutes of the proceedings of the Kirk session of Newburgh, there is a record of the examination of a woman, named Katharine Key, on a charge of witchcraft, and "for cursing the minister." An imprecation from a reputed witch at that period was heard with dread, and was believed to be followed by certain fulfilment; Katharine Key was therefore brought to trial, and but for a concurrence of circumstances favourable to her, she would have suffered the same or a worse fate than Grissell Gairdner. . . .

Sep. 11. Compeired Katharine Key denyed that she cursed the minister, but that she cursed these who . . . cause the minister debar her [from the communion]. . . .

The whilk also the minister gave in against her severall points y^t had come to his hearing which he desyred might be put to tryel.

"1. That being refused of milk from Christian Orme, or some other in David Orme's house, the kow gave nothing but bluid, and being sent for to sie the kow, she clapped the kow and said the kow will be weil, and theirafter the kow became weil.

"2. That John Philp having ane kow new calved, that the said Katharine Key came in and took furthe ane peitt fyre and y^t after the kow became so sick that none expected she would have lived, and the said Katharine being sent for to sie the kow, she clapped the kow, and said the kow will be weill enough and she amendit.

"3. That the minister and his wyfe haveing purpose to take ane chyld of theiris from the s^d Katharine which she had in nursing, the chyld wold sucke none womans breast, being only ane quarter old, bot being brought back againe to the said Katharine presently sucked her breast.

"4. That theirafter the chyld was spayned [1] she cam to see the chyld and wold have the bairne in her armes, and yrafter

[1 Weaned.]

the bairne murned and gratt in the nyght and almost the daytyme, also that nothing could stay her untill she died. nevertheless befoir her coming to sie her, and her embracing of her took as weill w^t^ the spaining and rested as weill as any bairne could doe.

" 5. That she is of ane evil brutte and fame and so wes her mother befoir her. . . .

The accusation contained in the fifth charge of the indictment, that " her mother befoir her was of evil bruit and fame " was of momentous import; judge, jury, and people firmly believing that occult powers descended by blood from mother to child. . . .

1655. 3d Junii Kathrin Key compeired befoir ye session having been befoir the presb:[1] the minister declaird he was appointed be the presb: to intimatt out of the pulpitt anent Kathrin Key if any person had any thing to lay to her charge anent witchcraft, or relating yrto they sould compeir befoir ye session, and yrafter she to be admitted to her repentance for cursing the minister and session if nothing anent the former came in against hir.

10 Junii Ye session sitting, ye beddell was desyred to call at ye church door if y^t^ y^r^ wer any y^t^ had any thing to say against Kathrin Key they sould compeir, he having called 3 severall tymes, and none compeiring ye session appoints her to compeir on the public place of repentance the next Saboth, for cursing the minister and Sèssion. . . .

It is more than probable that the accused was thus leniently dealt with, from the salutary influence of the English judges appointed by Cromwell at this very period to administer the law of Scotland; they having expressed their determination to inquire into the tortures that were used to extort confession from the unhappy victims of popular superstition.

LAING, pp. 223-228.

1675. *Culross.*—Catherine Sands confest that to be re-

[1 Presbytery.].

venged of her brother who had wronged [her] in parting of her father's goods, and gear; she was brought under the Devil's service who appeared to her in the likeness of a Gentleman. And in the first place caused her renounce Christ and her Babtism, and give her self over both soul and body to his service by laying one of her hands to the Crown of her head and the other to the sole of her foot &c. . . . Isabel Inglis confest that . . . the Devil . . . caused her resign her self, to him . . . in the way and manner confessed by Catherine Sands. And furder confessed that her spirits name was Peter Drysdale and her name which he gave her is *Serjeant.*

Janet Hendry made the like confession with the two former. . . . That her spirits name is Lawrie Moor and that the name he gave her is *Major.*

Agnes Hondry confessed . . . And Declares that her spirit's name is Peter Selanday but remembers not what name he gave her.[1] . . .MSS., vol. i. pp. 322-323.

Dec. **1691**. *Dysart*...Complains Margaret Halket upon Euphan Logan that the said Euphan did maliciously abuse me in my credit and reputation by calling me a witch, and saying that I bewitched her brewings and several other such expressions; and upon Saturday last, she came to Alex^{r} Laws house and abused me and flew in my throat, and if Alex^{r} Law had not rescued me, she would have destroyed me. . . .

Chatherine Cragie being examined, depones that she heard Euphan Logan say that her brewings went wrong, and that she could blame no person but Margaret Halket. . . .

Elspeth Mitchell being examined depones—Euphan Logan flew to Margaret Halket's head and that Alex^{r} Law red them;

[1 The desire to ascertain whether the accused has been guilty of renunciation of baptism, explains the persistence of the questioning as to the names by which the Devil was supposed to have called them, the presumption being that if they were habitually called by a name not given to them in Christian baptism, they could only have received that new name from Satan after renunciation of the baptism by the Church.—Dr. Joseph Anderson, *Pro. Soc. Ant. Scot.* vol. xxii. p. 244.]

and that the said Euphan said she came to get *blood of her*, and that she heard her at other times call her witch. . . .

Fined five pounds Scots, and remain in prison until payment thereof.—MUIR, pp. 54-55.

1701. *Anstruther.*—April **15, 1701.** The Kirk-Session of Anstruther Easter met.—Inter alia—Elizabeth Dick cited, called and compearing confessed she came to Anstruther Miln and sought an alms for God sake but being refused went away, and being sent for a little tyme after to the Miln confessed she saw the meall of an red colour, and that she said God be in the Miln, and sitting down she said God have an care of me for my heart is louping, and presently the Miln went right and the rest of the meall came down white. James Osten, in the Miln being one of the witnesses cited, called and compearing confessed that when he was grinding at the Miln, as the Mill was set on, and a handful of his pease meale ground while Elizabeth Dick being in the Miln immediately after she went out the meale changed its colour and cam down red at which the miller caused grind some sheeling-seeds they came down red also. A little after the meale came to its own colour. . . . Peter Oliphant's wife cited, called and compearing confessed that as he was grinding meall at the Miln Elizabeth Dick came in and sought an alms which she refused, whereupon the above said Dick went away and immediately the Miln went wrong, and the meall turned red, presently she sent for Elizabeth Dick and gave her an handful of the red meale, at which Elizabeth Dick said God have an care of me for my heart is louping and presently the meall turned white and the Miln came right.

The Session thinks fit to refer this entirely to the Presbytery.

MURRAY.

1704. Witch's Confession (from Torryburn Session Records).—Torryburn, 29th July **1704.**— . . .

Lillias Adie being accused of witchcraft by Jean Neilson, who is dreadfully tormented, the said Lillias was incarcerate by Bailie Williamson about ten of the night upon the 28th of July.

86379

Lillias being exhorted to declare the truth, and nothing but truth, she replied, what I am to say shall be as true as the sun is in the firmament.

Being interrogate if she was in compact with the devil, she replied, I am in compact with the devil, and have been so since before the second burning of the witches in this place. She further declared, that the first time she met with the devil was at the Gollet, between Torryburn and Newmilne, in the harvest, before the sun set, where he trysted to meet her the day after, which tryst she kept, and the devil took her to a stook side, and caused her renounce her baptism; the ceremony he used was, he put one hand on the crown of her head, and the other on the soles of her feet, with her own consent, and caused her say all was the devil's betwixt the crown of her head and the soles of her feet; and there the devil lay with her carnally; and that his skin was cold, and his colour black and pale, he had a hat on his head, and his feet was cloven like the feet of a stirk, as she observed when he went from her.

The next time she saw him was at a meeting at the Barnrods, to which she was summoned by Grissel Anderson in Newmilne, about Martinmas, their number was about twenty or thirty, whereof none are now living but herself. She adds, it was a moon-light night, and they danced some time before the devil came on a ponny, with a hat on his head, and they clapt their hands and cryed, *there our Prince, there our Prince*, with whom they danced about an hour.

The next time was at a meeting at the back of Patrick Sands his house, in Valleyfield, where the devil came with a cap which covered his ears and neck; they had no moonlight. Being interrogate if they had any light, she replied, they got light from darkness, and could not tell what that light was, but she heard them say it came from darkness, and went to darkness, and said, it is not so bright as a candle, the low thereof being blue, yet it gave such a light as they could discern others faces. There they abode about an hour, and danced as formerly. She knew none at the meeting but Elspeth Williamson, whom she saw at the close of the meeting

coming down by the dyke-side; and she said, she was also at another meeting in the Haugh of Torry, where they were furnished with the former light, and she saw Elspeth Williamson there also.

July 31st, **1704**.—. . . . Lillias Adie adhered to her former confession, and added, there were many meetings she was not witness to, and was at many of which she could give no particular account. . . .

Being interrogate if the devil had a sword, she replied, she believed he durst not use a sword; and called him a villain that promised her many good things when she engaged with him, but never gave her any thing but misery and poverty.

The last meeting ever she was at, was 14 days after the Sacrament, in the month of August 1701, upon the minister's glebe where the tent stood, their number was 16 or 18, whereof Agnes Currie was one. She added, that she made an apology to the meeting, because she could not wait upon them all the time, being obliged to go to Borrowstouness that morning's tide. She added, that she heard Jean Neilson was with a devil, and troubled with a fit of distemper, but declared she never wronged her, though the devil may do it in her likeness.

Elspeth Williamson being called, came into the prison where the session sate and being interrogate if Lillias Adie had any envy at her, she answered, she knew no envy she had at her. Lillias being interrogate if Elspeth Williamson was guilty of witchcraft, she replied, she is as guilty as I am, and my guilt is as sure as God is in heaven. . . .

August 19. . . . Lillias Adie confessed that after she entered into compact with Satan he appeared to her some hundred times, and that the devil himself summoned her to that meeting which was on the glebe, he coming into her house like a shadow and went away like a shadow. . . . She added, that the devil bade her attend many meetings that she could not attend, for age and sickness; and though he appeared

not to her when there was company with her, yet he appeared to her like a shadow, so that none could see him but herself. At another time she said, that when she renounced her baptism, the devil first spoke the words, and she repeated them after him, and that as he went away she did not hear his feet on the stubble.

August 29th **1704.**—Lillias Adie declared some hours before her death, in audience of the minister, precentor, George Pringle and John Paterson, that what she had said of Elspeth Williamson and Agnes Currie was as true as the Gospel; and added, it is as true as the sun shines on that floor, and dim as my eyes are I see that. . . .

Lillias Adie died in prison and was buried within the sea-mark at Torryburn.—WEBSTER, pp. 27-34.

[For the trials of other Torryburn witches—Elspeth Williamson, Jean Neilson, Agnes Currie, Mary Wilson and Helen Kay—see WEBSTER, p. 34; CHAMBERS (2) vol. iii. pp. 298-9.]

1704. *Pittenweem.*—Peter Morton, smith at Pittenweem, being desired by one Beattie Laing to do some work for her, which he refused, excusing himself in respect he had been pre-engaged to serve a ship with nails, within a certain time, so that till he had finished that work, he could not engage in any other; that notwithstanding, the said Beattie Laing declared herself dissatisfied and vowed revenge. The said Peter Morton, afterward being indisposed, coming by the door, saw a small vessel full of water, and a coal of fire slockened in the water; so perceiving an alteration in his health, and remembering Beattie Laing's threatenings, he presently suspects devilry in the matter, and quarrels the thing. Thereafter, finding his indispositions growing worse and worse, being tormented and pricked as if with bodkins and pins, he openly lays the blame upon witchcraft, and accuses Beattie Laing. He continued to be tormented, and she was by warrant apprehended, with others in Pittenweem. No natural reason could be given for his distemper, his face and neck being

dreadfully distorted, his back prodigiously rising and falling, his belly swelling and falling on a sudden; his joints pliable, and instantly so stiff, as no human power could bow them. Beattie Laing and her hellish companions being in custody, were brought to the room where he was; and his face covered, he told his tormentors were in the room, naming them. And though formerly no confession had been made, Beattie Laing confessed her crime, and accused several others as accessory.—The said Beattie having confessed her compact with the devil, and using of spells; and particularly her slockening the coal in water; she named her associates in revenge against Peter Morton, viz. Janet Corset, Lillie Wallace, and —— Lawson, had framed a picture in wax, and every one of the forenamed persons having put their pin in the picture for torture. They could not tell what become of the image, but thought the devil had stolen it, whom they had seen in the prison.—Beattie Laing likewise said, that one Isobel Adams, a young lass, was also in compact with the devil. This woman was desired to fee with Beattie, which she refused: and Beattie let her see a man at the other end of the table, who appeared as a gentleman, and promised her all prosperity in the world: she promised her service to him; and he committed uncleanness with her, (which she said no other had done before) and he put his mark in her flesh, which was very painful. She was shortly after ordered to attend the company to go to one McGrigor's house to murder him. He awakening when they were there, and recommending himself to God, they were forced to withdraw. This Isobel Adams appeared ingenuous and very penitent in her confession; she said, he who forgave Manasseh's witchcrafts, might forgive hers also; and died very penitent, and to the satisfaction of many.

This Beattie Laing was suspected by her husband, long before she was laid in prison by warrant of the Magistrates. The occasion was this; she said, that she had packs of wool coming from Leith to her, which she was to sell at Auchtermuchty fair; and they being longsome in coming to the market, he said, "It would not be in time for the fair." She

desired him to go to the market, for she was sure her merchant would not fail her. He went off long before her ; and when he came to the town, he found her before him, and two packs of very good wool, which she instantly sold ; and coming home with a black horse which she had with her, they drinking till it was late in the night ere they came home, the man said, "What shall I do with the horse ?" She replied, "Cast the bridle on his neck, and you will be quit of him." And as her husband thought, the horse flew with a great noise away in the air.—They were, by a complaint to the Privy Council, prosecute by her Majesty's Advocate 1704, but all set at liberty save one, who died in prison, in Pittenweem. Beattie Laing died undesired, in her bed, in St Andrew's ; all the rest died miserable and violent deaths.—SINCLAR, pp. 257-260.

For "Additional Particulars," "A Just Reproof," etc., see SINCLAR, pp. xlviii-xcl; COOK, pp. 49-149; CHAMBERS (2), pp. 299-302 ; and cf. *infra*, p. 355.

Brunt Laft. *St. Monans.*—In the upper regions of the Kirk, accessible by a stair in the steeple, there was a certain peculiar recess called the "Brunt Laft." Respecting the origin of this title there is only one opinion extant. . . . During the benighted ages of superstition and priestly domination [!], numerous were the helpless victims that perished in the flaming faggots under the conviction of witchcraft ; and St. Monans being much infested with such notable beings, was not behind in the discharge of its duty. The Kirk Hill was the arena where such flagrant exhibitions formerly took place ; the beadle being the principal executioner. After the faggots were exhausted, his special duty was to scatter the ashes towards the four winds of heaven, and to deposit the burnt fragments of the bones in the recess before mentioned in order to record the transaction. Hence it was denominated the "Brunt Laft."

This barbarous practice, however, may be said to have been totally annihilated by King James's ingenious method of proving witches, namely, when any one was accused of being

uncanny, she was put in a balance against the family Bible, and her preponderance was the proof of her innocence; because the Bible, being the Word of God, was more than sufficient to outweigh all the works of the devil; and she was accordingly acquitted.—JACK, pp. 136-137.

VIII. THE MAGIC ART.

1. Spells.

How to sink a boat. A Warlock's Instructions.—*St. Monans.* Place a tub, brimful of water, in some unfrequented locality from which you can command a full view of the boat as she leaves the harbour; then take a wooden caup [?], and float it upon the surface about the centre of the tub, and whirl it seven times round (for seven was always considered a magical number), keeping your eyes all the while steadfastly fixed on the boat, and your heart on the design. And when you think that the boat has parted a sufficient distance from the shore, then whummel, or invert, the caup with a sudden jerk, and you will see the accomplishment of your desire.

Jack, pp. 58-59.

Curse. *St. Andrews.*—Catherine Fraser was, on the 12th April, 1660, arraigned before the Kirksession of St. Andrews for cursing Alexander Duncan and his horse, "for having raised some fulzie [?] belanging to her, after which the horse took disease and died in short space.—Rogers, vol. ii. p. 201.

Evil-eye. *Dunfermline.*—The writer . . . remembers very well the case of an elderly woman who had a cow, the condition of which give [?] her much concern. A neighbour asked her one day. "Whaur are ye gaun wi' your coo the day, Janet?" To which she replied, "I'm gaun to sell her; she'll dae nae mair guid wi' me, for auld Meg —— has cuissen an ill e'e (an evil eye) on her!"—Stewart, p. 41.

2. CHARMS.

Kirkcaldy.—1616, Aug. 2—Compeired Isobel Harvie . . . confesses that being asked for God's sake, she said:

> Three bitter has the bitten
> Evill hart, evill eye, and evill tongue,
> Almost three ply
> But wyl be Father, Sone, and Holly Ghost.

and said she learned it from ane wayfairing man.

MACBEAN, p. 343.

Dysart.—Sept. 10, 1640—Compeired Margaret Lindsay in the bridg of Kirkcaldie delate for charming. Viz. spitting in a bairnes face of the fallen sicknes confessed the samyne.

STEVENSON, p. 187.

Markinch.—Dec. 31, 1643 . . . Compeared Janet Brown, and . . . confessed that she did charm two several persons— . . . The words of the charm are these:

> "Our Lord forth raide,
> His foal's foot slade;
> Our Lord down lighted
> His foal's foot righted
> Saying: Flesh to flesh,
> Blood to blood,
> And bane to bane,
> In our Lord his name."

Being posed who learned her the foresaid charm, answered, ane man in the parish of Strathmiglo."—CHAMBERS (2), vol. ii. p. 153; CUNNINGHAM (2), p. 51; ROGERS, vol. ii. p. 200.

1644. *Culross.*—23rd June. Adam Donaldson cited, accused for charming of kine and horse—denyed.

30th June. The witnesses concerning Adam Donaldson his business, were examined; and *imprimis*, John Bird deponed that Adam Donaldson said to him he coft [bought] a cow at a tyme in Dumblane Fair, and brought hir home

to his hous, but she could give no milk; and purposing to tak her back to the place where she came from, by the way he met with a woman who asked him where he was going. He answered as before. The woman said, "Good man, ye need not be so hastie; tak hir back again, and put a piece of rantle-tree [1] under her taille, and say thrice on your knees, Lord Jesus, send me milk," which he did accordingly, and the cow gave milk in abundance, more than ever before or since: and farther, he confessed that ever since to this tyme he had rantle-tree under his kines tell [tail]. . . .

John Henderson, examined anent the premiss, deponed that he baid him, when he was to buy a cow, lead hir home himself, milk her himself, and drink the milk himself, and all the divels in hell should not have power over hir; and if he wer to buy a horse, the first south-running water he came to, light of with the horses hinder feete in the water, and tak up a handfull of sand out of the water, and three severall tymes straik the horse back from his forret to his shoulders, and then to his taile, and all evill spirits should not have power to wrong his horse in knee nor thigh.

BEVERIDGE (2), vol. i. pp. 208-209.

1693. *Culross.*—29th June. John Young, in the Valley-field, delated for charming, summoned, called, and appearing, interrogated as to his charming, declared as follows—viz. that being some time ago called to cure a certain sick person, he used these words: "*Little thing hath wronged thee, nothing can mend thee, but Father, Son, and Holie Ghost, all three, and our sweet Lady. In eternitie, let never wax, but away to the waine, as the dew goes of yeard and stane. I seek help to this distressed person in thy name.*" He likewise acknowledged that he used the same words in curing of a woman in the

[1] Another name for the rowan or mountain-ash, which was supposed to possess great efficacy in warding off the malevolent designs of witches. The old rhyme is—

> 'Rantle-tree and red thread
> Puts the witches to their speed."

Blaire, who was for years thereafter weell; and that by the same words he cured Robert Bruce in the Shyres miln,—and the disease these persons had, he said was a splen, which he seemed to the session to understand as of a disease put upon them through envy and splen. And being interrogat if he used any gestures or postures whiles he was pronouncing these words, he could not deny but that first he rubbed his own hand upon a bare stone, and rubbed the breast, stroaking it 3 times, of the person affected; and seemed to say that he prescribed the use of some herbs to the patient. The session did unanimously conclude him guilty of charming; whereupon being again called, the minister did endeavor to hold out the evill of his way, telling him that "his cures were not effected without the help of the devill, and not only to forbear the same in tyme comming, but to mourn before God, and to seek mercie through Christ for using of the divell's prescriptions, and that the witches and warlocks used God's words and made mention of the name of God and Christ in theire services," and he being removed the session did think fit to advise with the presbetrie how to carrie with him.

BEVERIDGE (2), vol. ii. pp. 18-19.

1711. *Falkland.*—In 1711, Agnes Hood and Jean Moncrief, in Falkland and Auchtermuchty parishes respectively, were reported to the Presbytery of Cupar as being accused of using a charm to cure a child, by the former "taking it in her arms and carrying it about an oaken post, expressing the words, Oaken post, stand thou; Bairn's maw (stomach), turn thou; In the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, turn the bairn's maw right."

CAMPBELL, p. 462, *note.*

1719. *Culross.*—20th October. This day Charles Rid . . . compeared before the session complaining . . . that James Mathie . . . had slandered his wife, in so far as he charged her with using charms. . . .

One of the witnesses adduced in this case Deponed that he heard James Mathie say that the said Janet Morison,

[Reid's wife] while going to churn her milk, used to go about her house, that she might be the first foot, and when she gave any person a drink of milk, she always put salt in it; as also that he heard the said James Mathie say that the foresaid Janet Morison would not milk her kine in the same place where they calved, but in a certain place destined by her for that end. . . .—BEVERIDGE (2), vol. 2, pp. 112-113.

Magic Square. Worthy divines kept this personage [*i.e.* the devil] at bay by means of a magic square, a magic circle, or a talisman. The peculiarity of a magic square is that you can read it in any direction—east, west, north, or south, or angle-wise—and the cumulative number is always 18.

Thus:

5	10	3
4	6	8
9	2	7

ALLAN, p. 26.

3. AMULETS.

Saintly Relics. The Exchequer Rolls testify to . . . the expenses of the Crown for the outlay attending the transmission from Dunfermline to Stirling Castle *via* Inverkeithing of the *chemise* or *sark* of St. Margaret, as a guard to Mary of Gueldres, queen of James II., against any dangers which might be impending over her Majesty on the occasion of the birth of the Prince Royal, afterwards James III. The garment in question seems again to have been sent for at the birth of James V.—BEVERIDGE, p. 33.

The account of the bailies of Inverkeithing, audited nine days after the Prince's [James III.] birth, and going back to 9th June 1450, has a memorandum appended to the effect that 6s. are to be allowed in the next year's account, "pronaulo Willelmi Crag, deferentis camisiam beate Margarete regine

ad dominam nostram reginam in suo puerperio *infra tempus compoti*" (page 447). The "puerperium" was therefore the birth of James III., and not the premature confinement of 19th May 1450. "Sanct Margaretis sark" was put to the same use at the birth of James V.

EXCHEQUER ROLLS, v., p. lxxxiii, *n.*

Bloodstone. *Wemyss.*—In the will of Anna Balfour Lady Elcho, dated 1649, she bequeaths among other things to her son John "the bloudston and bloudston braislett, withe Doctor Arnot's stone that is for the wimen in traveill, withe the drad routt," p. 232. To her daughter Agnes she leaves her "teid ston ring, with my leither beilt I gait from Dokter Arnott."—*Memorials of the Family of Wemyss of Wemyss,* vol. ii. pp. 232-233.

Amber-beads. *St. Monans.*—Grizzle . . . ingeniously concealed in the folds of [the infant's] inner garments, a large lammer [amber] bead, ever famous for its mystic virtues in repelling the invisible operations of fairy influence supposed to have been often exercised upon these defenceless beings.

JACK, pp. 89-90.

Horse Shoe. *Dunfermline.*—Even now, the virtue of a horse-shoe nailed on the door of the stable, byre, or kitchen is still in many quarters believed in, and is considered a panacea against witchcraft.—STEWART, p. 42.

The people of *Buckhaven* seem to have been free from the old superstition regarding the horse-shoe charm.

GRAHAM, p. 222, *note.*

St. Monans.—A horse-shoe, that has accidentally quitted its hold of the hoof after having apparently endured much service is esteemed an invaluable acquisition by the weight of fatality, . . . more particularly, if it possess in itself as many nails as are sufficient to attach it securely to any other place. Accordingly, some have articles of this kind fastened on the back of their doors, some on certain

parts of their boats, and others have been known to carry them concealed about their persons. But . . . the lucky possessors of them are comparatively few, and are always the subjects of invidious animadversion. . . .

This magical magnet, which is supposed to influence the wheel of fortune, possesses no such inherent virtue unless it be honestly obtained, by dint of chance, just where it fell from the foot of the sprightly animal.—JACK, pp. 166, 167.

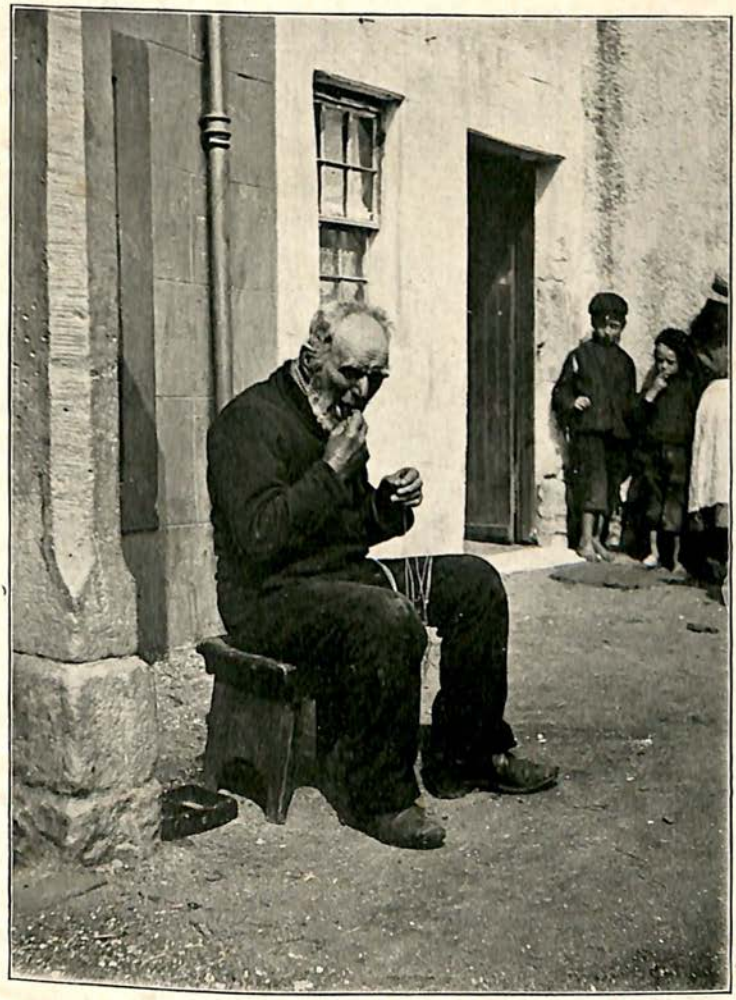
See *Fishermen's Freits*, ch. ix., p. 127, and Appendix, pp. 390, 419.

Scarlet Thread. *St. Monans.*—Scarlet thread is reckoned an infallible preventative [*sic*] of witchcraft, and it is extremely rare to find a hook fastened to the line with thread of any other colour.—JACK, p. 167.

Salt. It was a common thing to throw salt on the fire if one's house had been visited by any one who was reported to be "*no canny.*"—STEWART, p. 41.

4. DIVINATION.

Burning a Heart. *Strathmiglo* 1743. . . . Francis Gilmore (Laird) of Over Pitlochy, with three of his servants, viz. Francis Page, James Page, and Robert Robertson, had been cited to attend the Session upon a flagrant report of having been guilty of using a charm, in order to find out the person who, as they apprehended, had been the cause of the death of severalls of Francis Gilmore his beasts. . . . Francis Page compeared, and being interrogate anent their burning of the Heart of one of their master's beasts, and the reasons of their using that charm, and how they were employed in the time of it. Answered, that the heart of the beast was taken out, and that his master brought it out of the corn yard and asked if he would burn it, adding that others had done so, and the rest of their Beasts throve the better; upon which the heart was taken into the old Goodwife's house, and there burnt in the fire. He further



FISHERMAN TYING ON HOOKS, BUCKHAVEN.

To face p. 114.

owned that he had heard that folk, upon burning the heart of a beast in this manner, had made a discovery of the person who had wronged the Beast that had dyed, but said this was not the design in the present case, but because folk said that the rest of the Beasts lucked better, and that the rest lived afterwards. And further said, that he and his neighbours did sing no part of a Psalm, nor prayed, nor had Bibles in their hands during the time the heart was burning; but that he had a pair of syllabling Catechisms, and his brother James had Vincent's Catechism in his hands and he did not know what the other lad had. . . . James Page being sisted before the said Session, owned that he was present at the burning of the heart of the Beast and that it was certainly done with a design to make a discovery of the persons who had wranged his master's beasts; that the family all knew of it, and that his master in part bad [bade] do it; and agreed with his brother in all other circumstances of his Declaration.—CAMPBELL, pp. 462-463.

Sieve. *Aberdour.*—1st August, 1669, John Lister appears before the Kirk-Session, and gives in a bill against John Wardone, John M'Kie, and Jane Shaw, who he alleges, said that he "turned the riddle." . . . Divination by a sieve was performed in this manner. "The sieve being suspended, after repeating a certain form of words, it is taken between the two fingers only, and the names of the parties suspected repeated, he at whose name the sieve turns, trembles, or shakes, is reputed guilty of the evil in question." . . . It was sometimes practised by suspending the sieve by a thread, fixing it to the points of a pair of scissors, giving it room to turn, and naming as before the parties suspected.

Psalm-book and Key. At the same meeting of Session, it came out in the evidence led, that John Lister, having lost some thread, said in the hearing of others . . . that he would make it come back again; and one of the elders having asked him how he would effect this, he replied that he would make "a Psalm-book and a key" do it. The

chief virtue of this mode of divination lay in the circumstance that many believed it to be effectual; and many a time the thief, afraid of being detected, found ways and means of restoring the stolen property; whereupon the diviner got credit for supernatural skill. . . .

Bible and Key. In 1678 . . . a girl, named Isobel Mercer, went into Harry Tod's house and showed a number of people how, by means of a key and a Bible, she could find out secret things. Being brought before the Session, Harry Tod deponed that he saw Isobel Mercer put a key into a Bible, and then she uttered the words, "By St. Peter and St. Paul, such a thing as she desired to know shall come to pass or be true"; whereupon the key and Bible turned. It is not very clear how secret things were discovered in this way; in all probability it was by the key pointing to some word or text. . . . The Presbytery came to the conclusion that the practice "savoured of diabolical arts and indirect contract with Satan.". . . She and all who witnessed the exhibition . . . to appear before the pulpit, and crave pardon from God and the congregation.

Ross, pp. 334-336.

Kirkcaldie, March 11th, 1646.—Compeired David Wood sailor confessed he turned the key in Kirkcaldie, and that he learned it in ane English ship where some of the companie wanting something they took the Byble and enclosed ane key into it and read the 50 psalm at the 18 verse and named all the names in the shipp and when they lighted upon the man whom they suspected the key turned about.

STEVENSON, p. 293; MACBEAN, p. 20.

Kirkcaldie, Maii 20, 1646.—Compeired James Kininmonth who declaired that he haveing wanted some gold and his wyff haveing suspected Janet Dick to have tain it he went to hir and demandit hir anent it whilk she denyed and cursed him and he hard that she had turned the key for it and that it was one or two days after that she did it first and that it was in Margaret Mastersons houss who helped hir and

that she read the psalm hirself and hir owne name and the names of Margaret Lundie and Rachel Lamb and the said James Kininmonths name and that the key turned at the nameing of his name.—STEVENSON, p. 295.

Sortes Virgilianae. It was sometimes usual to refer to the thirty first chapter of Proverbs in order to ascertain one's fortune. This chapter contains thirty-one verses, and if persons referred to the verse corresponding with the day of the month on which they were born, there they would be told their fortune. . . . Even now many people open the pages of that sacred book at random, as it were, to ascertain thereby what they consider the Divine will concerning them.

STEWART, pp. 42-43.

Ordeal by touch. *Kirkcaldie,* 1662 Jun. 16.—In the afternoone, at Kirkcaldie one George Grive, maltman ther, was killed by the shot of a pistoll by his owne sonne, for the son fyred upon his father deliberately and one sett purpose, while his father was turning the malt kill, and shott him throw the head . . . In the night tyme, he came to the stabell and tooke out one of the horse, and came to the kill and tooke out his fathers corps, and layd on the horse, and tooke the same to the sands ther, and threw it over the Craige as you goe to the West Bridge; and returning he . . . stabelled the horse againe. Not long after, he returns to the stabell and tooke out the same horse to goe for the coalls, bot after the horse was drawen, he wold upon no account goe with him, bot he was forced to put up this horse againe, and take ane other horse. . . . The next morning this murther is noised abroad, bot none wold confesse. Att lenthe this wretched son is challenged for itt, bot he denys that he knew any such thing; and he is had to the corps, bot the corps did not bleide upon him, (for some affirme that the corps will not bleid the first 24 hours after the murther): however, he is keiped, and within some hours after he is had to the corps againe, and the son taken the father by the hand, the corps bleids at the nose, bot he still denys,

Also, the mans wife is brought, and they cause hir touch hir husband, bot he did not bleide: for some supposed hir to have a hand in this murther, bot she did not acknowledge any thing. At lenth the son is brought to the tolbuith, and shortly after he calls for the minister, and confesses this horrid fact, telling that he was the only man that did it, and purges the woman, and any other whom they suspected. Some dayes after he was put to deathe att Kirkekaldie, and his body put up on a gibett att Kirkekaldie, above the towne.—LAMONT, pp. 150-151.

Aberdour, 1667.—In the month of May 1667. A dead child had been found at Easter Buchlyvie.... The mother was brought into the presence of her dead child, and made to touch it. . . . The sight [and] the touch not [having] proved potent enough . . . the dead child . . . is put into its mother's arms. . . . [When] "the child's mouth was seen to open, as the by-standers were ready to testify." This was considered . . . equivalent to a cry for vengeance on its murderer. The mother immediately afterwards confessed her guilt.—Ross, pp. 336-337.

Dumb Soothsayer. *Culross.*—14 October 1718—John Harroer tenant in Balgownie, came in before the session, and alleged that he was very much lesed [1] by George Micklejohn, his neighbour, whose house was broken by thieves in the nighttime the last week. He had recourse to a dumbie upon Sabbath was eight days, who refusing to answer them that day, they went to him upon the Monday, desiring him to make discovery who it was who broke his house and stole his goods. The dumbie, upon some communing with the said Micklejohn, blamed the said Harroer and his family, and wrote down the said John Harroer's name as a thief; whereupon, without telling whom they suspected, or the grounds of their suspicion, applied to Balgownie, as a justice of the peace, for an order to search the neighbourhood. Balgownie gave them an order. They add that they hear the

[1 Wronged, injured.]

paper which the dumbie wrote is in Balgownie's hands. . . . George Micklejohn, and Jean Anderson his spouse, compeared. He denyed that he went to the dumbie on the Sabbath day, but confessed he consulted him on the Monday about the stealing of his goods. The session, considering the heinousness of this crime now confessed by the said Micklejohn, and the many evil consequences thereof, the aggravation of this his crime was held out to him, and he exhorted to repentance. The session appoint him to compear before the congregation and be rebuked on Sabbath come a fourteen days.—BEVERIDGE (2), vol. ii. p. 111. Cf. *infra*, p. 330.

Spaewife. *Newburgh.*—The wife of an elder in Newburgh had a valuable plaid stolen, and the threatenings of the law proved powerless to recover it. The worthy elder, however, caused it to be widely known that he was going to consult a spaewife in the neighbourhood, when the plaid was secretly returned and laid where it could be seen.—LAING, p. 382.

For *Lizzie M'Gill, the Fifeshire Spaewife,* or the *Witch o' Carnbee,* see GRANT, pp. 597-599.

5. PREDICTIONS.

Elie.—There is a curious story, similar to that told of the old family of Carstairs of Kilconquhar, to the effect that the celebrated beauty Lady Janet Fall, the wife of the second Sir John, drew upon herself and the House of Elie the curse of a witch. The most dramatic version of the tradition is to the following effect:—There existed at one time, in the immediate neighbourhood of the present Elie House, the hamlet of Balclevie, ("the town on the low place"). The residents are reported to have been of a grave and religious habit of mind, and that morning and evening they were wont to gather as one family outside their houses for worship. The then Lady Anstruther, better known and still spoken of as "Jenny Faa," had a strong aversion to

this usage, and to put a stop to it persuaded her husband to evict the residents and demolish the hamlet. One of the inhabitants, a "wise woman," as she was leaving the old home, pronounced in Meg Merrilees fashion the doom of the Anstruthers—That from that time peace and prosperity would cease to be theirs, as lairds of Elie, and that the property would pass from the family with the sixth laird, beginning with the then holder of the lands. This version of the prophecy was had from an old woman who died some fifteen years ago. She was a native and an inhabitant of Elie all her lifetime, and had heard the tale as she told it when a girl. Anyhow, in this or in some slightly varying form the prophecy is still accepted as true by many; and, strange to tell, the sixth laird sold the lands and property to their present possessors.—CHAPMAN, pp. 40-41.

Kinghorn.—There are two stories currently told of how the king [Alexander the Third] came to his death. The first is, that the king had been returning on horseback at night to Glammis Tower, his castle, above Kinghorn. His horse shied and threw him over a high cliff, which rises abruptly and almost perpendicularly from the level sand below to the height of about 150 feet, along the summit of which the path on which he was riding held its course. He fell with his head upon a rock, and died. This rock is known as the King's Stone.

The second story is, that the king was passionately fond of hunting, and rode a high-spirited horse. Thomas the Rhymer told the king that the horse would be his death, but the king would not believe him. One day an archer shot an arrow, which glanced from a tree, struck the horse, and killed it. The horse fell dead upon the Kinghorn road, and the king said to Thomas the Rhymer, "And how can your prophecy come true?" However, some months after the king was travelling that way on another horse, which shied at the appearance of the bones of the first horse, and threw the king, who was killed in this way.

SKENE, *Pro. Soc. Ant. Scot.* vol. xx. p. 177.

Michael Scot of Balwearie, near Kirkcaldy, having prophesied that a spirited and favourite charger of the king would cause his death, Alexander in a fit of passion stabbed it to death on the spot. Next year, as he rode another horse the same road, it saw the bleached bones of the earlier favourite, shied, and throwing the king, fulfilled the prophecy.

MACKAY, p. 33.

IX. LUCK AND OMENS.

Warning. *Wemyss.*—One other small circumstance I recall, also of Castle Wemyss. . . . My sister was going to have a baby. She had been suffering a good deal from many causes, and one was that her husband, Hay Wemyss, was in a very bad state of health. His sister, Fanny Balfour (since dead), told me the story. Poor Millicent had gone to bed, and Hay and his sister were talking about going to London, which they were about to do in a day or two. They were looking out of one of the windows which had a lovely view, and some terraces had lately been built going down towards the sea. The moon was shining brightly, and Hay said to his sister that he felt *very ill.* As they spoke together there was a crash, and part of one of the terraces smashed and fell. He turned to Fanny and said, " I am a dead man! for as a warning to the owner of Wemyss Castle of his early approaching death a piece of masonry always falls! " Fanny tried to laugh him out of the idea, but he would say and hear no more. In a few days they went to London, and Hay Wemyss of Wemyss Castle died a fortnight before his youngest son was born.—MUNSTER, p. 164-5.

Death Omen. Colin . . . third Earl of Balcarres, . . . was engaged to be married to Mauritia de Nassau, daughter of the Count of Beverwaert and Anverquerque, in Holland. The marriage day arrived, " the noble party were assembled in the church, and the bride was at the altar; but, to the dismay of the company, no bridegroom appeared! The volatile Colin had forgotten the day of his marriage, and was

discovered in his night-gown and slippers quietly eating his breakfast! . . . Colin hurried to the church, but in his haste left the ring in his writing case. A friend in the company gave him one; the ceremony went on, and without looking at it, he placed it on the finger of his fair young bride—it was a mourning ring, with the mort head and cross bones. On perceiving this at the close of the ceremony she fainted away, and the evil omen had made such an impression on her mind, that on recovering she declared she should die within the year; and her presentiment was too truly fulfilled."—WOOD, p. 136.

Omens. If two or three small bits of tea stems were found floating in a cup of tea, it was an omen that one or more strangers or visitors were to call soon; the same thing was to happen if a string of soot were found hanging to the bars of the grate.—STEWART, p. 43.

It was thought unlucky if two knives happened to be crossed on the table, or if thirteen persons sat down together to a meal. STEWART, p. 42.

Unlucky Acts and Events. It was deemed unlucky to break a looking-glass.—STEWART, p. 43.

Dunfermline.—It was accounted unlucky for one to turn back for anything after commencing a journey.—STEWART, p. 43.

Some would not put on the left shoe first of a morning. STEWART, p. 42.

To present a knife or sharp-cutting implement to any one, without first getting a penny or other small coin in exchange, was deemed an unlucky gift, as it was sure to cut or sever love!—STEWART, p. 42.

It was considered an ill omen for a person to give another a pin for any purpose when they were about to part to go away any distance. from one another,—for it was said that "*preens pairt love!*"—The writer remembers a case of a friend who was a ship captain. On his way to his ship accompanied by his wife, by some accident or other, in going

through a gate or stile, he happened to get some part of his dress torn. He asked her for a pin, to pin the garment in a temporary way; this she gave, but she laughingly remarked, "Do ye no ken that preens pairt love?" And it was a very strange coincidence that in this case husband and wife never again met; he being unfortunately drowned on that voyage.—STEWART, p. 44.

Unlucky to have a Black Cat, p. 21.

Lucky to possess a Beetle, Spiders, and Crickets, p. 29.

Unlucky for Lovers to dream of Eggs, p. 28; **Unlucky to hear the Cuckoo while Fasting,** p. 26; **Unlucky to mention certain Animals at Sea,** p. 417.

Old Cradles Lucky for New-born Infants, p. 159.
Lucky Days for Marriages, p. 163.

Unlucky for Wedding Party to take any By-path, p. 163.

2. FISHERMEN'S FREITS.

For several years I have been in the habit of spending part of every summer in a Fife fishing village, and mixing a good deal amongst the old men who are past going to sea. They are delightful company, and, over a dram, splendid story-tellers. There are a great many superstitions alive among them. They will laugh at them in conversation, but one can see they guard well against them.

If one man was to ask a match from another on a Monday, the giver would break a bit off the end of it, so as not to part with his luck for the week. They will on no account part with salt, especially at sea, as to part with salt is to part with luck. They wont speak about pigs, and if any one was to mention pork on board, it would be sure to bring on a storm. Rabbits are the same. I have heard them tell

THE WEST PIER, BUCKHAVEN

THE HARBOUR, ST MONANS.

To face p. 124.

of a boat's crew who landed on the May, killed some rabbits and started for home but were lost on the voyage. It was the rabbits.

They do not speak of the minister, as to do so is very unlucky. They call him "the man who lives at so-and-so." Any boat who would give a minister a passage would have a stormy journey. Any one on their pier with a black coat on is unlucky. Flat-footed folk are unlucky. I have myself seen women go out of their road or turn back rather than pass a man with his fishing clothes on going off to sea. To cross his path or to pass him takes away his luck.[1]

The younger generation do not pay so much attention to these things; still, they have been reared amongst them, and they form part of their character.—WELL-WISHER, Dunfermline, *The Weekly Scotsman Christmas Number*, 1898.

Leven.—Miss Betsy Birrell states that when her father had occasion to go out to his boat after dark—as he had sometimes to do, preparatory to the adventure the following morning—he would not return to the house by the door, unless it was opened for him from the inside; if the family were in bed, he would go round to the back of the house and get in by the window. He alleged that the witches always smeared his door-handle with butter after dark; and that to touch witch-butter would be detrimental to his next day's catch, loss of tackle, broken bones, or general bad luck. Miss Betsy's father died about forty-five years ago.

Communicated.

Hares. *Buckhaven.*—The fishers look on all maukens [hares] to be devils and witches, and if they but see the sight of a dead mauken, it sets them a trembling. . . .

Maukens are most terrible, and have bad luck, none will go to sea that day they see a Mauken, or if a wretched body put in a mauken's fit in their creels, they need not lift them that day, as it will be bad luck, either broken backs, or legs, or arms, or hear bad accounts of the boats at sea.[1] . . .

[1 See *Witchcraft Trials*, 1633, p. 85.]

They are terrified for all sorts of boggles both by land and sea.—GRAHAM, vol. ii. pp. 235-237.

[1] The mauken's fit was particularly feared by the fishers on the east coast of Scotland. Very recently, and it may be so still, it was sufficient to raise the ire of a fisher-woman to wish she had a hare's foot in her creel. The wish was regarded as equivalent to a malediction.

Unlucky Meetings. *Charlestown.*—An old experienced, and efficient boatman at Limekilns and Charlestown, named John Knox, who will be remembered by many in connection with the Stirling and Grantown steamers, was in his younger days a sailor in a small sloop. The said vessel had got her cargo of lime all on board, but unfortunately had lain at Charlestown windbound for a fortnight. One fine morning a fair wind sprang up, and John and the mate got the vessel all ready for proceeding to sea. They were now only waiting the arrival of the skipper, who soon made his appearance. He at once told the men that it was of no use going to sea that day, for he had just met on his way to the ship that auld body Lizzie C——! This captain and others, when they passed "Auld Lizzie" on the road always put themselves between her and the sun. They thought she was endowed with the gift of second sight. This gift of second sight, as it was called, was possessed chiefly by the aged, those in "the sunset of life," hence the well-known words of the wizard in Lochiel's Warning:

> "'Tis the sunset of life gives us mystical lore,
> And coming events cast their shadows before."

STEWART, pp. 41-42.

Lucky and Unlucky Days. *Earlsferry.*—In Earlsferry the tradition is rife that the descendants of the men who ferried the Earl [Macduff] over are still known, and Saturday is counted a lucky day because on that day he is said to have crossed the Forth.—WOOD, p. 11.

See *Marriage Customs*, p. 163.

St. Monans. Friday is ominous of evil, and no enterprise can succeed which commences on that day—a tradition being still in existence that St. Monan perished on Friday in a conflict with the malignant spirits. These superstitious ideas are, however, gradually declining, although a considerable remnant is still visible. JACK, p. 75.

Charlestown. The superstitious feeling regarding the unluckiness of Friday continued to abide in the minds of many, especially of those in the seafaring trade. While Friday was considered an unlucky day, Sunday was thought to be the reverse, hence the old maxim, "Sunday sail, never fail." This feeling has now almost vanished, but at that time some ship captains stoutly objected to sail on that day, or even on any other week-day, if they happened to meet on the morning of sailing with any one who was considered an unlucky person.

STEWART, p. 41.

Cold Iron. *St. Monans.*—Superstition held despotic sway over the inhabitants. . . . There was always one amongst themselves on whom they looked with superstitious veneration, and by whose opinions their movements were generally regulated. How he acquired his pre-eminence is not fully ascertained. . . .

Under the baronship of Sir David Leslie [17th century], the oracle announced a valuable improvement in the science of demonology, touching the method of dissolving spell and removing enchantment. He experimentally proved that cold iron touched and named at the same instant, in any place, was an effectual antidote against the baleful effects of infernal sights, names, and cantrips—thus superseding the necessity of waiting the flux and reflux of the tide, or running to the kirk-stile and calling on the saint—either of which was extremely inconvenient and frequently unattainable.—JACK, p. 34.

Things Lucky at Sea. *Newburgh.*—In the early years of the present century a horse-shoe was affixed to the mast of ships, to ensure safe and prosperous voyages, the belief being

that it was a spell against which the machinations of witchcraft were powerless.—LAING, p. 385.

See *ante*, p. 113.

Charlestown. [Child's caul.]—It is considered lucky for captains to have one of these on board ship.—STEWART, p. 44.

Things Unlucky at Sea. *Dunfermline.*—I remember the time when it was considered not desirable to have a clergyman on board of a vessel, as they were sometimes thought to bring "ill luck" with them.—STEWART, p. 45.

Whistling at sea was also looked upon as uncanny and likely to raise a storm.—STEWART, p. 45.

Pigs Unlucky. *St. Andrews.*—We are informed that betwixt four and five o'clock one morning last week, as the respective crews of the St. Andrews fishing boats were on their way to the harbour in order to get out to sea as usual in search of the far-famed white fish, a discontented sow, which had managed to get without the walls of its limited dwelling, and was taking a change of bed by wallowing on the road, unexpectedly came on their view, which they conceived to be a bad omen. A consultation was held at the dawning time of the morning upon the highway, and each skipper and a man consulted and advised as to the proper steps to be taken to remove this unlucky spell. After each spokesman had finished his interpretation of the loathsome image, and after the whole points of bearings of the subject had been fully considered, it was proposed that each man should go to the portals of the dwelling of the sow and proclaim from the bottom of his lungs and heart, "cauld iron," and that thereafter instead of going to sea, they should only go into the bay and cast their lines for flounders. This proposal was agreed to by all the crews with the exception of one, who declared they would defy the curse of the evil one and all his legions. The other crews sneered at the pride of their neighbours, and went through their proposal to the letter. The dissenting crew went out to the sea and

came ashore in the afternoon with 700 or 800 fine haddocks, a very good draw. The other boats would not gain as much as [would] pay the bait for their lines.—*F. H. & J.* April 19th, 1905. (Reprint of the *Fife Herald* of 19th April, 1855.)

St. Monans.—When the fishing lines are properly baited and placed in the wicker depositories, the whole are usually exposed to the open air during the night. . . . Some one . . . recently secreted a swine's tail in one of the sculls, which being so ingeniously wrapt and concealed amongst the coils of the fishing tackle, completely escaped detection till the line was being let down into the sea at the place selected for the adventure; when horror of horrors! the ominous tail presented itself in full prospect, inspiring all the terrors of a raving hurricane or impending water-spout, the joint exclamation "Cauld iron" . . . burst from every mouth, and a frown of despair overshadowed every visage. . . . Personal safety being the grand aim under such an untoward circumstance, they made sail for the port in gloomy silence, not a whisper escaping from their lips, till they arrived within the jaws of the harbour, when their chopfallen aspect inspired the beholders with alarming conjectures, but a blaze of light was speedily thrown upon the mysterious subject by the town crier perambulating the streets bell in hand, giving publicity to the following advertisement, dated the 6th May, 1841. . . . "Notice is hereby given, that whereas, during the course of last night some malicious ill-disposed person did put a beast's tail into one of the line sculls, to the great hurt and damage of the boat and crew, and if any such wanton mischief be again committed after this intimation the offender will be prosecuted according to the utmost rigour of the law." While this fact leads to prove the dominion that such a species of superstition still holds in a certain quarter of the town, it was both amazing and gratifying to see the vociferous bellman completely laughed out of his rare proclamation, ere he had half performed his duty, by those who were more enlightened.—JACK, pp. 160-162.

See also *Pigs*, p. 21; and Appendix, p. 417.

Herring Fishery. *St. Monans.*—The herring fishing is a peculiar season, as it is generally more productive than any other, and there are more superstitions connected with it in many cases. When a boat returns in the morning, you may, with all freedom, ask where they have been fishing during the night, for, whether successful or otherwise, you will receive a polite answer; but when outward bound, no man may say, "Where are you going?" unless he be prepared to receive a broadside, this query being deemed very unlucky. To mention the surname of certain individuals at such a season is fraught with incalculable evil; therefore it is studiously avoided, they being called by the surname of their wives, . . . and if single, they are surnamed after their place of residence, such as, the Wynd, the Nook, the Brae, etc.—JACK, p. 164.

Church Bell scares Fish. *St. Monans.*—Till of late, there was no bell in the [Church] steeple, but this deficiency was made up by one suspended from a tree in the churchyard. This bell was regularly taken down during the herring-fishing season, it being alleged that the sound of the bell terrified and scared away the fish. On one occasion, however, this precaution was omitted, and the beadle commenced ringing the bell as usual, when the whole inhabitants of the Nethertown rushed simultaneously from their domiciles, as if the town had been in flames, ran furiously forward to the churchyard, threw the beadle over the wall, broke down the tree, and dashed the bell in pieces; and since that period, up to the nineteenth century, the beadle stood at the church door, ringing a hand-bell, to signify that public worship was about to commence.

This species of superstition received on this occasion considerable circumstantial support; for, before Monday, the fish, as it frequently happens, had shifted, and there was no take. The conclusion immediately was, that the infernals, ever intent on mischief, being insulted by the kirk bell, had gratified their malice by carrying off the herrings or warping the nets in a spell.—JACK, pp. 72-3.

Wreckage. *Crail.*—It is no less remarkable than true, that both in ancient and modern ages, a curious belief has existed on this coast, that should a man during the space of seven years make a regular excursion along the sea-beach every morning before the sun shows himself above the horizon, he would at the termination of that period, secure his fortune by discovering some casket of valuable treasure cast on shore by the waves.—JACK (2), p. 183.

For—Fishermen "buying wind"—Oilskins and dirty weather—Unlucky to mention certain people and animals—The pig—Leg of hare carried in boat for luck—Throwing the first bladder overboard when at sea—The drowned—etc., see *Folk-Lore*, vol. xv. pp. 95-97, and Appendix, p. 417.

X. LEECHCRAFT.

General. *Saline.*—There is a practice here . . . which it were much to be wished was abolished or less used. When any one is taken ill, the neighbours think it their duty, or a piece of civility, immediately to frequent the house, and even crowd the room where the patient lies; which must be attended with very bad effects. Even where the smallpox or fevers are raging, mothers with their children in their arms attend without scruple, a practice rather tempting than trusting to Providence. . . . On these occasions, they are all physicians; they feel the pulse, shake their heads, and have an unlucky turn to foreboding the worst. I have known a man given up by his neighbours, who, in three or four days after, has been working in the stone-quarry; and several persons are still alive, in very good health at this day, and likely to see some carried to their graves who had long ago pronounced their doom.—O.S.A. vol. x. p. 314.

Bleeding. *Dunfermline.*—Some country people were in the regular habit of going to some apothecary or other twice a year to be "blooded," as it was called, in order to prevent trouble coming upon them.—STEWART, p. 47.

Cholera Amulet. *Dunfermline.*—A small bag suspended from the neck and under the clothing containing a bit of camphor to keep away the infection.—STEWART, p. 167.

Colds and Coughs. *Inverkeithing.—Menyanthes trifoliata* is given occasionally as a bitter, particularly to sick calves, and . . . St. John's wort (*Hypericum perforatum* and *pul-*

chrum) in an herb mixture for coughs; and an infusion of black horehound (*Ballota nigra*) for colds. This last, however, appears to be but a rough medicine. A person who took it, said that it made him very "sick and ill," though it cured him. The leaves of *Tussilago farfara* have been smoked by asthmatic people instead of tobacco; . . . and infusion of agrimony is a favourite beverage with some old persons, instead of tea.[1]—N.S.A. vol. 9, pp. 235, 236.

[1] This rustic practice, however, is sometimes not unattended with danger. Once, upon inquiry being made what had become of a patch of hyoscyamus which had disappeared just as the plants were about coming into flower, information was received that two persons of the common working class had taken the whole up, to make "excellent medicine." Shortly after this, a farm labourer was met carrying an immense sheaf of digitalis, who, upon being asked, from a humane motive, what he intended to do with it, replied, "to make fine herb-tea for the cold." He was, of course, informed of the risk of poisoning which he might incur by drinking of the said tea.

Consumption.—The breath and smell of a cow good for.
See W. G. BLACK, *Folk-Medicine*, p. 161.

Consumption of the Stomach.—Young onions, parsley, and comfrey soaked in ale, patients to be afterwards washed in south-running water.
See *Witchcraft Trials*, 1588, p. 75.

Cramp.—Sulphur as an amulet in Fifeshire. *Folk-Lore*, vol. xx. p. 232.

Dreams.—*To cure a man of "ill dreams."*—Put him seven times through the coils of a hesp of yarn that had never been wet save with the saliva of the spinner, and the third flux of the tide would free him from the trammels of the cantrip.
JACK, p. 174.

Fever.—In cases of fever the putting of a patient into a sheepskin, while the feet were well saturated with new milk, to draw the fever down, was very frequently adopted.
STEWART, p. 49.

Headache. Prayer. See *Witchcraft Trials*, 1649, p. 88.

Hooping-cough.—The holding of a child over the mouth of a coal-pit was resorted to as a change of air for relieving "kingkost" (hooping-cough).—STEWART, p. 48.

Till a recent period mothers frequently carried their children when they had hooping-cough or other complaint, and grown-up people also when ill went, to the Gowk Craig [in Forgan Parish] where, by remaining two hours, they were believed always to recover of their malady, owing to the effect of the "*seven airs which blow there.*"—CAMPBELL, p. 422, *note.*

Iliaca Passio, or twisting of the guts, has been several times cured by drinking a draught of cold water with a little oatmeal in it, and then hanging the patient by the heels for some time. . . . Dr. Pitcairn told me that the like cure had been performed in the shire of Fife for the same disease.

MARTIN'S *Western Islands*, vol. iii. pp. 183, 184.

Leprosy. "It ought to be known" (says the great Fifeshire philosopher) [Michael Scott] "that the blood of dogs and of infants two years old or under, dispels the Leprosy without a doubt." *Cabsque dubis liberat Lepram.*[1]

SIMPSON (2), vol. 2, p. 21.

[1] *De Secretis Naturæ* (Amsterdam ed. of 1790), p. 241.

Lumbago.—The miners' treatment for lumbago consists of a teaspoonful of pure turpentine in two ounces of castor oil, the whole to be taken at a draught.

J. S., *The Scotsman*, April 4th, 1906.

Measles.—Marigold tea was usually given to children suffering from the "Nirles" (measles).—STEWART, p. 48.

Plague. *Crail.*—[In] the churchyard . . . is a small enclosed plot, where tradition asserts that, on more than one occasion the "plague" was buried. This was done by our superstitious forefathers in the following approved fashion:—It was an universal belief with them that the dreadful pesti-

lences which were wont to decimate Scotland, had their seat in the air, and for the purpose of intercepting the deadly visitor, large wheaten loaves were raised high up on poles, which, after being so exposed for a length of time, were carefully buried where they should not be disturbed; for the wise people of these days firmly believed that the discolouration of the loaves showed the veritable presence of the pest, which save for this antidote, would have spread death and ruin amongst the inhabitants.—CONOLLY, p. 117.

Rheumatism.—An old and respected friend of the writer's carried about with him in his pocket a raw potato; he was firmly convinced that it relieved him from rheumatism. . . .

Rubbing with swine's seam [fat], and also with ointments of fresh butter and soot was very often recommended.

STEWART, p. 47.

Red silk round the wrist as an amulet for rheumatism.

See *Folk-Lore*, vol. xx. p. 231.

Scrofula. *Carnbie.*—1643, September 13.—*Moreis for touching for the Cruells.*—Johne Moreis, in the Paroch of Carnbie, appointed to compeir befor the Presbyterie the nixt day, for takeing upon him to heale the Cruells by touching them, as the seventh sonne of a woman[1] . . .

[1] The gift of curing the Cruels or scrofula by the touch was supposed to be an inherent prerogative of our kings, who often put it in practice. Charles I. when he visited Scotland in 1633, on St. John's day, "heallit 100 persones of the cruelles or King's eivell, yong and olde." It would appear, however, that a *seventh* son, who is superstitiously believed to be endued by nature with *infallibility as a doctor*, also possessed this imaginary virtue. "It is manifest, by experience, that the seventh male child by iust order, (neuer a girle or wench being borne betweene,) doth heale only with touching (through a naturall gift) the King's evil: which is a speciall gift of God given to Kings or Queenes, as daily experience doth witnesse."—Lupton's *Notable Things*, edit. 8vo, 1631, p. 28.

Septr. 20th.—Johne Moreis, in the Paroch of Carnbie, acknowledging to the Presbyterie, that he, as the seventh sonne of a woman, touches for cureing the Cruells, being

examined, and it being found that he did it ignorantlie, is discharged to vse that any more to any, vnder paine of kirk censures.—KINLOCH, p. 15.

St. Andrews.—1659, March 10.—The Presbyterie haveing heard of some persone makeing use of a child for cureing the Cruells, the Presbyterie doth appoint the brether to inhibit persones in that kynd; and withal, that it be a reference to the Synod.—KINLOCH, p. 183.

Wemyss.—1660, Jun 18, the Lady Weyms tooke journey for London from the weyms, with hir daughter the Lady Balcleuch (who had the Cruells in hir arme,) who after she was there, was touched by his Maj.—LAMONT, p. 122.

Sores. *Dunfermline.*—The application of "Moose wabs" (cobwebs) for sores, and also pills of the same to be taken internally.—STEWART, p. 48.

Spleen. Charm for. See *ante*, p. 111.

Spasms. When young infants cried, apparently from some inward spasms, we have seen anxious mothers take out of the fire one or two red-hot cinders and put them into a cup of water, and give the child a teaspoonful or two of that.

STEWART, p. 46.

Throat Diseases. A lady who died in Newburgh in the year 1860, at the advanced age of 92, used . . . to say that her mother attended to the ailments of the poor, and that one of her prescriptions for diseases of the throat was to sew a living caterpillar between two plies of flannel, leaving the animal sufficient room to crawl, and then to tie the flannel around the neck of the person affected.[1]—LAING, p. 396.

[1] This cure was prescribed in other parts of the country for hooping-cough; the belief being that as the worm died the cough disappeared.—HENDERSON (2), p. 110.

Warts. *Dunfermline.*—The rubbing of these excrescences with the fasting spittle—the first thing in the morning—was prescribed; or, what was considered better, and more highly

recommended, was to steal a piece of butcher meat, rub the warts with it, then bury the meat in the ground, all without the knowledge of any one, and as the meat decayed so would the warts. The writer has frequently seen boys anointing their warts with the white milky juice exuding from the stems of dandelion flowers.—STEWART, p. 48.

See *Leechcraft* in Appendix, pp. 401-412.

PART II.

TRADITIONAL CUSTOMS.

XI. FESTIVAL CUSTOMS.

Halloweven and Midsummer Even. Superstitious Fyres. 17th Oct., 1648.—The Assemblie ordains that intimatioun be made of the acts against superstitious fyres, the Sabbath befor midsomer evin and Hallow evin, (as they call them); and that nixt Presbitrie day, efter aither of the saidis dayes, the Moderator of ilk Presbitrie crâve accompt of all the brethren quho hes failzeit against these actis, that he may be presentlie censured.—BAXTER, pp. 160, 161.

Hallowe'en (31st October). *Kennoway.*—As the end of October was drawing nigh preparations were made for the frolics of Hallowe'en. Ropes, cards, buttons, pins, cabbage-stalks, and tow were provided for outside mischief. . . .

In quiet households lads and lassies sat by the fire and roasted their nuts on the ribs of the fire-place, and as the nuts warmed and jumped about, a hearty laugh was indulged in by all. . . . There was a supply of mashed potatoes, into which a ring, a sixpence, and a thimble were placed. The one who got the ring was to be the first in the matrimonial market, the one who got the sixpence was to marry money, and the one who got the thimble was to remain single.

BROWNE, pp. 92-94.

Newburgh.—There are some features in the mode of keeping

Hallowe'en in Newburgh which are not touched upon by Burns in his celebrated poem; though several of the customs so inimitably described by him are still kept up amongst us. Nuts are burned; kail-*stocks* are pulled; young maidens carrying them home backwards, to lodge them behind the door; and the ordeal of *the luggies* [1] is tried, in order to obtain, in vision, a glimpse of their future husbands. But besides these playful divinations, fire has always been an indispensable element on Hallowe'en. Whin bushes were kindled on the hills and set a blazing; and the most mischievous among the boys sometimes barricaded the door of a dwelling-house from the outside, and then through the keyhole filled the house with smoke by blowing a hollowed *kail-runt* [cabbage stalk] filled with burning tow. . . . The practice (which is still continued here) of trying to catch with the teeth an apple fixed to one end of a rod with a lighted candle at the other, suspended from the ceiling and quickly twirled round, is believed by some to be a survival in sport of the ordeal by fire. The endeavour to catch with the mouth an apple floating in a tub of water, having the hands clasped behind the back, which is still a never-failing accompaniment of Hallowe'en, is believed on the same ground to be a survival of the ordeal by water. But the special amusement of the boys in Newburgh was to arm themselves with *kail-runts*, and to run knocking with them at the doors of the houses as they passed; a practice which was tolerated by the inmates on that special evening all the more readily, as the doors fifty years ago were for the most part of plain deal without paint.[2]

LAING, pp. 388, 389.

[1 Take three dishes; put clean water in one, foul water in another, leave the third empty. Blindfold a person, and lead him to the hearth where the dishes are ranged; he (or she) dips the left hand, if by chance in the clean water, the future husband or wife will come to the bar of matrimony a maid; if in the foul, a widow; if in the empty dish it foretells, with equal certainty, no marriage at all. It is repeated three times, and every time the arrangement of the dishes is altered. —*Works of Robert Burns*, 1834, Ed. note, vol. i. p. 108.]

[2 Mr. Laing identifies this practice of knocking at the doors of the

Saline.—A relic of superstition also existed in this district in the person of an old Highland dame, who used to burn rowan-tree branches in front of her house every Hallowe'en night to keep the witches away.—T. A. CARLTON, in *The Weekly Scotsman*, 3rd September, 1898.

St. Andrew's Day, November 30th. *St. Andrews.*—On the 27th of December, 1649, the Kirk-session of St. Andrews summoned before them a parishioner residing at Strathkinnes, charged with being drunk on St. Andrew's day; he was ordered to "bring ane testimoniall of his carriage from the Session of Cameron, uthyrwyse not to be suffered to remain in the parish."—ROGERS, vol. ii. pp. 207, 208.

Yule. *Aberdour.*—The links of Aberdour. Every time they are mentioned [in the church-records] it is in connection with some superstitious observances at Yuletide. . . . On one occasion we find John Stewart, Andrew Robertson, and various others, charged with being "down on the linkes" at Yule and charged "not to do the like again." One could wish that the Minute had been fuller on such an occasion. That superstitious observances connected with Yule were common in Fife as late as the year 1649 is obvious from the following Minute of Synod, of April 4th of that year: "The Assemblie appoints the several Presbitries to enquyre in thair boundis, quhat superstitioun is used in observing of Yuile day,[1] and

inhabitants by the boys of Newburgh with customs still kept up in other countries, more particularly in Brittany on "All Saints Eve" (Hallowe'en), quoting from Taylor's *Ballads and Songs of Brittany.*]

[[1] Dr. Jamieson under *Yule* mentions that "any servant, who is supposed to have a due regard to the interests of the family, and at the same time not emancipated from the yoke of superstition, is careful to go early to the well, on Christmas morning, to draw water, to draw corn out of the stack, and also to bring in *kale* from the kitchen-garden. This is meant to insure prosperity to the family."

A similar superstition is, for the same reason, still observed by many on the morning of the New Year. One of a family watches the stroke of twelve, goes to the well as quickly as possible, and carefully skims it. This they call "getting the *scum* or *ream* (cream) of the well."

JAM. DICT. Cf. *Rood Day*, p. 16]

accordinglie to censure the samen; and to advyse what effectuall course may be taken for suppressing thairof in tym coming."—Ross, p. 310.

At the Reformation the observance of festival days had been prohibited. But the practice of holding the great festivals might not readily be overcome. Upon those who, on Christmas or Yule, indulged religious rites, the Reformers exercised a rigorous discipline. By the Kirk Session of St. Andrews in January, 1573, several persons were sentenced to make "open satisfaction for observing Yule day.". . . 21st December, 1649, the Kirk Session of St. Andrews decreed that intimation be made from the pulpit "that no Yule be keiped, but that all be put to work as ane ordinar work day, with certification that those who use any idleness shall be taken nottice of, and be seveirlie censured." Conformably with their menace, the Kirk Session arraigned on the 29th January, 1650, several persons charged with *playing jollie at the goose* on Yule day, and whom they ordained "to wait on the two next Sabbaths in the Old Colledge Kirk to be examyned and to sit altogether upon ane forme before the publict congregation, and to be rebooked there for their fault."

ROGERS, vol. ii. pp. 205, 206.

End of Yule.

"Yule's come, and yule's gane,
And we hae feasted weel;
Sae Jock maun to his flail again,
And Jenny to her wheel."

A Fifeshire rhyme. In allusion to the festive character of Christmas, boys use this rhyme:

"On Christmas night I turned the spit,
I burnt my fingers—I find it yet."

CHEVIOT, p. 430; CHAMBERS, pp. 161, 162.

Singen-Een. The last night of the year, Fife. . . . The designation seems to have originated from the Carols sung on this evening. . . . Some of the vulgar believe that the bees may be heard to sing in their hives on Christmas Eve.

JAM. DICT. *s.v.*

Hogmanay.—Guisers. *Newburgh.*—Hogmanay, or **Singin' E'en**, is, however, the festival which is most popular in Newburgh among the young. On this, the last evening of the year, the youth of both sexes, as in other parts of Scotland, go about disguised from house to house in bands, singing songs in every house they visit. . . . Many grave consultations are held by the young beforehand as to the special disguises to be worn on Singin' E'en, and it is looked forward to with impatience, and entered upon with a heartiness, which bespeaks thorough enjoyment. The young Guisers, a generation back, were rewarded with a ferl (*feorth-dael*—Anglo-Saxon, fourth part) of oaten cake, many families specially baking them for the purpose. The dole is now mostly bestowed in money, which is paid to the purser of the band, and is divided equally at the conclusion of the evening's peregrinations. The songs sung are sometimes of a kind that are popular at the time, but old and enduring favourites, and old rude rhymes, which have been handed down orally for many generations, never fail to be also sung on that night. Among these latter, the following is the most common, and holds its place most tenaciously:

"Rise up gudewife! an dinna be sweir,
An' deal your gear as lang's you're here;
The day'll come whan ye'll be dead,
An' ye'll hae naither meal nor bread.

Lay by your stocks! lay by your stools!
Ye maunna think that we're fules;
We're bairns come to play,
Gie's oor cakes an' lat's away."

From those whose musical powers are not of a high order, the following rhyme, which sets both music and grammar at defiance, is occasionally heard:

"Round the midden I whuppit a geese;
I'll sing nae mair till I get a bit piece."

These ditties are so rude that they may well provoke a smile, but they are part of the life of the people; and though

the festival is now mainly the province of the young, yet even to the old

> "Pleasure hath not ceased to wait
> On these expected annual rounds." [1]

LAING, pp. 391, 392.

[1] Wordsworth, vol. iii. p. 240.

Dunfermline.

> "Rise up guidwife, an' shake your feathers,
> Dinna think that we are beggars;
> We are bairns come oot to play,
> So let us have our hogmanay!"

Others would say

> "My feet's cauld, my shoon's thin.
> Gie's my cake and let us rin."

Or

> "Here come the guisers,
> Never been before,
> Not to beg nor to borrow,
> But to drive away your sorrow."

. . . There were usually refreshments offered and accepted, consisting of bread and cheese, currant loaf, hogmanays (or three-cornered biscuits), and, in some houses, whisky to those who were grown up. As a finish-up, the guisers would all join in the following refrain:

> "God bless the master of this house,
> And mistress also,
> Likewise the little bairnies,
> That round the table go,
> May your purse be full of money,
> Your cellars full of beer,
> We wish you many a Hogmanay,
> And many a good New Year."

STEWART, pp. 151-153.

Dunfermline.

> "Blinking Jock the cobbler,
> He had a blinking e'e;
> He selt his wife for a hunder pounds,
> And that was a' his gear.

His pockets fu' o' money,
His barrels fu' o' beer;
Please to help the Guisers,
And I wish you a happy New Year."

Communicated by WM. MACMILLAN.

Kennoway.—Men and women, boys and girls, dressed themselves in strange costumes, and blackened their faces, or otherwise disguised them, and went off to village and farm-houses, sang songs, and danced, to the banter and amusement of the onlookers. It was rare fun not to be known. . . . Then the ability and cleverness of those who detected the "guisers" were something to boast about. Sometimes a strong youth would seize a damsel, and keep her in his clutches until he was sure of her identity, but he might get into trouble by the walking-sticks of the males under whose protection she was placed.—BROWNE, p. 121.

Forty years ago the boys had greater liberty of action than they have at the present. To-day they go from door to door as mere beggars, and are not received by the householders as they were forty years ago. At that time nearly all houses looked forward in anticipation of the annual visit of the guisers, and had many coppers lying waiting for them, and [they] were always welcomed instead of being turned away as they are now. The young guisers were highly amusing, and it was often the means of bringing out hidden talent in the way of acting, singing, and reciting. Many a young person obtained experience which was of great value to him in his after-years. One of the principal plays acted by the boys in Fife was a tragedy where "Golashans" (whoever he may be) appeared as the first character. He stepped into the middle of the floor and said:

"Here come I, Golashans, Golashans is my name,
Sword and pistol by my side, I hope to win the game."

Then a second appeared on the scene, and addressing Golashans, said:

"The game sir, the game sir, it's not within your power;
I'll draw my bloody dagger, and slay you to the floor."

He draws the dagger and slays Golashans, who falls to the floor as if killed. The second, seeing what he had done, then exclaims,

> "What is this I've done ?
> I've killed my brother Jack, my father's eldest son,
> Is there a doctor to be found."

(Enter Doctor).

> "Yes, here comes Doctor Brown,
> The best doctor in the town."

The second then asked the doctor the question,

> "What can you cure ? "
> "The rout, the gout, and the scurvy,"

replies the doctor.

> "Can you cure a dead man ? "

was then asked ; and the reply came—

> "Yes ; we'll cure him."

The doctor, kneeling down, touches the dead man on the nose and the thumb, and says :

> "Put a little on his nose and a little on his thumb,
> Rise up Jack and sing."

Jack rises up and sings—

> "Once I was dead, but now I'm alive,
> And blessed be the doctor that made me alive."

All join hands and sing—

> "We'll all join hands, and never fight again.
> And blessed be the doctor that made you alive."

The boys also used to play fragments from *Macbeth* and from Home's *Douglas*.

In addition to this there were some good songs sung, both

sentimental and comic. One of the rhymes that the young people used to say went :

" Here comes I, Johnny Funny,
I am the lad for the money,
Hands in pouches doune to my knees,
Ane for the pennies, and ane for the bawbees.
A penny or tupence I'll no dae nae ill,
A shilling or sixpence wud gae me a gill."

Another short rhyme used by the very young was :

" Rise up, guidwife, and shake your feathers
And dinna think that we are beggars ;
We are bairns come to play,
Rise up and gie's oor Hogmanay."

Edinburgh Evening Dispatch, 31st December, 1903.

New Year. *Auchterderran.*—" Hogmanay " (the day before New Year) is a common day for marriages at Auchterderran. Amongst the old residenters and their descendants any outstanding debts were always paid before the New Year came in. Houses were cleaned up and papered and painted in preparation for the New Year.

" First-footing " and " Guising " are indulged in on Hogmanay night. A red-headed first-foot was considered unlucky. The attributes of the first-foot were held to cling to the house all the year, *e.g.* a woman whose husband, (a miner), had " slept in " one morning and " lost a shift," explained it by saying that " they had a' been sleepin' in ever since that dovey-heidit (sleepy-headed) cratur had been their first-fit."

Communicated, D. R.

Handsel Monday. *Dunfermline.*—Auld Handsel Monday came in about a fortnight after Hogmanay, and was of all days the first and foremost of the year. It is now a thing of the past, and New Year's Day, though held with perhaps more outward decorum, but with far less enthusiasm, has taken its place. . . .

The festivities connected with Handsel Monday commenced immediately after . . . twelve on Sunday night. Many persons

old and young, made a practice of "*clipping the wings of the Sabbath*" by retiring to bed some hours earlier than ordinary. The "gatherin' coal" had been put on and happed more carefully than usual, so that a good fire could instantly be made. . . . The midnight hour found many hundreds of persons bustling about ready to sally out into the cold dark night, some with blazing flambeaux, many first-footing, some with long tin horns, blowing a blast sufficient to arouse the soundest sleeper. In a brief space of time the usually dark and sombre streets of Dunfermline at that early hour were all alive with fun and noise, and the blazing torches seen flitting about in the dim, dark distance gave them a weird-like aspect. What with the noise of horn-blowing, the merry shouts of parties going along first-footing, singing and fiddle-playing, the slumbers of many quietly disposed persons were sadly disturbed. . . .

The parties who went to first-foot—and dark complexioned persons or *black-a-vised* ones were preferred, being considered the more lucky—never went empty-handed, for this would have been a serious omission. They often carried with them some buns or shortbread or oatmeal cakes, and usually had a bottle of whisky, sometimes ginger wine, and sometimes a "het pint" composed of hot spiced ale, with eggs beat up in it, or broken buns or biscuits called "bakes." These drinks were brought to the bedsides of the old people, their privacy being in some manner invaded, but amongst friends and neighbours this was not deemed out of place in those times. Old as well as young were expected at that early hour to partake of the drink that was offered to them, and this was for good luck and a merry Handsel Monday. It was considered undesirable to be your own first-foot, and cases have been known in which Paterfamilias returning home after twelve has been kept waiting outside till some one else arrived. . . . This morning there was a complete change of breakfast fare, to please old and young. . . . *Fat* or *Kail brose* was often made.

As the day wore on, many kindly visits were paid by friends

and neighbours to each other, and the rites of hospitality were freely given and received. Feuds and quarrels, if any existed, were then made up and forgotten. There was always a hearty salutation offered to callers, and a blithe "Come awa' ben an' rest ye," cordially given; while at the same time the best the house could afford in the shape of refreshments were set before them. . . .

During the most part of the week very little work was done. They were usually termed the "*daft days.*". . . On the Monday and Tuesday, at least, not a stroke of work was done. Every one was free to "lift the sneck" of his neighbour's door without "tirlin'" thereat, and walk in *sans cérémonie*, and wish his friends "a merry Handsel Monday, and mony o' them.". . .

The youngsters would receive their "handsel" from friends, neighbours and visitors, and . . . two or three days after the festivities the tired youngsters were sometimes treated to a cupful or two of salts and senna to put their sorely tried stomachs into their usual state of efficiency. . . .

A famous season it was for the reunion of friends and members of families, who were scattered far and wide, and when far fewer facilities existed for meeting than now. There were many happy family gatherings, reunions, and private social meetings as those evenings fell. It might be cold and dreary outside, but within, the fireside presented a happy and an animated appearance. Every face was lit up with smiles, and the hand was ever ready with the grasp of friendship and love. The old and the young met together, children's children were there, beneath the old roof tree, and "weary carking care" was for the time being cast to the winds.

> "It was the hour when happy faces,
> Smiled around the taper light."

Songs were sung, stories told, and games and pastimes engaged in with a heartiness and a homeliness that are now almost unknown. . . .

All vanished now are the old worthies who fifty years ago presided at those friendly reunions, . . . on the nights of

Auld Handsel Monday and Tuesday, where young and old could freely say—

> "Happy we've been a' the gither,
> Happy we've been ane an' a',"

and who, when the hour of parting came, could join hands and hearts, . . . in singing, . . .

> "Should auld acquaintance be forgot."

STEWART, pp. 153-158.

Handsel Monday. *Newburgh.*—Handsel-Monday (the first Monday of the new year) is however the great festival of the year in this neighbourhood. The name arose out of the custom of presenting gifts at the new year, the first gift being the receivers *handsel.* This signification is most clearly expressed in the words *hand* and *syllan* (old English) to give or clasp hands, in token of a concluded bargain. . . . The most remarkable feature in the observance of Handsel-Monday in Newburgh, and which seems peculiar to the town, is the blowing of horns in the street by the boys the moment that the clock strikes the twelfth hour on Sunday night. They continue this unmelodious music until daylight, kindle bonfires, and a generation back removed tradesmen's signs to private dwellings, and perpetrated other mad pranks. The adherence of the boys to these old usages is a striking instance of the toughness of long-descended customs. Those who would not lose a hour's sleep on any other occasion, conceal themselves from their friends, that they may go out on an inclement winter night, to be ready to begin the old demonstration at the exact hour.—LAING, pp. 393, 394.

Handsel Monday.—Kyles. *Pathhead.*—It was long a wont of the inhabitants of Pathhead to have the entry of Ravenscraig Castle on Auld Hansel Monday. They amused themselves with a variety of games, one of which is at least worthy of being recorded as a contribution to folk-lore. An iron ring was stuck into the ground so as to stand upright; a player then took a heavy iron ball, and, retiring

to a distance, rolled it towards the hoop. The spectators, ranged in lines up the ground, immediately formed bets, generally of a penny, as to whether the ball would pass through the ring or not. When it *did* go through, the ball was said to "kyle." The players were in the custom of throwing their stakes on the ground—crying out "A penny it kyles!" —"A penny it doesna'!" and so on. Of course, if the ball missed, the players betting on its kyling lost, and *vice versa*.

FARNIE, p. 79.

(*Another Account*).—This game is played annually on the first day of the year on the rough sward in front of the castle, a number of holes—nine, I think—being roughly scooped out, and while the player, who has an iron ball, endeavours from a stipulated distance, to kyle—or coil?—it into a certain hole, spectators line the course and bet on the result in the words "A penny she kyles!" "A penny she doesna!"—JESSIE PATRICK FINDLAY, *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*, 18th September, 1897. [*Auld* Handsel Monday was the *second* Monday in the year.—J. E. S.]

Handsel Monday.—Yettlings. *Wemyss.*—At the foot of this cave [the Court Cave] lies a flattish reach of red sandstone of fully a quarter of a mile in length and from 60 to 80 yards in breadth, terminating on the east at the Round Doocot, and on the west near the village burn. These smooth-topped Skerries have clearly been the higher playground of the tidal waves (they are barely covered during neap tides) since ever the Forth receded to its present coast line, or perhaps we may say, since Scotland last rose a few hundred feet out of the sea. This rocky floor is peculiar to the Fife shore, and it is curious to note that a singular and primitive-looking game has been played over it during the New Year's holidays from time immemorial by the youths and young men of Wemyss. The local origin of the game is not known, but some think that it may have been introduced by Baltic traders as a game named "Klotschassen," played in the Low Countries in winter over ice-bound courses, is identical, save in the minor differences of the balls, which are made of wood loaded with iron; while

at Wemyss, at the present time, the balls, locally called "Yettlins," are wholly of iron. The probability that the game was carried from Wemyss to the Low Countries is as likely. . . .

Over sixty years ago, however, I have seen the game played on Old Hansel Monday with whinstone bullets, which had been picked up along the shore after heavy storms. There was nothing artificial in their form—they had been smoothed and rounded by the restless sea. Many spectators on those days, as now, lined the course and applauded heartily the player who succeeded in making a "hail" in the fewest number of throws from goal to goal. A given number of "hails" constituted a win, and the player whose scores first reached the winning number is declared the victor for the year and holds the club medal accordingly.

Although the stronger men have the advantage of winning the game, yet it does not always fall to their lot, as a good many difficulties have to be encountered, such as the lie of the rocks, the wave-worn facets of tiny ledges, and the watery state of the course—all of which have, in some degree, a diverging and retarding influence on the balls as they rattle over the Skerries, spinning every now and then a grey band of spray while darting through the abounding pools of shallow water.

A deviation in the manner of play has taken place of late years. A narrow leather belt of about a yard in length is fastened to the player's hand, and from time to time soaked in water before rolling it round the ball, which, accordingly, on delivery, receives an extra impetus by the unrolling action of the wet, semi-elastic belt.—PATRICK, pp. 82-84.

There are two [caves] at the bottom of a cliff immediately under the ruined castle of Easter Wemyss . . . [one,] which has a narrow entry, is very spacious within, and contains a well of good water. It is visited on the first Monday of January, old style, by the young people of the neighbourhood, with torches, but the origin of the custom is unknown.—FORSYTH, iv. 151.

2nd February, Candlemas. *Kettle*, 1680.—There were farmers who had such a reverence for ancient customs, that they would not yoke a plough till Candlemass, while some went so far as to be unwilling to remove the weeds from the fields, believing that through Adam's fall Providence willed that weeds should grow.—*F. H. & J.* 21st June, 1905.

May Day. *Balmerino.*—To wash the face with May dew is a custom not yet quite extinct.—CAMPBELL, p. 21.

The Month of May. *Auchterderran.*—

"Rain in May makes the hay,
Rain in June makes it brown,
Rain in July makes it lie."

Washing the face in dew on the first of May causes one to "keep bonny" all the year.

May is an unlucky month to marry in or to be born in.

"O' marriages in May
Bairns die in decay."

"A May bird's aye cheepin'," *i.e.* a child born in May is always complaining, unhealthy.—*Communicated*, D. R.

May Festivals. *Kinglassie Common.*—A green sward indicates what was once styled the Ba'field or Bowling Green where the farm-servants in the vicinity held an annual festival after earing-time, in "the merry month of May." The custom has long since fallen into desuetude.—BLAIR, p. 47.

Carnock.—See *Fairs*, p. 199.

Trinity Sunday. *St. Andrews.*—For dancing on Trinity Sunday, David Wemyss was, on the 6th June, 1599, sentenced by the Kirksession of St. Andrews to imprisonment in the Church steeple till he obtained caution that he would "make his repentance." In his defence Wemyss pleaded that "the custom was kept in Raderny ere any of the session were born."

ROGERS. vol. ii. pp. 206, 208.

Trantimas. *Dunfermline*, 1691.—Trantimass was the local and vulgar form of Trinity-mass. . . . In Dunfermline the

Trantimas procession seems to have been a favourite time with all the trades for breaking loose. for defying the Session, and for the singing of ribald songs. Drums and fifes gave the music wanted; quaintly dressed citizens, forsaking the seriousness of the workshop or warehouse, turned mountebank for the day. Flowers were spread in the streets, and garlands brought forth, for which young men and maidens strove, that they might have the pleasure of decking each other therewith.

In these turns-out of the trades the bakers were made to take the first place, since—said the ecclesiastical regulations —the first element of life is food. The tailors and weavers came next, since, next to food, man must be clothed; then came the joiners and masons, as builders of houses, for men must have a habitation of some kind to live in; shoemakers followed, with the skinners; coopers, fleshers, hammermen of all kinds, glovers, hatters, hosiers, and so on, down to the last ornamental section of "makkers and workers." The procession moved on amidst the huzzahs of the multitude, the chorus of the steppers-out, the hammering of the drums, and the fierce skirlings of the fife. Every year this scene returned, and every year the colours (flags) were hung out, music makers enlisted, and mystic men engaged to "causemak the motions of the day."—THOMPSON, p. 107, 108.

St. Serf's Day, 1st July. *Culross.*—Servanus, or St. Serf, lived at that time in an hermitage, where the monastery was afterwards built, and was, as is said, son of a king of Canaan. After various peregrinations he departed this life at Culross, of which town he became the tutelar saint; and, in honour of him, a whole day annually was formerly solemnized by the people here. This was attended with a variety of ceremonies, particularly parading the streets and environs of the town very early in the morning, with large branches of birch and other trees in their foliage, accompanied with drums and different musical instruments, adorning the cross, and another public place called the "*Tron*" with a great pro-

fusion and variety of flowers, formed into different devices, and spending the evening in festivity and mirth. The day appropriated to this was the 1st day of July; but when the town was erected into a royal borough, another festive day was dedicated to what they call *riding the marches*; which is, the magistrates, counsellors, and different incorporations, proceeding on horseback in a great cavalcade, and carrying several pairs of colours, round the boundaries of the town's domains (which were formerly considerable), and at a certain period of their progress, calling over the names of the magistrates and office-bearers, and burgesses, and so proceeding back again into the town, and concluding the day with feasting, music, and dancing. The king's birthday made a third public day; and, as each of these usually drew along with it three or four more, sometimes a whole week, of dissipation and idleness, it was wisely contrived to sink them into one, which is now the king's birthday, still a great day at Culross. In this are united the ceremonies of all the three. To this all the young people of both sexes, assiduously resort, even from the most distant quarters of the country; and, whilst the Saint himself is forgotten, and his name not so much as known to many of them, his ceremonies are still preserved, and his spirit continues to inspire them with social mirth and joy.—O.S.A., vol. x. pp. 146. 147; FORBES (2), pp. 325, 326, *note*.

Cf. *Fairs*, p. 201; *Legends*, p. 244.

St. Swithin's Day. 15th July. *Auchterderran.*—If it rains then it will rain for six weeks. It was common on this day for old people to say "Ay, this is the day the deer lies down." Persistent enquiry could never get any meaning for this saying.—D. R.

St. Michael's Day, 29th September. *Dunfermline.*—Dunfermline had eight different Craft Associations. . . . The great annual gathering, when every member was expected to be present, was set for St. Michael's Day—Michaelmas, the 29th of September. . . . Our local associators' practice

was to hail St. Michael's annual advent by a feast of good things, lubricated by "het pynts" and unlimited quantities of home brewed ale. . . . Gathered round the table and having installed the newly-elected convener in the chair, they proceeded to honour the occasion. The ceremony opened with the ancient time-honoured custom of the chairman paying his "cans," which custom with many more commendable, has vanished with changing times. "Cane, kain, or canage," is a word which has its origin in the Gaelic "cean" —the head, and in its original sense meant a duty paid by a tenant to his landlord in kind. Thus we find references to "cane geese" and "cane fowls" of which the Michaelmas goose forms an excellent illustration. . . .

In urban life, the council, guild, or craft observances, the Provost, Dean, Deacon, or Convener, was put in the place of the landlord or chief, and caused to pay his "cans," and thus came about the local adjuncts to the feasting and merriment of St. Michael's Day. A late instance of keeping up this ancient custom occurred in the year 1865, when the good folk at the "Back o' the Dam," after clearing out the famous Strachan's Well, adjourned to Turnbull's Inn, Douglas Street, and having there elected the officebearers for 1866, the latter—as we are informed by the minutes of the proceedings —"for the honour of their office they all paid their cans."

THOMPSON, pp. 209-211.

St. Crispin, 25th October. *Dunfermline.*—In those old days they had also St. Crispin processions got up by the cordwainers of the town and neighbourhood. . . . I remember seeing the last one that took place in Dunfermline, and which was carried out in a most imposing style. It was somewhere about 1839 or 1840. . . . The principal officials who took part in it were gaily attired. Some of them acted as aides-de-camp. They were mounted on horseback (perhaps for the first time in their lives), and while they rode their richly caparisoned steeds, they bore in their hands the flaming swords of State and Justice. The fore-

most to head the procession were heralds, who led the van on horseback, then spearmen, then gentlemen ushers, the sword of State, the chaplain in his gown and bands, the archbishop, two macers, and then came the most important and distinguished personage of all, the King! He had on his head a jewelled crown, and carried in his hand the sceptre of office, while he wore a gorgeous dress of crimson velvet and ermine, and bore on his right breast badges, and showy stars of diamonds. He had white silk stockings on his ample kingly calves, silver buckles on his shoes. His long rich train of crimson velvet lined with white satin, was borne behind him by six small and nicely dressed pages. He was supported by stalwart dukes and body-guards, and by the knight-marshal Crispins. The King was a tall, erect, stately man, of over six feet in stature, and as he walked along in the midst of this pageantry he had quite a majestic appearance. . . . In the evening there was held a court or levee (in the Guildhall if I remember rightly) when the public had an opportunity of obtaining an audience of the King and his consort, and seeing them seated on their elevated and richly adorned thrones, surrounded by their knights, equerries, and lords in waiting, clad in all the habiliments of office. . . .

It will yet be remembered by a number of persons in Dunfermline who were privileged to witness it, and no doubt the recollection of the affair will call forth a quiet smile. The *soubriquet* of "the King" clung ever afterwards to the one who represented majesty on that great occasion. If one were asked years after, "Wha made thae boots o' yours, Jamie?" the answer was "the King" or "King Crispin." Or another would remark that he "saw the king wi' his leather apron on standin' at his ain door, crackin' wi' Deacon Tamson," etc., etc.—STEWART, pp. 181, 182.

[For the Order of the Grand Procession for the year 1823, see HENDERSON, pp. 615, 616.]

Kate Kennedy's Day. *St. Andrews.*—The following celebration is observed annually by students at St. Andrews,

attending the United College of St. Salvator and St. Leonard during the forth year. Kate Kennedy's Day is yearly fixed by the observers for the last week in February or the beginning of March. The students meet at an appointed place at noon, when they array themselves in masquerade attire. They then form a procession. The leading performer, Kate Kennedy, is dressed in female garb, and mounted on horseback. Kate has a bodyguard, attended by a mounted escort. A drummer leads the way discoursing martial music. Each member of the procession represents some historical character, such as the Pope, the Stuart kings, Roman citizens, Greek Philosophers, etc. The cavalcade first proceeds to the college quadrangle where Kate receives a congratulatory address. They then visit the private houses of the different professors, who are cheered or hooted according to the estimation in which they are held. The day's proceedings terminated in a banquet.

Dr. Charles Rogers proceeds to say that the origin of this celebration is involved in some doubt. It seems to combine the honours paid in Romish times to the memory of St. Catherine, with a public recognition of the good services of the pious James Kennedy, Bishop of the See, who founded St. Salvator's College in 1455. A bell was placed in the College steeple by Bishop Kennedy who dedicated it to St. Catherine.[1] This was recast the third time in 1686 when a procession attended its suspension.

GUTHRIE, pp. 218-220, quoting ROGERS, pp. 157, 158.

The principals and professors in 1878 forbade the celebration of "Kate" on pain of rustication.

WESTWOOD, p. 68.

Fast Day. As the preparation for the solemn rites of the [half-yearly] communion, it was considered even more sacred than the Sabbath itself. Any secular work or any amusement on such a day was considered to be an act of

[1 St. Katharine's Day is November 25th. The date of "Kate Kennedy" rather suggests Shrovetide.]

desecration. There is a story still handed down, that a stranger, who was passing through the village on a Fast Day, and who chanced to whistle, was stoned by the natives, and obliged to run for his life. I myself distinctly remember my horror when I saw two boys on such an occasion playing at marbles, I trembled lest lightning should fall from heaven, and strike them dead. But of late, there were some bold spirits who regarded this day as a mere human institution, and, therefore, not binding on them.—PRYDE, p. 217.[1]

Leap Year. *Auchterderran.*—Leap Year is held to be "unlucky for beasts and bodies." "There's a heap o' witchcraft gaun aboot in Leap Year."—D. R.

St. Monan's Day. 1st March.—See p. 268.

[1 Still observed in a few districts, usually on the Thursday before the communion; now held quarterly, but in most towns its religious aspect has now ceased, the day being now changed to the spring and autumn public holiday.]

XII. CEREMONIAL CUSTOMS.

1. Birth.

The Infant. *Newburgh.*—It is still considered unlucky by many to use a new cradle for a newborn infant. Old cradles are, therefore, in special request and are constantly borrowed to avoid the mysterious peril of using a new one.

Laing, pp. 383, 384.

To gar claes gae through the reik; to pass the clothes of a newborn child through the smoke of a fire: a superstitious rite which has been used in Fife in the memory of some yet alive, meant to ward off from the infant the effects of witchcraft.—Jam. Dict. Sup.

Dunfermline.—It was believed to be uncanny to weigh an infant before it was a year old, or to let the moon shine on its face while it was asleep. It was also very desirable to cut an infant's nails for the first time over an open Bible.

Stewart, p. 42.

Twins. *St. Andrews.*—The Rock Dove (*Columbia Livia*). When domesticated they have four broods in the year, always two at a time—male and female. Hence a boy and girl are called "a doo's cleckin'."—Bruce, p. 538.

The Mother. It was believed that if a pregnant woman stepped over "a cutty's clap," that is, a place where a hare had lain, her child, when born, would have "the hare-shach," or hare-lip.—See *Folk-Lore*, ix. 286 (1898).

Childbirth Feast. *Kinghorn.*—Minutes of Kirk Session, 4 March 1645.—Taking to yr consideratione also another abuse of mixt meetings of men and women meerlie for drinking of cummerscales as they call it. . . . The prejudice which persons lying in childbed receives both in health and meanes being forced not onlie to beare companie to such as come to visit but also to provide for theire comeing more than either is necessarie or theire estate maye beare. considering also that persons of the better sort carrie a secrit dislike to it and would be gladly content of ane act of this kynd that there might be to them some warrand against exceptions which might be taken be friends and neighbours if the ancient custome were not keeped be such: upon thir considerations the minister and elders of the sessioun discharges & inhibits all visits of this kynd.

The custom here referred to was that of meeting to drink the health of a newborn child. It was considered dangerous to the health or beauty of the child if the visitor did not empty his or her glass.—KINGHORN, pp. 57, 58.

Newburgh.—Long after the middle of the last [*i.e.* 18th] century, the dainty provided for friends and neighbours on the occasion of the birth of a child was oatmeal cakes crumbled and fried in butter, which were named butter-saps. To say that you had partaken of these saps in a house was equivalent to saying that a birth had occurred in the family.

LAING, p. 397.

Baptism. *Newburgh.*—The custom of taking a bit short-bread or other kind of cake along with, and sometimes pinned up in the dress of, a child conveyed to church for baptism, still prevails in Newburgh. This cake is known as "the Bairn's Piece," and is presented to the first person that is met on the way to the church.

LAING, p. 382; STEWART, p. 43.

Dunfermline.—There was an old *freit* attended to at the time of the baptism of infants in the church, and it is still carried out in some quarters. That was for the male infants to

have the ordinance administered to them first, if there happened to be both males and females presented. It was thought that if a girl were baptized before a boy, the girl would be likely to have a beard and the boy to be of a feminine disposition.—STEWART, p. 45.

See Appendix, *Birth*, pp. 394-401.

2. MARRIAGE.

Caution Money. *Ballingry.*—. . . The practice of two male friends of the parties waiting on the Session-Clerk, and with their names, depositing the stipulated fee. Therewith was conjoined what was termed "laying doon the pawns"—that is, the making of a small consignment in guarantee that the marriage would be solemnized. In the parish of Ballingry, Fifeshire, the consignment was in 1670 fixed at two dollars. It was ruled by a Kirksession in 1666 that "the pawn" or consignment money should "remain in the clerk's hand for the space of three quarters of a year after the marriage."

ROGERS, vol. i. p. 108.

Marriages in the Seventeenth Century. Curious customs with regard to marriages were in force in many Fifeshire villages during the seventeenth century. After being proclaimed on three successive Sabbaths, the marriage could not take place until a pledge, usually amounting to five pounds Scots, had been lodged with the kirk-session. At a stated time after the marriage, if meanwhile the couple had behaved themselves to the satisfaction of the session, this sum was returned, but if not, the money was forfeited and went to the support of the poor. Many a time the expectant bridegroom had not such a sum as five pounds in his possession, and in that case a kindly friend or neighbour would lend him the money.

When the marriage of a wealthy couple took place the

bridegroom was expected to contribute very liberally to the poor-box; so that marriage in Fife would seem to have been rather a costly affair in olden days.

The marriage ceremony was performed by the minister in much the same way as at the present day. In the subsequent festivities the pipers played a very important part. The proceedings would seem to have been generally of a most uproarious nature, judging at least from the following minute of Aberdour kirk-session, dated January 1653: "It is reported by some of the elders that there is ane great abuse at brydalls, with pypers and the like."

To put down rioting and disorder at weddings, this session, who seem to have held the poor bagpipe-players responsible for much of the trouble, ordained that those who were about to be married must consign two dollars into the treasurer's hands, which should be restored after the marriage, provided there had been no abuse by pipers; but, in the event of such abuse, the said two dollars were to be confiscated for the use of the poor. The pipers usually accompanied the marriage party from the house of the bride's relations, to that of the bridegroom.

"Penny weddings," or, as they were sometimes called then, "Penny bridals," were very popular in Fife in the seventeenth century. Each guest paid a penny for the privilege of taking part in the festivities, and so great was the uproar often made by these "paying guests," in order, presumably, to get as much excitement for their money as possible, that at length, in 1647, we read: "The Presbytery of St. Andrews passed an Act restricting the number of persons at weddings to twenty, and the number present at contracts and baptisms to six or seven, and this Act was extended by the Synod to the whole of Fife."

GIRNINAN, *Weekly Scotsman*, 25th April, 1903.

Marriages in the Nineteenth Century. *Newburgh.*—Marriages are now celebrated in this neighbourhood . . . with customs of which no positive explanation can be given.

The best man (groomsman) and the bridesmaid go arm in arm to fetch the bridegroom, and conduct him (and afterwards the other guests) to the dwelling of the bride, where the marriage ceremony is performed, though less than a hundred years ago it was usually performed in the church. After the ceremony, and just as the newly-married couple are leaving the house, a plate containing salt is at some marriages stealthily broken over the head of the bridegroom, and as they leave the door the customary shower of old shoes is thrown at them. The bride and bridegroom head the procession, they are followed by the bridesmaid and best man, and the rest of the bridal party, all walking two and two, arm and arm, to the bridegroom's house, where a supper is prepared for the wedding guests. On the arrival of the bridal party at the bridegroom's house, his mother, or nearest female relative, breaks a cake of *shortbread* over the head of the bride as she sets her foot on the threshold, and throws the fragments to the door to be scrambled for by those who assemble outside on marriage occasions. A fragment of the cake is coveted by young maidens, to lay under their pillows at night, as a spell for ensuring dreams of those they love. It is deemed specially unlucky for a marriage party to take any by-path or to turn back after they have once set out for their new home.—LAING, p. 387.

Choice of Wedding-Day. *Dunfermline.*—The month of May has somehow or other been regarded as an unlucky month, and hence there is a disinclination on the part of those who wish to get married to choose that month. The last day of the year—Hogmanay—was considered an especially lucky day for this purpose.—STEWART, p. 45.

St. Monans.—It has been formerly stated that Friday is ominous of evil, yet it is very rare indeed to see a wedding on any other day, and it is almost as rare to see one conducted on any other principle than the good, social penny-wedding Scotch fashion; and were the bachelor-tax levied on the

fishing population at twenty-five years of age, the revenue would be minus the collector's fees.—JACK, p. 164.

Wedding-Weather. *Crail.*—The aspect of the firmament on a nuptial day has ever been carefully observed and solemnly regarded as emblematic of the subsequent condition of the parties. Accordingly, the bright effulgence of the sun . . . exhibits a perfect picture of unshaded prosperity. . . . The troubled elements . . . the bursting tempest . . . these distinctly emblemise the fell domestic brawls and scenes of matrimonial warfare, . . . whilst the lowering, deep-shaded canopy, distilling its exhaled treasures on the thirsty earth, prefigure the . . . flowing tears that future days are destined to reveal.—JACK (2), pp. 61, 62.

Wedding Flag. *St. Monans.*—A flag or ensign embellished with many figurative representations, such as hands joined, hearts united, and other fanciful devices, all emblematic of the matrimonial union. This bridal concomitant has almost fallen into total desuetude, except amongst the seafaring population, who still maintain the practice, and preserve it from literally vanishing.—JACK (2), p. 60, *note.*

Wedding Girdle. *St. Monans.*—See *Local Customs, Fishermen*, p. 213.

Parson's Privilege. *Crail.*—In those days [1635] the parson who presided over the marriage ceremony uniformly claimed it as his alienable privilege to have a smack at the lips of the bride immediately after the performance of his official duties, . . . this was rarely if ever omitted by the privileged ecclesiastic. Indeed some of the ministers of the Church of Scotland even at the present day avail themselves of this their peculiar privilege. . . .

It was then sturdily believed that the happiness of every bride lay involved in the pastoral kiss.—JACK, (2) pp. 65-68.

Riding the Broose. *Newburgh.*—The mock capture of

a bride, known as "Riding the Broose," continued in this neighbourhood down to about 1820. The moment the bride left her home, mounted horsemen set off at full speed, striving who would soonest reach the bridegroom's house, and the first person to arrive there was said to have *won the Broose*; a term of which no satisfactory etymology has been given.

LAING, p. 386.

Morning-Feast. *Largo.*—1654 Dec. 15—Johne Cruckshankes infeare for his newe wyfe, was att Largo Place, in his house there.

Note.—Infeare—the feast given in the bridegroom's house the day after the marriage. This practice continued to be observed till within these few years, *i.e.* as long as marriage parties were numerous and public. Every female visitor, on that occasion, brought with her some provision or household store, as cheese, hens, etc. The ceremony of *creeling* [1] was then observed.—LAMONT, p. 82.

See also Appendix, *Marriage*, pp. 391-393.

Wife-Selling. *Murhous.*—Sept. 1613. The minister and sessione dilated David Fotheringham, ane profaner of the Sabbath day, and drunkard, noncommunicant, contemner of the ministrie, who lykwayes upon the 15 day of August last by past, past to mercatt, being the Sabath day, and having

[1 CREELING.—"The second day after the marriage, a creeling, as it is called, takes place. The young wedded pair, with their friends, assemble in a convenient spot. A small creel or basket is prepared for the occasion, into which they put some stones. The young men carry it alternately, and allow themselves to be caught by the maidens, who have a kiss when they succeed. After a great deal of innocent mirth and pleasantry, the creel falls at length to the young husband's share, who is obliged to carry it generally for a long time, none of the young women having compassion upon him. At last his fair mate kindly relieves him from his burden; and her complaisance in this particular is considered as a proof of her satisfaction with the choice she has made. The creel goes round again; more merriment succeeds, and all the company dine together, and talk over the feats of the field."—O.S.A., vol. ii. pp. 80, 81. Cf. p. 393.]

sold his wyff, thairupon fell in ploy. For the foirsaidis filthie crymes he is to be charged to the High Commissioun.[1]

BAXTER, p. 68.

[1] This is the only instance which the Editor [*i.e.* Mr. Baxter] has observed in Scotland of a practice not uncommon among the lowest vulgar in England, even at the present day, founded on the absurd notion that a man may lawfully sell his wife, provided he does so in the open market, with a halter round her neck.

3. DEATH AND BURIAL.

Extravagant Grief. *Newburgh.*—It is firmly believed that if a child or other relative is withheld from dying by being "cried back" (as the prayers for its continuance in life is called), it will be deprived of one or more of its faculties as a punishment to the parent or other relative who would not acquiesce in the Divine will.[1]—LAING, p. 383.

[1] Mrs. Barrett Browning has made use of this superstition in her exquisite poem, "Isobel's Child."

Observances before Burial. *Dunfermline.*—Domestic animals, especially cats, were not permitted in a house where there was a corpse.—STEWART, p. 44.

Newburgh.—The family clock used to be stopped when a death occurred in the house, and the looking glass was invariably (and perhaps still is) covered up in the chamber where the dead lay.—LAING, p. 384.

Burial Clothes. *Newburgh.*—It was enacted in the reign of James VII. (1686), "for the encouragement of the Linen Manufacturers of this Kingdom, and prevention of the exportation of monies thereof by importing of linen, that no corps of any persons whatever shall be buried in any shirt, sheet, or anything else except in plain linen or cloth of hards made and spun within the kingdom under a penalty of £300 Scots for a nobleman, and £200 for each other person. . . ."

This Act was repealed in the last Scottish Parliament (Anne, cap. xiv. 1707), "and for the encouragement of the manufacture of woollen" (which was depressed at the time), it was enacted, "that hereafter no corps of any person, of what condition or quality soever shall be buried in linen of whatever kind, but plain woollen cloth or stuff shall be made use of, and that under the same penalties as were imposed by the Act anent Linens. . . ." In the Court Books of Newburgh the following entry occurs:

"At a Court holden by Richard Smith baillyie upon ye 14 May, 1712, Court lawfully fencit. The q^{lk} day ye ffiscall of Court ag^{t} ye persons afternamed, for winding of their dead in Lining since ye Act of Parliament made ag^{t} winding of dead in Lining; And that contrair to the said Act of Parliament, viz^{t}., John Small for winding his wife, Janet Stinnes for winding John Smith her husband in Linning; John Brown for winding two of his children, Robert Allan for winding his wife, Jean Daniel for her daughter, Rebecca Stinnes for Thomas Matheson her husband, John Blyth, talyeour, for his father,—All for winding in Linning contrair to the said Act of Parliament. And they being all summoned to this day personally apprehended, John Small, John Brown, Janet Stinnes, Jean Daniel all confessed, and John Blyth absent, held as confessed, and Rebecca Stinnes absent, held as confessed. And Robert Allan not being able to come, and it being attested and verified by sundrie honest men that he was not guilty. Therefore the baillyie fines those guilty conform to Act of Parliament, and assoilzies Robert Allan."

The prejudice in favour of burying in linen must have been strong, to have induced so many to run the risk of the heavy penalty which the Act imposed; and yet, in all likelihood, in consequence of this very Act, a white woollen stuff (called burial crape) continued to be used, especially by the rich for winding their dead, so late as the year 1820.

LAING, pp. 304, 305.

Lychwakes. In the Records of the Kirk Session of Abdie the following . . . entry occurs: . . .

1742 Dec. 20. To candle and other charges when Margaret Peatt was a corpse - -	0	12	00
1750 Oct. 5. To John Laing for Isabel Clow's Coffin - - - - - - - -	4	10	0
To sake [sack] and sugar before her death and ale, bread, and candle after funeral -	2	18	6

These records of the countenance of Lychwakes . . . by the Kirk Session, is a relic of a custom now quite obsolete in this neighbourhood, but which, at the dates mentioned, must have universally prevailed, as the providing funds for the *wakes* of those on the roll of paupers proves.

LAING, pp. 272, 273.

Funeral Feast and Doles. *St. Andrews.*—From the Records of the Presbytery of St. Andrews under date 28th March, 1664, we learn that it was the custom when a death took place in a family, for "confused multitudes" to frequent the house of the deceased uninvited, for the purpose of obtaining a share of the meat and drink that was provided on the occasion, and that it was usual to distribute money among the poor at the time of the funeral. The Presbytery issued an ordinance forbidding these excesses, and recommended that the money to be distributed, should be given to the Kirk Session of the parish for distribution, and not "in so great a tumult of beggars as use to be at the buriall place, when they that cryes most and have least neid, come often best speed!" . . .

Newburgh.—Sir Michael Balfour of Denmiln died at Denmiln, on the 4th February, 1652, at the age of 72, and was buried in Abdie Church on the 20th of the same month.

The great length of time which was allowed to elapse betwixt Sir Michael's death and burial . . . arose from the custom of entertaining all relatives and neighbours so long as the body lay unburied, with a profuse hospitality, which was

not bounded by temperance.[1] Day after day scenes of conviviality went on, most unbecoming the solemn occasion, and expenses were incurred which often embarrassed the family of the deceased for generations. Instances are on record of two years' rental of large estates having been spent in this wasteful manner at the funeral of the proprietors; and yet, had the family of the deceased set themselves against the custom of the time, they would have been branded as disregardful of their father's memory.—LAING, pp. 355, 356.

[1] One instance will suffice. At the Laird of Calder's funeral in 1716, sixteen *boles* and a half of malt were brewed to provide ale (besides other liquors in proportion) for those who came during the eighteen days his corpse lay unburied.—Chambers's *Domestic Annals*, vol. iii. p. 309.

Extract from the Records of the Town Council of Newburgh,—"... 18th Aprile 1759. This day the Counsel mett after calling of the Pasch [1] Head Court, and there was laid before them a Long Petition ... against drinking before the Interment or at Dargies." [2]

The following resolutions were unanimously passed:

"1$^{mo.}$ That no Inhabitant within the Town of Newburgh shall invite either one or other of the Inhabitants to drink before the Corpe be interred, nor shall any of them go in under the penalty following.

"2$^{do.}$ They also discharge all publick Dargies, excepting Relations and near neighbours, or those that may be serviceable to the concerns of the Defunct,—But that the country people may be taken in before the lifting of the corpse if they please.

"3$^{tio.}$ That any of the Inhabitants transgressing the foresaid Regulation whether the Inviter or the Invited of them shall pay twenty pounds scots *Toties Quoties*, and ordains this to be intimate to the Inhabitants by the tuck

[1 Easter.]

[2 The compotation of the funeral company after the interment.—JAM. DICT.]

of drum that none pretend ignorance."—LAING, pp. 275, 276; KINLOCH, p. 20.

See *Convivial Customs*, p. 216.

Carnock.—[Sixty years ago] I am safe in saying that wine and spirits were offered by being placed on the coffin of the deceased at Oakley near Carnock.—ALLAN, p. 29.

Funeral Weather. *Crail.*—During the entire celebration to the funeral obsequies, . . . the rain descended in gushing torrents . . . This contingency, however, though fraught with annoyance to the living, was generally esteemed, at that period, a certain indication that the departed spirit had passed through the clouds to the regions of bliss; and can it be believed that this romantic superstition still prevails to a considerable extent in many districts of enlightened Scotland? and the proverb is thus doggerelly expressed—

> "Happy is the bride on whom the sun shines,
> And blest is the dead on whom the cloud rains."

JACK (2), pp. 115, 116.

Funeral Procession. *Falkland.*—Leaving Falkland by the east, we may observe, close by the present schoolhouse, a large stone deep sunk in the ground. This stone is known to this day as the "Liquor Stone." On this stone funeral companies were in the habit of placing the coffin, while drink was supplied to refresh them, in bearing the body to the churchyard.—TAYLOR, p. 217.

St. Andrews.—A superstition prevailed, that the body was in the grave only safe from evil influence if prior to interment it was three several times carried round the church in the direction of the sun. In 1641 the Presbytery of St. Andrews specially condemned this usage and prohibited its observance.

ROGERS, vol. i. p. 167; BAXTER, p. 125.

Aberdour.—A common superstition in Fife, at the time we allude to [1641] was displayed in carrying the dead right round the church before interment. Another, which some of the most highly-educated ministers of the Church of England

at the present day appear not to have got over, was burying unbaptized infants apart.—Ross, p. 295.

Newburgh.—Keeping the highway holds equally true of funeral processions; by tacit consent they keep the old accustomed path. Kirk-roads, disused for most other purposes, continue to be used for funerals. To take any by-path would be held to be derogatory to the deceased. The good old custom of "bidding" the friends and neighbours to a funeral, by the beadle going from door to door, is still practised in Newburgh. Formerly it was the custom for the beadle to walk before the coffin ringing a hand-bell, all the way to the churchyard. This practice was discontinued in Newburgh sometime between the years 1780-1790, but it continued in the neighbouring parish of Abdie down to a more recent period. The ringing of the church bell at a funeral was to give notice of the hour of "lifting" to the neighbours; but in medieval times superstitions arose out of the practice, and the belief prevailed that evil spirits were driven away, and could not come within the sound of the bell. The belief in the exorcising power of bells has totally disappeared; but the tolling of the great bell has continued uninterruptedly in Newburgh, and it is now the one solemnising public accompaniment of a Scottish funeral. One other outward token of respect still continues. If a wayfarer meets a funeral procession he reverently uncovers his head; and the same mark of respect is shown by the attendants the moment that the coffin is lowered into the grave, no other outward demonstration being exhibited. Women have long ceased to attend funerals in Scotland. This is the more remarkable, as so late as the year 1715 they formed part of every funeral procession, walking in regular rank, as they still do in the north of England. The men however, in Scotland, walked in front and the women behind. The disappearance of women from funerals in Scotland seems to have been so gradual, that no contemporary notice of it appears; and so utterly has their attendance on these occasions passed out of remembrance, that were they now to appear

their presence would excite comment and astonishment.—LAING, pp. 387, 388.

Pathhead.—An acquaintance of ours, who died at a good old age some years ago, informed us that when he first came to the town, it was the custom that when a person died in the west end of the Nether Street, they would not carry the corpse west, as being the nearest road to the burying ground, although the footpath which had been originally there had been transformed into the Plantin Wynd, but they went east the Nether Street, up the Flesh Wynd, and then west the Mid Street. However, one day when a funeral was to take place from the west end of the street, he and two or three more individuals, who were determined to upset this superstitious custom, took hold of the spokes, and carried the corpse west the street and up the Plantin Wynd, and this has been the practice ever since.—BRODIE, p. 100.

Nail-makers' Funerals. *Pathhead.*—These nail-makers were a people that lived by themselves, and their manners were primitive. Many curious anecdotes are told of them. . . . Their funerals were attended with some singular customs: When a death took place in Pathhead public proclamation of it was made by the grave-digger, in this manner, viz. he rung a bell, took off his bonnet, and "Brethren and Sisterhood, I give you all to wit that our brother, Sanders Flukkar, hammerman and indweller in Dunnikier, has departed this life, whom God Almighty have mercy upon—and you are all desired to be in readiness to attend his funeral at the next warning of the bell." All the men of the town turned out to the funeral; no mourning dress was put on for the occasion—they came in their night-caps, and with their leather aprons; and as their breeches were all made to hang very slack many of them could only afford one hand to the spokes, the other being necessarily stationed at the haunch. If the deceased happened to be a person of no standing in the town, he was borne to the grave by the shortest approach to the burial ground, but a roundabout road was taken if he was

one like themselves. One day they were attending the funeral of an old shoemaker, and had proceeded to take him by the short road, when a hot dispute arose—one party maintaining that he ought to be taken by "*the roundabout.*" They stood still with the coffin till they argued the matter, when it was demonstrated that though he was "*a naething o' a body yet he made gude shoon.*" With this they retraced their steps.—FARNIE, pp. 70, 71; ROSS, p. 297.

Weavers' Funerals. *Dunfermline*, 1687.—One of the most ancient and respected relics of the craftsmen's associations was that which constrained the members to attend the funerals of any of their deceased confrères. Among the weavers, no one was permitted to "gang pairt of the road and then turn back," and each and every freeman was obliged to mark his respect for the departed by assisting to carry the bier, or to be one of its attendants "all the waie to the kirk-yard."—THOMSON, p. 98.

Midnight Funeral: Ghostly Procession. *Auchtertool.*—A lady who had spent much of her youth in the parish, lately told the writer that in her childhood an old servant, a native of the parish, gave her an account of the tradition current in the district regarding this burial [that of one of the Skene family, who had been involved in the Rebellion]. The Earl of Moray of that day allowed the body of the deceased Skene, which had been brought from France, to be taken to Halyards; and from thence at the "mirk midnight," accompanied with torchbearers, old retainers of the family, bare the body by the "Lady's Walk" and straight across the field, according to their old burial custom, to the Kirk of Auchtertool, where it was placed in the vault. . . . The narrator added this interesting and picturesque detail, that every year on the same night in the month of August a ghostly procession comes along the "Ladies' Walk" to the Kirk of Auchtertool, bearing a shrouded coffin shoulder-high, and attended by a piper clad in the tartan of the Skenes, playing an ancient Lament. No one of late seems to have observed this procession, or have

heard the wail of the pipes, but it would never do for anyone belonging to the parish to doubt that it takes place as has been recorded.—STEVENSON (2), pp. 99, 100.

Suicide. *Monimail.*—There has been but one instance of suicide for many years. . . . This event was rendered remarkable by the manner of interment. The body was brought from the house, through the window, and buried, under night, at the extremity of the parish. A proof at once of the force of old superstitious customs.

O.S.A., vol. ii. p. 404.

Newburgh.[1]—Towards the end of the last century the corpse of a suicide had to be lifted over the walls of the churchyard in Newburgh; the superstitious belief being that if it was permitted to enter by the gate, the next child that was carried to the Church for baptism would end its days by self-destruction. This superstition died out by slow degrees. Scarcely fifty years ago, two old women remembering what they had seen in their youth, watched with eager curiosity the funeral procession of a suicide in Newburgh, as it approached the churchyard porch, where a very slight accidental stoppage took place. Imagining that the old superstitious practice was to be put in force, they immediately set off to see the end, exclaiming, "They're no gaun to let her in yet"; but they had not run many paces when the whole procession disappeared within the churchyard gate, and this form of superstition was for ever extinguished amongst us.

LAING, p. 381; ALLAN, p. 29.

Death by Drowning. See *Fishermen's Freits*, p. 418.

[1] *Newburgh.*—There was an old story of a far-back laird of Inchrye House who had brought home a black wife. He was very cruel to her and she died. Some time after, he died also, and was duly laid out. During the night a noise was heard in the death-chamber, and on going up the terrified attendants "felt an awfu' smell o' sulphur," and found the corpse sitting up in bed. It was popularly supposed that he had been visited by "Auld Nick"—D. R.

XIII. GAMES.

All the Wild Birds of the Air. *Fife.*—There is a game at which children at school, both at Abernethy and the north of Fife, amuse themselves, called "All the Wild Birds of the Air"; and the one who takes the most active part in it is called Maus. . . . The way in which the game is played is this: All those intending to join in it, generally to the number of a dozen or so, sit down in a row. One superintends the game, and goes along the line, asking what name each chooses to adopt, which may be that of any bird they please, only they must be different from each other; and he must remember them all. The one who is to act Maaz [Maus] stands in sight and is allowed to make particular observation by the eye, but not to be within hearing. Whenever all their names are agreed upon, then he is called in, and the superintendent proceeds by asking him to guess 'im out, guess 'im out (which is the phrase used, and twice repeated), the Blackbird, by looking generally in a contrary direction from where the real representative of that bird sits, the more to deceive Maaz, as it must be all guess work to him [*sic*]. If he does not guess aright, he gets a stroke, or, to keep by the more ancient word, a baff on the back, and not allowed to guess it a second time, but proceeds to another one, guess 'im out, guess 'im out, the Linnet, Robin Redbreast, etc., and if he guesses right he gets the bird away on his back as his prize or reward, until the whole be gone over.—SMALL, pp. 136, 137, *note*.

Archery. *Markinch.*—In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries archery was a favourite sport at St. Andrews. . . .

Long after the arrow had ceased to be seen in warfare, archery was practised as a pastime on the Bow Butts of the parish of Markinch.—CUNNINGHAM (2), p. 120.

Bannet-Fire. A punishment inflicted by boys on one of their playfellows who does anything against the rules of the game in which they are engaged.

Two files are formed by his companions standing face to face, the intervening space being merely sufficient for allowing him to pass. Through this narrow passage he is obliged to walk slowly, with his face bent down to his knees; and as he passes the boys beat him on the back with their bonnets.—*Fife* (also called "Beat the Badger"): JAM. DIC. SUP.

Barley Breaks. *Aberdour.*—This was a game somewhat akin to that of "Hide-and-seek" played among the stacks of a farm-yard.—Ross, p. 312.

Billy Blind. *Ceres.*—Some of the competitions very popular then [sixty years ago] I never see now, such as "hich and kick," "tossing the caber," and "hop, step and leap." I remember once at Ceres games seeing a competition which was very popular, and gave no end of amusement to the onlookers. About a dozen men went into the ring, had their eyes covered with bandages, then one with his eyes open got a bell and ran about ringing the bell. His area was limited, a square was formed inside the ring which he dared not cross. The man who caught him got the first prize, if not caught within a limited time the bellman got the prize.

F. H. & J., 3rd November, 1909.

Bowls. *Markinch.*—Bowls are known to have been played in Markinch as far back as the beginning of the 17th century. Here, for instance, is a Kirk-session minute:

"1636.—James Robinson, William Bell, delated for playing att the bowles in tyme offe devyne service."

CUNNINGHAM (2), p. 123.

Bullets. *Aberdour.*—The mode of playing it is this:—Two persons, or parties, furnished each with a metal ball, or

bullet, as large as can with ease be grasped by the hand, try, by alternate throws, in how many runs along a public road certain distance can be accomplished, and the side that covers the distance in the fewest throws, is victor. It requires a sharp eye and a steady hand, as well as considerable tact and strength of muscle, to run such a bullet along a highway for a few hundred yards; for sometimes, meeting with an obstruction, it is brought to a dead stand, or it goes off at a tangent and disappears through a hedge. And the avoidance or overcoming of these and similar difficulties so as to reach the goal, or "hail," in the fewest number of throws, demands both strength and skill. It is not to be regretted that this game has disappeared, as it was fraught with inconvenience, and even danger, to foot passengers.—Ross, pp. 312, 313.

Bull-Fights and Games. *Leslie.*—Bull-fights and games of strength and skill were held under the patronage of the Rothes family until about a hundred years ago, when they somewhat degenerated. For a time the chapmen, who had a society here, had the management of the Fife sports. They met on the green to engage in friendly contest at shinty, at putting the stone, etc., but the day's amusement generally finished up with a free fight, and the meetings were suppressed.—Kilrounie, pp. 112, 113. Cf. *infra, p.* 185.

There is a beautiful green at the west end of the town, where, in times gone past, all the Packmen of Scotland used to hold an annual festival, Leslie being their headquarters. **[Packmen's Initiation.]** It was here, too, that the initiation of members took place. The usual ceremony being to duck them three times overhead in a pool, which was followed by many other games and sports, and concluded with barbarous diversion of bull baiting and fighting. The "bull stones," to which were attached the poor animals brought up for the fight, still stand on the green a little to the south and west of the entrance to the burying ground.—Jervise, vol. v. p. 1042.

Burnt Witches. *Newburgh.*—The game, which less than fifty years ago was known in this neighbourhood as "Burnt

Witches" (and may be still so known), is an undoubted survival in sport of the terrible hallucination which subjected helpless women to an agonizing death for the imaginary crime of witchcraft.—LAING, p. 380.

Cards. "Crail play" at whist, to lead Ace King in succession. . . . It was a mode which the more skilful new-fashioned players of Anstruther and Pittenweem despised.
MACKAY, p. 283.

Cashhornie. A game, played with clubs, by two opposite parties of boys; the aim of each party being to drive a ball into a hole belonging to their antagonists, while the latter strain every nerve to prevent this.—*Fife*: JAM. DIC. SUP.

Cat i' the Hole, the designation given to a game, well known in Fife, and perhaps in other counties. . . . If seven boys are to play, six holes are made at certain distances. Each of the six [players] stands at a hole, with a short stick in his hand; the seventh stands at a certain distance, holding a ball. When he gives the word, or makes the sign agreed upon, all the six must change holes, each running to his neighbour's hole, and putting his stick in the hole which he has newly seized. In making this change, the boy who has the ball tries to put it into an empty hole. If he succeeds in this, the boy who had not his stick (for the stick is the Cat) in the hole to which he had run, is put out, and must take the ball. There is often a very keen contest, whether the one shall get his stick, or *cat*, or the other the ball, first put into the hole. When the *cat* is *in the hole*, it is against the laws of the game to put the ball into it.—JAM. DIC. SUP.; BRAND, vol. ii. p. 408.

Cat Race. *St. Andrews.*—Towards the end of every summer, the inhabitants here, and all around this part of the country, are in the habit of assembling to see what they term a cat race. The cat is enclosed in an old cask, which is suspended by a rope from the middle of a pole, each end of which is fixed at the top of two others. From this transverse beam, the cask is hung like a man from a gallows, and every

person on horseback is at liberty, as he rides briskly below the cask, to reach up, and try to knock the end out of the cask, in which the cat is, so as to make her fall down among the multitude; several thousands of whom are generally assembled to behold this savage spectacle. He who either kills the cat, or makes her fall among the people, is said to gain the race. Nor is this all; the poor cat, which, like all others, generally lights on her feet, is chased, taken by the tail, and thrown up into the air, perhaps a hundred times, till she dies; and the poor animal, thus tost up into the air, glad, and yet afraid to light among so many people, some of whom she generally wounds with her claws in her fall, seems to afford the people of this place, . . . a high degree of amusement.

HALL, vol. i. p. 165.

Cock-Fighting. *Leslie.*—The entrance to the Manor House at the foot of "the Path" was named Barras Yett—the gate of combats. It still retains the name. Here cock-fights and similar amusements took place in presence of assembled hundreds.—JERVISE, vol. v. p. 1042.

Dunfermline.—Queen Ann of Denmark's House. . . . This house, from about the year 1750, had a large apartment set aside for annual cock-fights; the charges were—front seats 6d.; second 3d.; and back seats 1d., and the place was generally crammed on the Hansell-Mondays; even after the house became a ruin, it was used for cock-fighting. The removal of the old building in 1797 put an end to its glory.

HENDERSON, p. 536.

Golf. Fife is the birthplace and chief home of golf in Scotland.—MACKAY, p. 231.

Goose-Race. *St. Andrews.*—Nor is their goose-race, as they call it, less a mark of their inhumanity. The poor goose is hung by the feet from a gallows, similar to that from which the cask with the cat is suspended, and its neck being denuded of the feathers, and well soaped or greased, to make it slippery, the savages riding below it raise themselves from

the horses as far as they can to get hold of the goose's head, which it naturally raises up to avoid them. In this manner, while they ride under it, they try to get hold of its head; and he who pulls off the goose's head, is said to gain the race. To see the poor animal wreathing its neck, and trying to avoid the savage hand that is about to pull off its head, seems to afford the people in this part of the country a high gratification.

HALL, vol. i. p. 166.

King's Cushion. A seat formed by two persons, each of whom grasps the wrists of his left hand with the right, while he lays hold of the right wrist of his companion with his left hand, and *vice versa*.

This is properly a sort of play among children, who while carrying one in this manner, repeat the following rhyme:

"Lend me a pin to stick i' my thumb,
To carry the lady to London town."

. . . In other counties, as in Fife, it is called Queen's cushion and Queen's chair . . . also Cat's carriage.—JAM. DIC. SUP.

Kyles. See *Festival Customs, Handsel Monday*, p. 149.

Merry-Metanzie. A game among children, generally girls, in . . . Fife and other parts of Scotland. They form a ring within which one goes round with a handkerchief, with which a stroke is given in succession to every one in the ring; the person who strikes, or the taker, still repeating this rhyme:

"Here I gae round the jingie ring,
The jingie ring, the jingie ring,
Here I gae round the jingie ring,
And through my merry-metanzie."

Then the handkerchief is thrown at one in the ring, who is obliged to take it up and go through the same process, . . . The following account of the game has been also given me, . . . A sport for female children, in which they form a ring, dancing round it, while they hold each other by the hands, and singing as they move. In the progress of the play, they, by the motion

of their hands, imitate the whole process of the laundry, in washing, starching, drying, and ironing.—JAM. DIC. SUP.

My Cra's Free. *Newburgh.*—In a game still practised by the boys of Newburgh, we appear to have represented in sport the exaction of the fine known as the Cro among the ancient Celtic population of Scotland. The *Regiam Majestatem* defines Cro to be compensation for slaughter.[1] The Cro for the slaughter of the king was a thousand *Kye*; for the son of an Earl or a Thane a hundred, and lower grades less; that of a husbandman or yeoman being saxtene kye.[2] From the circumstances that there are stones in Scotland known as the Cro or Crawstanes, it is conjectured that the judical proceeding connected with the exaction of the Cro may have taken place at them. "At the perambulation of the lands of Melgow or Melgum in Nithbrenshire (Newburnshire), held at Largo Law by the Justiciar of Fife in 1306, one part of the boundary ran *ad lapidem que vocatur le Crawstane.*"[3] . . . In the game, a boy named the *Cra*, sits on a stone in the centre of a circle of companions, who stand ready to strike him with plaited handkerchiefs as soon as the judge of the game permits ["My Cra's free"], but the moment that the judge (whose duty it is to decide when due punishment is exacted) proclaims, that his "Cra's no free," that moment every one is obliged to desist.[4] In this game there seems to be an undoubted representation of a grave proceeding in the criminal judicature of remote antiquity; a supposition which the identity of the name strongly corroborates.—LAING, p. 380.

[1] Book iv. 36.

[2] W. F. Skene, *Tribe Communities of Scotland*; Fordun, vol. ii. Appendix, p. 448.

[3] *Regis. de Dunfermelyn*, p. 410.

Pillie-Winkie, Pinkie-Winkie. A barbarous sport among children in Fife; whence the proverbial phrase, "He's ay at

[4] Should a player strike the "Cra" after the words "no free" has been called, he is condemned to take the place of the "Cra," and the former "Cra" takes that of the judge, or keeper as he is called in some parts.]

pillie-winkie wi' the *gowdnie's eggs*," he is always engaged in some mischief or another.

An egg, an unfledged bird, or a whole nest, is placed on a convenient spot. He, who has what is called the first *pill*, retires a few paces, and being provided with a *cowt* or rung, is blindfolded, or gives his promise to wink hard (whence he is called *Winkie*), and moves forward in the direction of the object, as he supposes, striking the ground with the stick all the way. He must not shuffle the stick alongst the ground, but always strike perpendicularly. If he touches the nest without destroying it, or the egg without breaking it, he loses his vice or turn. The same mode is observed by those who succeed him. When one of the party breaks an egg, he is entitled to all the nest as his property, or to some other reward that has been previously agreed on. Every art is employed, without removing the nest or egg, to mislead the blindfolded person, who is also called the Pinkie.—JAM. DIC. SUP.

See *Animal Superstitions, Birds*, p. 28.

Scotch and English. There is another game, which more grown-up boys play at, that had taken its origin from, or been in imitation of, the bickerings and skirmishes betwixt the Scotch and English borderers in their making incursions upon one another. The boys are divided into two sides, representing the English and Scotch, and so denominated; and, if they are taken prisoners by coming beyond the line of march, mutually settled on, then they are bound in honour, as the borderers were upon their parole, not to go over to their own side unless relieved by some one of their party coming and touching them; but in doing this the liberators are apt to be taken prisoners themselves.

SMALL, pp. 137, 138, *note*.

Shinty. *Markinch.*—There are no minutes of these early days bearing on golf; but the "carrocke," or "shinty," the nearest approach to golf, was a favourite pastime. . . .

On 27th January, 1633, the following act was passed: "It was actitt thatt none play att the carroke upon the Sabathe

in tyme off divine service. If they be young boyes ther fathers sall pay for them, and if they be servants themselves sall pay."—CUNNINGHAM (2) p. 123.

Shue-Gled-Wylie. A game in which the strongest acts as the *gled* or kite, and the next in strength as the mother of a brood of birds; for those under her protection, perhaps to the number of a dozen, keep all in a string behind her, each holding by the tail of another. The *gled* still tries to catch the last of them, while the mother cries *Shue, shue,* spreading out her arms to ward him off. If he catch all the *birds* he gains the game.—*Fife*: JAM. DIC. SUP.

Sow-in-the-Kirk. [*Fife—Church and Mice*].—A pretty large hole is made in the ground, surrounded by smaller ones according to the number of the company, every one of whom has a *shintie.* The middle hole is called the *Kirk.* He who takes the lead in the game, is designed [*sic*] the *Sow-driver.* His object is to drive a small piece of wood or bone [or ball] called the *Sow,* into the large hole or kirk. While that of his opponents, every one of whom keeps his *shintie* in one of the smaller holes, is to frustrate his exertions, by driving back the *sow.* If he succeeds either in knocking it into the kirk,[1] or in clapping his *shintie* into one of the small holes, while one of his antagonists is in the act of striking back the *sow,* he is released from the drudgery of being *driver.* In the latter case, the person whose vacancy he has occupied takes the servile station which he formerly held.—JAM. DIC.

Sweir-Tree. A species of diversion. Two persons seated on the ground, having a stick between them, each lays hold of it with both hands, and tries who shall first draw the other up. This stick is called the *sweir-tree.*—*Fife*: JAM. DIC.

Tam o' Norrie. Yestreen in the wa'gaun o' day I heard

[1 When the sow gets into the kirk all the players except the driver run a certain distance, previously agreed upon, and back to secure a hole, the last to arrive not having a hole becomes the driver in the new game.]

the bairns liltin' their auld-warld ditties, "Glasgow Ships" an' "Water, Water, Wallflo'er.

It set me a-thinkin' o' a queer game the lassies o' Leven played on the links in my young day.

Mony a time I hae seen bands o' them sittin' on the benty bank o' Scoonie burn, their earnest bit facies fixed on the dowff grey haar that hid the elfin hill o' Norrie's Law; for it's weel kent that a wee, wee goblin sits at the fit o't an' guards the siller-hoard that was whummlet into the deep lair o' the warrior-chieftain, Tam o' Norrie, slain in weir.

As the lassies sit in a raw ane o' them loups up an' stands in front noddin' her heid at her neibours an', wi' her thoom ower her shouther, pointin' to the darklin' hill. Then she couries forrit an' mak's a speakin'-trumpet o' her ither neive, an' says:

"I'll tell ye a story
Aboot Tam o' Norrie,
If ye dinna speak in the middle o't—
Will ye no?"

"Will ye no?" is aye the owercome that she keeps craikin' on to the lassies, wha pawkily shak' their heids an' say nocht till ane, growin' weary o' the dumb show, cries "No!" In a crack she's coontit oot amid yells o'

"The spell is broken, ye hae spoken;
Ye'll never hear the story o' lang Tam o' Norrie."

J. P. FINDLAY, in *People's Journal*, 23rd May, 1908.

See *Largo Law*, p. 1.

Tappitousie. *Newburgh.*—The latest writer who has treated of the games of children [1]. . . cites the act of a Scottish mother playfully reducing her obstreperous youngling of a son to submission, by taking him by the forelock and saying, "Tappitousie! will ye be my man?" as a relic of the time when serfdom prevailed, and when the owner led the serf by the forelock in presence of witnesses, in token and admission

[1] Tylor's *Primitive Culture*, vol. i. p. 65.

of servitude. The following are some of the lines of this far-descended rhyme, which are still repeated in Newburgh:

"Tappitousie! will ye be my man?
O, yes! I'll do the best I can.
Come to me, come to me, come to me!
Tappitousie! will ye be my wife?
Eh, na! I canna, for ye'll tak my life.
Gae fae me, gae fae me, gae fae me."

LAING, p. 379.

Tilting at the Ring. *Leslie.*—The green of Leslie was, in former years, the theatre of annual sports of a rather ludicrous nature. The chief if not sole performers in these rural pastimes were the honourable fraternity of pedlars or packmen, who, by tilting at a ring, with wooden spears, on horseback, endeavoured hard to imitate the chivalrous knights of old. Much merriment was excited whenever these doughty pedlars—their horses at full stretch—missed striking the ring, which, unfortunately for their composure, was but too often the case; as it inevitably followed that the circumstances caused them to drop both reins and spears, and cling convulsively to their saddles. At these times the appearance presented by these modern Quixotes was in the highest degree ludicrous.—GUTHRIE, pp. 128, 129.

See *ante*, p. 177.

Tod and Lambs (*Anglice*, Fox and Lambs), is a game played on a board called a Tod-brod, with wooden pins, and seems peculiar to Fife.—TENNANT, p. 162, *note*.

Tues-Ace. A game in which generally six are engaged, one taking a station before, two about twelve yards behind him, three twelve yards behind these two. One is the catchpole. Never more can remain at any post than three; the supernumerary one must always shift and seek a new station. If the catchpole can get in before the person who changes his station, he has the right to take his place, and the other becomes pursuer. The design of the game, which is played

in the fields, and often by those on the harvest-field, is for putting them in heat when the weather is cold.

Fife: JAM. DIC. SUP.

Wads. On the top of Benarty, [a level-topped hill on the boundary between Fife and Kinross], which rises above Loch Orr, there were formerly held games, which all the shepherds of Fife and the neighbouring counties attended. They brought their wives, daughters, and sweethearts, and having a plentiful stock of victuals, kept up the fête for a few days, bivouacking upon the ground during the night. The chief games were the golf, the football, and the *wads*.[1] . . . This custom is now disused.—CHAMBERS, pp. 259, 260.

[1] Wad—a pledge or hostage. [In this game the players being equally divided, and a certain space marked out between them, each lays down one or more Wads or pledges at that extremity where the party, to which he belongs, choose their station. A boundary being fixed at an equal distance from the extremities, the object is to carry off the *wads* from the one of these to the other. The two parties, advancing to the boundary or line, seize the first opportunity of crossing it, by making inroads on the territories of each other. He who crosses the line, if seized by one of the opposite party, before he has touched any of their wads, is set down beside them as a prisoner, and receives the name of a *Stinker*; nor can he be released, till one of his own side can touch him, without being intercepted by one of the other; in which case he is free. If any one is caught in the act of carrying a *wad*, it is taken from him; but he cannot be detained as a prisoner, in consequence of his having touched it the pursuit is at an end. When the one party have carried off, to the extremity of their ground, all the wads of the other, the game is finished.—*Jam. Dic.*]

Yetlings. *Wemyss.*—A . . . game still, or not long ago, played at New Year with yetlings or balls of cast iron, on the sands near the skilleys [*sic*] of Wemyss, in which . . . the player who drives the ball to the goal in the fewest number of strokes wins.—MACKAY, p. 231. See *Festival Customs—Handsel Monday*, p. 150.

Counting out Rhymes. *Kennoway.*—

"Irka birka stoory rock,
Ann tan toosy Jock,
You stan' oot."

Communicated by Mr. ALEXR. BISSET, Kennoway.

Kirkcaldy.—

"Wonery, twoery, tickery, seven;
Alibi, Crackaby, ten, and eleven;
Pin, pan, musky, dan,
Tweedle-um, twoddle-um,
Twenty-wan; eerie, orie, ourie,
You are out."

Fifeshire Advertiser, 28th March, 1903.

See also Appendix, p. 391.

XIV. LOCAL CUSTOMS.

1. Legal Customs.

Wife's Interest in Land. *Cupar.*—1658. This summer, Robin Androw, collector of the sesse of Perthshire, bought Litell Tarvet (which is near Cupar) from S^r^ David Sibbalde; it stood him 26 thousande marks, and eght hundred marks he gave to S^r^ Da. Lady.

Note.—It was long customary, in buying land, for the purchaser to present the seller's lady with a ring, or other valuable article, and sometimes a sum of money, as a conciliatory offering. A claim of this nature was lately asserted and admitted as a right in an old-fashioned family in Fife, when parting with a small property.—Lamont, p. 109.

Provision for Children. *Dysart.*—1543. Walter Grote and Christian Gourlay gave a salt-pan to their oldest son John Grote.—Muir, p. 15.

Note.—This was a common way of making provision for a child. Salt-pans were numerous at Dysart, and salt so plentiful that "carrying salt to Dysart" was a proverbial expression for useless labour. One pan long bore the name of "Lady Janet's pin-cushion," having been frequently given to one of the daughters of the family of Sinclair for pin-money.

Payment in Kirk. *Dysart.*—March 1563. Thomas Lindsay to appear, on 27 April, in the Kirk of Kilspindy, and on the place where formerly stood the "hie alter" to receive

the sum of fifty marks—Master Henry Pitcairne, olim curate de Strathmiglo, Witness.—MUIR, p. 29.

Note.—Feudal and pecuniary obligations were wont to be discharged at religious places. The two Fenwicks were gifted to Edward Arnot " for yearlie payment of ane paire of Gloves at St Lawrence Chapell, and of ane paire of spures, at St Michaell's Chapell, Embleames of Reddie service."

Hist. of the House of Rowallane, p. 33.

Dead Men's Debts. *Elie.*—1669, Aug. 24 Grange Wood, being ane old man depairted out of this life att the Grange, above the Elly, and interred the nixt day, the 25 of Aug. att Kilconq^{r} kirke in the evening. The funeralls were hastned for feare of arreisting his corps be his creditors.

LAMONT, pp. 211, 212.

Note.—The revolting practice of attaching the corps of a debtor, seems from this entry to have been known in Scotland even at this late period; while there does not appear to have been any legal authority for its adoption. . . . A still more glaring error is known in the north of Scotland. It is there believed by the common people that a widow is relieved of her husband's debts, if she follow his corps to the door, and in the presence of the assembled mourners, openly call upon him to return and pay his debts, as she is unable. Strange and unfeeling as this ceremony may be, the Editor recollects of an instance in which it was practised by the widow of a man in good society.

Clenching a Bargain. *Smit Thoums.*—To form a contract by each party wetting the fore-part of his thumb with the point of his tongue, and then *smiting* or pressing the thumbs together, which confirms the bargain, . . . When the terms are settled, one of the parties says to the other, " Come, then, *smit thumbs*, and gie's your hand " (*Fife*). In some parts of the same county, the phrase, " Weet (*i.e.* wet) thumbs " is used.—JAM. DIC. SUP.

2. Local Dues and Privileges.

Sanctuary. *Newburgh.—Macduff's Cross.* This cross is now universally known to have been erected by King Malcolm Canmore, almost eight hundred years ago, commemorative of Macduff, the Thane of Fife, having slain Macbeth, the usurper and tyrant; and, on this cross, the nature or explanation of one of the four grants said to be given to him is said to have been inserted. One of these grants is generally allowed to have been the honour of carving at the King's table; another, the honour of placing the crown on the King's head at the coronation; a third, to lead the King's armies to battle; and the fourth and last, that if any of his kin, even to the ninth degree back, should be guilty of the unpremeditated slaughter of any gentleman, by paying twenty-four merks as a fine—and if a plebeian, twelve merks of silver—and flying to this cross as an asylum, and washing his hands, he was to get free, upon paying also nine kine and a calpindach, by which I suppose is meant what is called a quey, or a young cow that never had a calf. These, as tradition and the oldest people thereabouts say, had to be brought to the stone and tied to it; and then the person had also to go down about a mile to the tall upright stone that yet stands a little west from the house of Mugdrum, and blow a horn; if he got this done before the kine and calpindach were loosed, he got quite free; but, if the kine and calpindach were loosed before he got this done, then his right to this privilege was to be disputed or called in question. . . . The tradition of the place, among the best informed, still further bears that, when any person came there who had been supposed guilty of a more atrocious crime than accidental manslaughter, and who claimed this privilege, the country people . . . usually collected upon a little round hill only about 200 yards east from the stone, well provided with stones, with which they pelted the person coming to the asylum, who was obliged

to pass that way, as this was the direct road from Fife. It is added that some were so severely handled that they died before they reached the stone. . . . The name given to this eminence is the Croucher Know, or Knoll, from the persons that awaited the coming of those flying to the asylum crouching down or stooping, in order the more to conceal themselves. But in order the more to favour their escape from those lying in wait with stones, and to give them every chance for their life, the road, about four feet broad, was paved all the way from this to the cross, with round rough stones. . . . It is generally agreed that it was the Reformers who took this cross down as a relic of superstition . . . and some suppose that high stone near Mugdrum to be the very one that was the stone cross inserted in this pedestal. . . . Some even say that this was the stone on which the inscription formerly alluded to was written.—SMALL, pp. 211-214.

Cross Macduff.—It is situated upon the high ground, in an opening in the Ochils, which forms a pass from the Valley of Strathern into the central portion of Fife. . . . Nothing now remains but the large square block of freestone which formed the pedestal. . . . There are several holes or indentations on its different faces, which tradition says were nine in number, and in which nine rings were at one time fixed. . . . No remains of the broken cross are to be seen in the neighbourhood, and Mr. Cant says that the pieces were removed by the inhabitants of Newburgh and built into some of the houses of that town.[1]

This cross, like that of Mugdrum, was dedicated to St. Magriddin, who appears to have been the patron saint of the district, and to whom the church of Ecclesia Magriden, or Exmagirdle as it is now called, in Strathern, was dedicated. As already stated, however, it is also said to have formed a girth or sanctuary for any of the clan Macduff, or related to the chief within the ninth degree, who had been guilty of "suddand chaudmelle" or unpremeditated slaughter. In consequence of this privilege, any person entitled to take

[1] Letter from Mr. Cant, Paton Collection, Advocates' Library [1774].

advantage of it, and requiring its security, fled to the cross, and taking hold of one of the rings, punishment was remitted on his washing nine times at the stone and paying nine cows and a colpendach, or young cow; the nine cows being fastened to the rings. What peculiar or occult quality was considered to dwell in the number nine, we do not pretend to be able to explain; but we see the privilege only extended to the ninth degree of kindred, the stone contained nine rings, the oblation offered to St. Magriddin was nine cows and a colpendach, the washings were nine, and a powerful spring called the Nine Wells, where it is supposed the ablutions took place, still takes its rise at no great distance from the cross. . . .

The privilege of the Clan Macduff is said to have been often claimed, not only by the direct members of that powerful body, but by others who considered they were within the privileged degree. . . . It was on all occasions necessary when the privilege of Cross-Macduff was claimed, that proof should be given of consanguinity within the limited degree; and where in any case the claimant failed in establishing his right, he was instantly put to death, and buried near the stone. There were formerly several artificial cairns and tumuli around the cross, and one rather larger than the rest about fifty yards to the north; but the progress of agriculture which has brought the ploughshare over the fields around the cross, has now removed all traces of them. These tumuli were supposed to have been the burying places of those who had been executed here in consequence of failing to establish the necessary relationship, but no attempt has ever been made to ascertain the truth of this report. "Superstition," says Mr. Cant, "forbids the opening of any of them; no person in the neighbourhood will assist for any consideration, nor will any person in or about Newburgh travel that way when dark, for they affirm that spectres and bogles, as they call them, haunt that place." With the removal of the traces of the graves it is probable that the superstitious fears attached to the spot will also disappear, if they be not already among the things that were.—LEIGHTON, vol. ii. pp. 176-178.

See also Laing, pp. 318-338, who quotes from numerous sources.

Cross Macduff.—It is said to have borne an inscription, in what has been well styled macaronic rhymes. . . .

The reading of this inscription, which seems to have been approved of by Sir James Balfour, was the following:

"MALDRARADUM DRAGOS, MARIA LAGHSLITA LARGOS,
SPALANDA SPADOS, SIVE NIG FIG KNIGHTHITE GNAROS
LOTHEA LEUDISCOS LARICINGEN LAIRIA LISCOS
ET COLORVURTOS SIC FIL TIBI BURSIA BURTUS
EXITUS ET BLADADRUM SIVE LIM SIVE LAM SIVE LABRUM.
PROPTER MAGRIDIN ET HOC OBLATUM
ACCIPE SMELERIDEM SUPER LIMTHIDE LAMTHIDA LABRUM."

Of this apparently unmeaning jargon, the following translation has been given: "Ye earl of Fife, receive for your services as my Lieutenant by right of this regality, large measures of victual or corn, for transgression of the laws, as well from those as want or put away their weapons of warfare, as of such as stays away from or refuses to come to the host, or those that raises frays or disturbances therein: or from such as keep, haunt and frequent unlawful convocations, together with all amercements due to me, for the slaughter of a free liege, or for robbery and theft, or for adultery and fornication within your bounds, with the unlaws of fugitives, and the penalties due by such cowards, as deserts the host, or runs away from their colours; thus shall your gains be the greater; and yet further, to witness my kindness, I remit to those of your own kindred, all issues of wounds, be it of limb, lith or life, in sua far as for this offering (to wit of nine kyne and a queyock) they shall be indemnified for limb, lith or life." . . . Sir James Dalrymple gives [another version] of one Douglas in Newburgh, near to Cross Macduff . . . thus:

"Ara, urget lex quos, lare egentes atria lis, quos,
Hoc qui laboras, haec fit tibi pactio portus,
Mille reum drachmas mulctam de largior agris
Spes tantum pacis cum nex fit a nepote natis
Propter Macgidrum, et hoc oblatum accipe semel
Hæredum, super lymphato lapide labem."

"Which inscription is thus paraphrased in English rhyme:

"All such as are within the ninth degree
Of kindred to that ancient thane Macduff,
And yet for slaughter are compelled to flie
And leave their houses, and their household stuff;
Here they shall find for their refuge a place;
To save them from the cruel blood avenger;
A privilege peculiar to that race,
Which never was allowed to any stranger.
But they must enter heir, on this condition,
(Which they observe must with a faith unfeignzied)
To pay a thousand groats for their remission,
Or else their lands and goods shall be distrenzied.
For Saint Mackgidder's sake and this oblation,
And by their only washing at this stone,
Purg'd is the blood shed by that generation:
This privilege pertains to them alone."

LEIGHTON, vol. i. pp. 22, 23.

Fugitive's Privilege. *Elie.*—Near the town of Ely is the cave of Macduff, Thane of Fife, a stupendous arch in the face of Kincraig rocks, fronting the sea. In this place Macduff hid and defended himself, by a fortification, against his pursuers, when he was flying from M'Beath to the King's son, Malcolm, in England. The inhabitants of Earlsferry (so called from Earl M'Duff) ferried him over to North Berwick; and out of gratitude, when the King's son was restored, he got the town made a Royal Borough. . . . Tradition says that, among other things, Macduff obtained this privilege from the King, that, on the application of a criminal, the town is obliged to ferry him over immediately, and dare not ferry over his pursuers, till he is half way over the Frith. This, it is said, was claimed and granted in the case of Carnegie and Douglas of Finhaven.—O.S.A., vol. xvii. p. 541.

King's Dues. *Falkland.*—In the Mill Wynd, and close to the large mill, there is an humble tenement which James VI. bestowed upon one of his grooms of the name of Ramsay, for faithful service. The present proprietor is a Ramsay, and for 260 years have the Ramsays possessed this house,

handing it down from sire to son. They hold it on condition of paying to the Sovereign the sum of five bawbees Scots, but for the same the Sovereign is obliged to call in person. The popular version . . . says that the Sovereign must call in a coach-and-six for the five bawbees.—TAYLOR, pp. 189, 190.

Royal Provost of Crail. One of our kings gave the town of Crail three mills, a few miles to the northward, still called the King's Mills. I know not whether, upon that occasion, they did his majesty the honour of choosing him their first magistrate, but ever since the king has been held to be provost of Crail. A title which his present majesty perhaps never heard of.—DOUGLAS, p. 14.

Candlemas Crown. A School-boy Privilege. *St. Andrews.*—In the city of St. Andrews is a grammar-school in the patronage of the town-council. . . . The scholars in general pay at least 5s. a quarter, and a Candlemas gratuity, according to their rank and fortune, from 5s. even as far as 5 guineas, when there is a keen competition for the Candlemas Crown. The King, *i.e.* he who pays most, reigns for 6 weeks, during which period he is not only intitled to demand an afternoon's play for the scholars once a-week, but he has also the royal privilege of remitting all punishments.

O.S.A., vol. xiii. p. 211; BRAND, vol. i. p. 451.

Jus primæ noctis. *Ballenbriech.*—About two hundred years ago, a gentleman, called by the name of Earl Andrew, then lived in that castle [Ballenbriech] who is said to have been a very wicked man; and the whole barony of Ballenbriech, which is pretty extensive, then belonged to him, though he now occupies only a very small space of ground in the church-yard of Flisk. While he resided there he claimed it as his right, as the Baronial Lord, to have the first night of every bride that was married in his barony. There was a young woman who lived up on the hill above, in a farm, I believe called Cauldcotes, whose turn came to be married, but was not willing to surrender up that night to him, which

she considered as not belonging to him, either by the divine or human laws. Accordingly, the night previous to her marriage, she went down to see Earl Andrew, taking with her a young calf and a pound of butter, by way of a present. The Earl was very complaisant, letting her see all the curiosities of the place, and among other things an instrument he had for fixing those that were obstreperous or non-compliant, to remind her of what she might expect. She got him persuaded to go into it himself, to see how it would answer, and immediately fixed him in it. She rubbed him well with butter, and then, fastening the calf upon him, left him in that predicament. This according to the account, had the desired effect. She not only escaped, but it is said it also fairly put an end to the practice for the future; but, for the affront put upon him, the farm of Cauldcotes had to pay a wedder sheep to the castle annually, for a long time after, as a fine, which I suppose is now commuted into money.

SMALL, pp. 229, 230.

Priest's Right. A strip of land in the farm of Ladifron, belonging to Mr. Paterson of Cunoquhie, is called the temple. There is a tradition, that a priest lived here, who had a right to every seventh acre of Ladifron, and to the taking dung as left on the ground every seventh night.

O.S.A., vol. ii. p. 404.

3. FAIRS.

[The fairs and markets held in Fife and the adjacent counties were very numerous. Within comparatively recent times not only corn, cattle, horses, and wool, according to the season, were exposed for sale at them, but linen and woollen goods, and household stuff of all kinds. Servants are still hired at some of them. The earlier fairs were granted by

CUPAR HIRING FAIR, 1912.

To face p. 196.

royal charter to the lords of the baronies, or by the lords to the local communities: the later were established by Parliamentary statute. Some appear to have been held by prescriptive traditional right only, sometimes on the open moorland. The older fairs were held on fixed dates of the ecclesiastical calendar, the later ones on second Tuesdays or third Wednesdays in the month, and the like. The dates have been frequently changed, but still generally approximate to the dates of the ancient fairs, where these existed.

The following ecclesiastical festivals, among others, were chosen as fair-days:

St. David's Day, 2nd March (Kennoway, granted 1686).
St. Hadrian, 3rd March (Pittenweem, 1540).
Tuesday before Pasche (Leslie, 1661).
"St. Ninian's Fair," Tuesday before Whitsunday (Kinghorn, 1611).
SS. Philip and James, 1st May (Pitlessie, 1540; Elie, 1598-9).
SS. Peter and Paul, 29th June (Burntisland, 1541; held O.S. in 1845).
St. Servanus or Serf, 1st July (Auchtermuchty, 1517; Culross, 1592).
"Mary Magdalene Day," 22nd July (Pittenweem, 1526 and 1540).
St. James, 25th July (Kinghorn, 1611; Thornton; Markinch, holiday still observed, but no fair; Cupar, see below; 26th July, Windygates).
St. Malrube, 27th August (Pitlessie, 1540).
"Rood Day," 14th September (Crail, previous to 1607).
St. Matthew, September 21st (Culross, 1490).
"St. Mary's Fair," 24th September (Kennoway, 1686).
Day before St. Michael the Archangel, 28th September (Kinglassie, 1649; charter, Charles II.).
All Hallow Day, 1st November (Falkland, 1595; see below).
Martinmas, 11th November (Culross, 1592; see below).
St. Leonard, 6th November (Largo, 1313).

St. Clement, 17-23 November (Pittenweem, 1526; Burntisland, 1573).

St. Catherine, 25th November (Newburgh, 1226; kept O.S., 1845; disc. 1860).

St. Andrew, 30th November (St. Andrews, 1614; kept O.S. in 1845; see below).

St. Nicholas, 6th December (Earlsferry, 1589).

Other customary dates were in or about Whitsuntide, Lammastide, and Martinmas.

A complete list of fairs is given in Sir James Marwick's *Fairs and Markets of Scotland*, from which the above information is taken. The following representative examples will suffice.]

Aberdour.—Village in Fifeshire, Pop. 615.

Charter by James IV. to the Abbot of Inchcolm dated 18th March 1500-1, erecting the town of Aberdour into a free burgh of barony, with power to have a market cross; a weekly market of Saturday and an annual fair on St. Columba's day (9th June) and the octaves thereof.

Charter by Queen Anne in favour of James Earl of Morton dated 31st March 1704 constituting Aberdour a burgh of barony and regality, with power to keep fair and market therein on the days mentioned. . . .

No market has been held here within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. The annual fair on 20th June [9th June, O.S.], however, still exists, but nothing is offered for sale at it, save gingerbread, toys, and sweetmeats.

Anstruther Easter.—Fifeshire, James VI. (1583), Pop. (parliamentary burgh), 1349.

Charter by James VI., dated 10th March 1571-2 erecting the town into a burgh of barony with a weekly market on Friday and a yearly fair on St. Caran's day before Christmas 23rd December. . . .

Complaint by Anstruther Easter, Crail and Pittenweem to the Convention of Burghs on 1st July 1595, against St. Andrews for not permitting their burgesses to repair to and have the privileges of its market . . . disposed of on 5th

July 1596, the Act of which date is referred to and ratified by that of 4th July 1598. The latter Act ordained that no baker of Anstruther Easter or Crail should buy on any market day within St. Andrews a greater quantity of wheat than one bag. . . .

Act of Parliament changing the fair day from 1st May to 24th June. . . .

The *N.S.A.* [*New Statistical Account*] published in 1845 states that a weekly market is held on Saturday. . . .

[Existing] weekly market on Friday.

Anstruther Wester.—Fifeshire, James VI. (1587). Pop. 594.

Charter by James V., dated 24th February 1540-1, to the monastery of Pittenweem and Anstruther, erecting the town of Anstruther into a free burgh of barony, and granting to the inhabitants liberty to have weekly markets on Saturday and Monday and a yearly fair at the feast of St. Nicolas (6th December) and the octaves thereof. . . .—MARWICK, *s.v.*

Arngask.—[The *N.S.A.*, 1845, mentions four cattle-fairs.] One of these had been held at Lustielaw from time immemorial on the third Sunday of May.—MARWICK, p. 20.

Carnock.—The old Term-day, or the 28th May, was the Carnock fair-day (p. 22). The festival of St. Ciaran or Caranus, a martyr saint of the fifth century of the west and north, was held on that day (p. 30). . . . The Thorn-tree Cross, that a blast of wind knocked down in 1832 . . . stood about the centre of the old parochial school playground; east from it was the Law Knowe, and west from it was the Kirkyard. The circular mound was in three stages, of 12, 9, and 6 feet diameter, and 3 feet high, formed of dry natural stones and earth, surmounted with the thorn tree, about 25 feet high . . . and round it from time immemorial was held a market and fair, which ceased about 1867.

> "Where stid the Gospel and the Law
> And Thorn tree Cross atween the twa." (p. 9).

Every Fair day, Mr. Thomson, the worthy minister of the parish previous to 1827, bought confectionery from every

stand that sold such in the fair, mounted the steps of the Cross, and dealt out to every youngster his or her fair [fairing].[1]

"When Carnock Fair around did roll,
These steps were unca handy,
For there the minister did stand
And dealt out snaps and candy
To a' the youngsters o' the fair
Around him that did randy.

But some conspirator arose,
And levelled to the ground
This tree and its steps circular
Which guarded it around,
And hath left naught to mark the spot
That was with beauty crowned."

Dunfermline Press, 1870; ALLAN, (2), pp. 9-30.

[1] [The right to erect a market cross seems to have been a special privilege granted by charter. When the cross was ruined or destroyed, it was sometimes replaced by a tree.] The village of Dunning has still a circular mound enclosed with stone, centred with a thorn tree planted in 1715. In the Kirkyard north of Dunfermline Abbey there was an ancient "Wailing Cross," with circular walled enclosure. . . . [The Cross] was thrown down in 1560. Then a "Gospel Thorn" was planted, and blown down in 1784, after which a twig from the parent was planted.—ALLAN (2), p. 14.

Crail.—Act of Parliament ratifying the ancient privileges of the burgh, and changing the weekly market from Sunday [as in charter of 1306 and previously] to Friday, and the annual fair granted of old for eight days, from 14th September (called Rood Day), to 10th March, 1607.

MARWICK, p. 35.

The following entry is found in the Session Record of St. Andrews, 18th April, 1582: "A great number of drapers, fleshers, and merchants, accused of keeping the market of Crail on the Sabbath, prohibited from repeating the offence under pain of exclusion and debarring of themselves, their wives, bairns, and servants, from all benefit of the Kirk in time coming, viz. Baptism, The Lord's Supper, and Marriage."—CONOLLY, pp. 106, 107.

Culross.—The festival of St. Servan was kept yearly on the 1st of July, when the inhabitants marched in procession, carrying green boughs. The custom had not altogether disappeared in 1839, although the day had been altered to the 4th of June, the birthday of George III.—MARWICK, p. 38.

It is not so long since the worthy burghers of Culross annually decorated their cross with branch and flower, and rode their marches to the "Borestone," near Kincardine, where leeks were offered to, and laid on the altar of, the stone. On the occasion round the stone was a festival. After the ceremony, the cavalcade returned to Culross, attended with music, receiving a hearty welcome back, finishing up the day with a merry dance.—ALLAN (2), p. 15.

Cf. *Fairs*, p. 197; *Legends*, p. 244.

Cupar.—The *N.S.A.*, published 1845, states as follows: "Cupar has long been known as a leading and important market-town. Besides the weekly market which is held every Thursday, there are a good many fairs for the sale of all kinds of stock and domestic and agricultural utensils of all sorts. Till within these few years, these fairs took place on particular days of the month, and occasioned great confusion. Now, by an arrangement that has been generally approved of, they are held on the Thursday next to the day of the month on which they used to be held. . . ." [Present day] hiring fairs on first Tuesday of August (St. James's market) and on the 11th of November (Martinmas market), if not a Saturday, Sunday, or Monday: if any one of these days, then on the Tuesday following.—MARWICK, p. 39.

Elie.—Act of Parliament authorising the weekly market to be changed from Sunday to Tuesday, 1672.

MARWICK, p. 52.

Dysart.—The *O.S.A.* (published in 1794), states that four annual fairs were held here, one for white cloth, one for white cloth and wool, and one for black cattle. But the easy intercourse afforded by means of posts and carriers, and the establishment of shops in every little village, rendered fairs less necessary. Business was thus better managed. When

everybody resorted to fairs they were generally a scene of dissipation. Whatever day the fair began on, no business was done that week.—MARWICK, p. 49.

Falkland.—Charter by James II., dated 6th July, 1485, erecting Falkland into a royal burgh, and authorizing the inhabitants to have a market cross, a weekly market on Thursday, and a public fair on the Eve of All Saints' (1st November), and on the two succeeding days.

Charter by James VI., 24th May 1595, empowering the burgesses to sell and buy all kinds of merchandise and staple goods, to have a weekly market on Thursday, and four annual fairs, viz. (1) on Allhallow day, 1st November, (2) on Thursday in the first whole week in Lent, (3) on Thursday after Trinity Sunday, and (4) on Thursday after Lammas. . . .

To the fairs authorised by the charter of 1595, the *O.S.A.*, published in 1792, states that two markets had been added; (1) in April called the Lintseed market, and (2) in September, called the Harvest market. The four old markets were the most frequented. . . .

The *N.S.A.*, published in 1845, states that seven markets, for horses and cattle, are held here during the year, four of which are mentioned in the charter of the burgh. The Lammas market was formerly one of the most extensive in Scotland, but it has greatly declined. The other markets have also fallen away, except the one held in November immediately before Hallow Fair, which is steadily improving. These markets were held at one time upon the Lomond Hills, but of late years they have been held alternately in the streets of Falkland, and in a small commonty adjoining the town. . . .

[Present day. Seven fairs; January, March, May, June, August, September, and] Friday before Edinburgh Hallow Fair in November.—MARWICK, p. 54.

Inverkeithing.—Lammas fair of 1652. It appears from the burgh records that the fair of this date was a great day for "fun, frolic, fitraces, ale, and drunken folks, gentle and simple, and folks cam frae near and far to it." Indeed, so much did the day figure in the life of the people of West Fife

that young and old seemed to find the way to Inverkeithing, and the all-embracing phrase "gentle and simple" referred to in the minute quoted, seems to have included the Kirk Session of the Burgh of Dunfermline, for in the records of session we have the following naive confession:—"There was nae session this day because of Lammas Fair at Inverkeithing."—CUNNINGHAM (4), p. 62.

. . . [The *O.S.A.*, 1794, gives several fairs in the year, for linen, checks, shoes, etc., as well as horses and cattle. The *N.S.A.*, 1845, says that no business is done at any of the five annual fairs, and adds;] There is however one upon the first week in August which is frequented in the afternoon by numbers of people from the country districts, there being a horse and foot race for small prizes given from the funds of the burgh. There is abundance of gingerbread and sweetmeats for sale as well as drink, in the way of which the people regale themselves and their friends in the public-houses in the evening. . . . [Modern] No market or fair is now held in the burgh save the annual fair called the Lammas Fair, which is held on the first Friday of August. It has however become very insignificant. No cattle or other bestial are now exposed for sale . . . as . . . in former times.

MARWICK, p. 68.

Kingbarns.—[*N.S.A.*, 1845, notes two fairs, July and October, and adds] In the olden time it was customary to lay in at the latter a provision of butchers' meat for the winter consumption, which was called the Mart. At that time it was numerously attended by drovers with sheep and black cattle. Now fresh meat may be had regularly once a week in the village, and at all times may be obtained from St. Andrews and Crail. The fairs have in consequence dwindled down into the sale of a few household articles of crockery, etc.—MARWICK, p. 76.

Kirkcaldy.—The *O.S.A.* [1796] observes that the weekly market began between 3 and 4 o'clock in the morning and was generally over by six o'clock. This custom was probably introduced at first to evade the law which prohibited Saturday

and Monday markets. And the convenience of attending the market in the morning and returning home in time for the ordinary labour of the day had induced the country people to continue the custom, notwithstanding that frequent attempts had been made to alter it.—MARWICK, p. 78.

Lochgelly.—In the case of Henderson *v.* the Earl of Minto, 1st June, 1860, residents in the village of Lochgelly sought to have it declared that they were entitled to hold public markets on the muir of Lochgelly. They alleged that the May fair had fallen into desuetude, and that the September had been held, not by the grantee under the Act of 1705, but, along with other markets and from time immemorial, by the public, from whom no dues had ever been exacted. And they sought to have it declared that they were entitled to the use of the muir for the purpose of continuing to hold such markets in the future. The Court . . . held that the pursuers did not connect themselves in any way with the property, nor did they produce a grant of holding markets. [The suit therefore failed.]—MARWICK, p. 85.

Scoonie.—The *N.S.A.*, published in 1845, states that formerly there was one fair in spring for lintseed and one every month from May to October for white linen. Merchants attended from distant parts of the country, and linen cloth to a very considerable amount was annually brought here for sale. These had dwindled into petty markets for toys and sweetmeats, and often made occasion for dissipation and disturbance.—MARWICK, p. 108.

St. Andrews.—[Burgh established by charter of Bishop of St. Andrews, with license of David I. (1124-1153). Burgesses had equal rights with king's burgesses by charter of Malcolm IV. and freedom to buy wool and skins in Cupar, etc., by charter of David II., 1362.]

Act of Parliament ratifying a fair or market called the Seingie fair of St. Andrews, extending for fifteen days from and including the Monday after Pasche Monday, and held within the city and cloisters of the Abbey from time immemorial.

[Charters of Archbishop George of St. Andrews, 1611 and 1614, confirm erection of city into a "burgh of regality," and authorise two weekly markets and five annual fairs; give ninth day after Pentecost as date of Sengie Fair, to last fifteen days.]

[The *N.S.A.*, 1845, gives two weekly markets] and three annual fairs: (1) on the second Thursday in April O.S., (2) on 1st August O.S., and (3) on 30th November O.S. The first of the three was what Martine denominates "the renowned faire of St. Andrew's, called the Senzie Mercat, held and kept for fifteen dayes, and beginning the week after Easter, whereunto resorted merchants from most of the then trading kingdomes in Europe; trade in this kingdom being then in its infancie." At that period, according to tradition, from 200 to 300 vessels might have been seen in the bay and harbour of St. Andrews, conveying to it the produce of foreign countries. The fair was confined in 1845 to a single day, and the business transacted in it to very limited amount. The fair in August had of late been much frequented by the farm servants of the eastern districts of the county, many of them in the market-place forming engagements with new masters. The third fair was held on St. Andrew's Day O.S., and was usually but thinly attended.

[Modern fairs, 2nd Monday in April, 2nd Tuesday in August, and Monday after 10th November. The two latter are Hiring Fairs.]—MARWICK, pp. 105, 106.

The Thirlestane [is] a well-known landmark between Auchtermuchty and Abernethy. The stone was used for setting the scales on at the annual fair which was held there within living memory. The fair was instituted in Roman times, when the Roman generals met the local husbandmen and dealt with them for provisions for the garrison of occupation [*sic*].—*Fife News Almanac*, 1913. [The illustration depicts a huge flat stone with a hole in the centre, in the midst of a bare moorland.]

See further under *Agricultural Customs* (following).

4. Agricultural Customs.

Common Rights. Sixty years ago the interior of Fife was intersected by long belts of moorland, overrun with heath and broom, with here and there patches of verdure on which the cows and horses of the peasantry were allowed to browse. The general term for such seeming wastes was the Common, though the Common Law recognises four kinds of prescriptive right—namely, fishing, fuelling, turfing and pasturing. Every village had its Common annexed to it, and every feuar had his share in the use thereof. If the Common was of limited extent, it aspired to no higher appellation than that of *the Green*. . . . If the Common was more ample, and answered the purposes of grazing, turfing and fuelling, it got the name of the Muir, and hence the number of farmsteads and hamlets in Fife and Forfar that rejoice in the name of Muirton.—Blair, pp. 44, 45.

Customary Services, and Rents in Kind. *Anstruther Wester.*—Formerly the rent was all paid in victual, which the tenants were obliged to drive six Scots miles, at any time between Christmas and Candlemas; they were obliged to lead the proprietor's coals during the summer, besides a stated number of other carriages, such as stone, lime, and timber, if required; and they paid a certain number of hens and chickens, and they were allowed to sublet or let off part of their farms to inferior tenants. In many places the proprietor drew the teind on the field. No tenant, however favoured, was allowed to lead any part of his corn, till the whole was ready; and in some places they were obliged to make the barley into malt, and to pay their rent in the grain thus manufactured.—O.S.A. vol. iii. pp. 87, 88.

Hiring Customs. *Fife.*—The Foy, or farewell supper before Martinmas, was specially a ploughman's feast, as he often changed places at that time.—MACKAY, p. 196.

Farm servants were wont to complain that the only commandment ever taught them was:

> "Six days shalt thou labour and do all
> That you are able;
> On the Sabbath-day wash the horses' legs
> And tiddy up the stable."

But with such multiplicity of feeing markets and the holidays that not a few of them go in for, in addition to the Martinmas term, their "commandment" is growing out of date.—*F. H. & J.*, December 9th, 1903.

Carnock.—When servants took employment in a household in this part of the country, they were accustomed to stipulate that they should have liberty to attend *either* Torryburn Fair *or* Carnock Sacrament—each of these occasions presenting apparently an equal amount of attraction.

BEVERIDGE, p. 230.

Hiring Fairs or Feeing Markets. The principal centres where hiring fairs are held are Cupar and St. Andrews. . . . These meetings are feeing-markets and fairs combined, and are a general holiday amongst farmers and farm-servants, with the usual attendance of roundabouts, cheap jacks, band, and dancing on the greens, Aunt Sally, sweetie stalls and booths, etc.—*Letter from a Cupar Correspondent*, June, 1913.

Cupar. St. James's Market.[1]—This fair was held yesterday, when there was a large attendance of farm-servants, ploughmen, and farmers. A considerable number of ploughmen were engaged at wages similar to those paid in Martinmas Market last year. These were as follows:—Foremen from £28 to £30; second men from £26 to £28; and ordinary

[1] St. James's Day is the 25th July.

hands from £25 to £27.—*Leader* (newspaper), 3rd August, 1892.

St. Andrews Lammas Market.—St. Andrews annual hiring market was held yesterday and was well attended. Feeing was pretty brisk at much the same rates current at Cupar market last week. Foremen got from £30 to £32, with usual perquisites. Second and third hands £24 to £28, boys and young lads £10 to £18.—*Leader*, 10th August, 1892.

Cupar.—St. James's Market, first Tuesday in August; October Market, second Tuesday in October; Martinmas, 28th Nov.

St. Andrews.—Second Tuesday of August; Monday after second Tuesday in October; and 1st Monday after 10th Nov.

Dunfermline.—First Tuesday of October.—*Fife News Illustrated Almanac*, Cupar, 1913, p. 11.

Letham.—The day before the Fair the boys of the village interlinking their arms, and extending themselves across the road, sing the following in a boisterous manner, as they march up and down:

"Bubbly Jock, your wife's a witch,
She's gaun to be brunt the morn.
The cocks to craw, the hens to lay,
The drums to beat, the pipes to play,
The morn's the merry market day.
Hurra! hurra! hurra!

Communicated by MR. J. WALKER, native of Letham.

Harvesters' Hiring. *Ferry-Port-on-Craig* (*Tayport*).—It is customary for both tradesmen and spinsters to hire themselves to the neighbouring farmers, at fixed wages, for the whole harvest, without restriction to any number of days. At an average, the farmer will hire a tradesman, for the whole harvest at 23s. sterling and a woman at 17s. 6d. Both sexes have their victuals from the farmer, besides their wages. When a man is occasionally hired per day, he receives 1s.,

and a woman 10d., besides their maintenance.—O.S.A., vol. viii. p. 464.

An Old-fashioned Harvest. *Kennoway.*—It was a miserable day for those who had given up work at the loom for the harvest, as they were engaged for about three weeks. The band of shearers for Auchtermairnie consisted of eighteen persons, for which three men were employed as bandsters, that is, one man made sheaves for six persons, one of whom was a man, and the others were women. And in like manner, shearers were engaged for the surrounding farms.

Next morning at an early hour . . . the drum resounded through the streets. It turned out a fine harvest day. . . . The shearers with hooks in hand, and dressed in white short gowns and blue skirts wended their way upwards towards Auchtermairnie. . . .

On the Lalathan field the harvesters were at work, and James Swan in blue dress coat, with silver buttons, long black hat, yellow cashmere trousers and shoes (*sic*) . . . the punctual farmer was taking his watch from his fob, and the chain and seals were jingling as he looked at the time. He then waved the walking stick in his right hand, and the shearers knew that the eleven hours had come.

The boys and girls belonging to the workers were there as gleaners, and they were allowed to gather "singles" immediately behind and among the stooks. Each gleaner, when he had filled his left hand with stalks of corn, rolled it tightly round the neck with a few stalks, and parting the whole bunch, plaited it, and laid it on the top or side of a row of stooks. He then collected the "singles" when the harvesters returned from finishing the gang, so as to begin a new one.

It was a great treat for a boy to be asked by the farmer to go to the farmhouse to get the beer pitcher filled for the eleven hours, the dinner, or the four hours. On such occasions the farmer gave him a drink of shearers' beer out of the lid of the pitcher. The bread which was used was a mixture of oatmeal and flour, and was very sweet and nourish-

ing. The band of shearers sat down by the side of a stook, and in the forenoon got two tins of ale and the quarter of a scone. At one o'clock they got four tins of ale and one scone, and in the afternoon they got two tins of ale without any scone. The gleaners brought their bread with them, and perhaps milk. Sometimes their folks would give them a mouthful of beer when they were seated by their side. As all sat and ate and drank there was no end of gossip, joking, and news. . . .

The harvest was expected to last three weeks, and the wages were thirty shillings and supper meal. At the close of the day the "singles" were carried home on the backs of the fathers and the gleaners. They were stacked and at the end of the harvest converted into meal.

When any competition or rivalry between the shearers went on, the cutting was done in a furious manner, and was called "kemping." On these occasions the bandsters were sometimes left far behind the shearers. Sometimes a neighbouring farmer, or a casual visitor, would come into the field to have a crack with an acquaintance, and before he knew where he was, he was seized by two or three females and laid on his back. Then one of them held him down, and laid herself flat on the person, and another female tumbled over the two as they lay. This was called "kipping," and the man, after he was allowed to get up, was expected to give a small sum of money by way of providing some refreshment for a future day.

On some farms, after the barley was all cut the shearers were treated to beer or whisky, and this was called the "Beer Barrel." When the "maiden" came, a merry night was held at Auchtermairnie Farm, and singing and dancing went on till morning.—BROWNE, pp. 45-51.[1]

Heuk Ale in Harvest.—The first day was celebrated by drinking according to old custom "the heuk ale" at the nearest public house.—MACKAY, p. 196.

[1 *Anglice*, reapers. Note that in Fife women reaped and men bound the sheaves. In England, *vice versa*.]

New Hand in Harvest Field.—*Bejan.* When a new shearer comes to a harvest-field, he is initiated by being lifted by the arms and legs, and struck down on a stone on his buttocks. *Fife.*—This custom . . . is sometimes called *horsing.*—JAM. DIC. p. 82.

See also *Folk-Lore Journal*, vol. vii. pp. 52, 53.

Trespassing in Harvest Field.—A field that is cutting is sacred to the shearers, and whoso trespasses must pay the penalty of "bengie"—that is, he (or she, for that part of it) may be seized by heel and crop, and bumped upon the stubble until he, or she, is tender, unless there is a compounding with money for an exercise few have a mind to.

MELDRUM, p. 103.

Benjie. *Northern Fife.*—When a stranger entered the harvest field he was liable to be seized by the female workers by the hands and feet and bumped heavily on the ground until he gave them a present of money. This was called "givin' him Benjie."—[D. R.]

The Last Shearer of the Band.—

"Oh dear!
My back's sair, shearin' bear, And up I canna win,
And my bonnie love has left me i' the lang tail-win'."

RYMOUR CLUB, Part ii. p. 55.

Harvesters' Return.—

"Cassindilly draiglers, and Scott's hungry hounds,
Burnside beardies, and Craigha' clans."

These are familiar lines which the school-boys were in the habit of reciting when the bands of shearers were seen returning to the village in the evening.

REV. D. ANDERSON, *F. H. & J.*, Nov. 14, 1906.

The Maiden.—It was the last day of harvest, and the great question was, who was to get "the maiden," that is, the last handful of grain that was reaped. To determine

this, it is true, a well-known device was generally practised. Some of the young men conspired, before the end of the field was reached, to leave a shock of grain uncut and cover it up with a stook. Then when the close came, and every ear of corn apparently was reaped, the favoured lass was taken to the spot, the stook was cleared away revealing the unreaped shock, she cut it and thus secured "the maiden," and became "the Queen of the Harvest"; but this device required to be cleverly carried out in order to be successful. . . . . That evening, the shearers were entertained in the barn to a supper and a dance; and the farmer and his friends were expected to be present at a part of the entertainment.

PRYDE, pp. 182-185.

Stooky Sunday. *Auchterderran.*—The Sunday when the crops are all cut and standing in the stooks.—D. R.

5. FISHERMEN'S CUSTOMS.

Intermarriage and Exclusiveness.—The fishers of Fife are, at least by origin, a separate hereditary class. Like other hereditary classes, they are conservative of old dress, customs, and privileges, marrying chiefly members of their own class. A few surnames, such as Deas and Thomson, are so frequent that the custom was, and still is, to distinguish men by the names of their wives, and when this resource fails, of their boats or their by-names.—MACKAY, p. 223.

Buckhaven.—The following account is given of the original inhabitants by a former clergyman of the parish of Wemyss [in a letter dated 20th August, 1778]:

"As far as I have been able to learn, the original inhabitants of Buckhaven were from the Netherlands about the time of Philip the Second. Their vessel had been stranded on the shore. They proposed to settle and remain. The family

"REDDING THE LINES," ELIE.

To face p. 212.

of Wemyss gave them permission. They accordingly settled at Buckhaven. By degrees they acquired our language, and adopted our dress; and for these threescore years past, they have had the character of a sober and sensible, an industrious and honest set of people. The only singularity in their ancient customs that I remember to have heard of, was that of a richly ornamented girdle or belt, worn by their brides of good condition and character at their marriage, and then laid aside and given in like manner to the next bride that should be deemed worthy of such an honour. The village consists at present of about one hundred and forty families, sixty of which are fishers, the rest land-labourers, weavers, and other mechanics." In this village the fishermen generally marry when young, and all of them marry fishermen's daughters of the same village.

O.S.A., vol. xvi. p. 517.

We have remarked that the inhabitants are somewhat peculiar and exclusive in their habits and customs. Perhaps in nothing does this appear more than in their almost entire isolation—refusing to intermarry, and having little or no friendly intercourse with neighbouring districts. The clannishness of this Brabant colony is more than Scottish; for if a stranger should happen to come to the place, and take up his abode in it, he is regarded with rather a jealous eye, long spoken of as an incomer, and treated with a distance and reserve which require years of residence among them completely to rub out.

BALLINGALL, p. 29; GRAHAM, pp. 220, 221.

Common Profits. *North Queensferry.*—The inhabitants of North Queensferry have uniformly consisted, from time immemorial, of operative boatmen, without any intermixture of strangers, excepting that of late a blacksmith was brought thither by the innkeeper, who is also a boatman. They hold their houses in feu under the Marquis of Tweeddale, as successor of the Abbot of Dunfermline. The inhabitants of this

village have always held, from generation to generation, the passage or ferry as a sort of property or inheritance. On the evening of every Saturday the earnings of the week are collected into a mass. One fortieth part of the whole is deducted for the public, and called *ferry silver*; one-fourth is set apart for the proprietors of the passage; and the remainder is divided into shares, called *deals*, according to the number of persons entitled to a portion of it. One full deal is allotted to every man of mature age, who has laboured during that week as a boatman, whether he have acted as master or mariner, or in a great boat or a yawl. Next, the aged boatmen, who have become unfit for labour, receive half a deal, or half the sum allotted to an acting boatman. Boys employed in the boats receive shares proportioned to their age from 1s. 6d. up to a full deal or share. A small sum is also set apart for a schoolmaster, and for the widows of deceased boatmen. Nobody for ages became a boatman or sailor on this ferry unless by succession. That right was always understood by these people to be limited to the first generation. The children of those who had emigrated, and were born elsewhere, had no connection with this ferry; but, on the other hand, if the son of a boatman found himself unfortunate in the world, he was always entitled to return, to enter into one of the boats, and to take a share of the provision which formed the estate of the community in which he was born. That community has always consisted of nearly the same number of persons, about forty men act in the boats, and receive the full deal as sailors of mature age. The whole community, including these and the old men and boys, and the women of every age, amount to about 200 individuals. It is kept down to this number by emigration. . . . The community has accordingly existed for ages destitute of riches; but none of its members have been reduced to absolute poverty, or become a burden upon the public. . . .

The inhabitants of the village remained long attached to the religion of their forefathers. Hence, when Oliver Cromwell's army came into Scotland . . . they were astonished to

find a Roman Catholic chapel [founded by King Robert I.] the property of this community. . . . They furiously assailed this chapel, and left not one stone upon another. The inhabitants . . . converted the area . . . into a burying ground, and in this manner it is still used. They belong now to the parish of Inverkeithing, and in that church they have a gallery erected and supported at their own expense.—FORSYTH, vol. iv. pp. 131-133.

"**Counting the Sculls**" (*i.e.* **Sharing Gains**). *St. Monans.*—About the period when the charter was granted [1596], there were five or six creers that sailed regularly from this port to the Orkney isles, in prosecution of the winter herring-fishing. . . . The smaller boats remained at home, prosecuting the haddock fishing, and attending to the Lentrone great lines, in the capture of cod, to supply the place of flesh during the season of Lent. When any of the boats belonging to the latter class came in from the fishing, the whole quantity of fish was laid out upon the pier or beach, where they were divided as equally as possible into as many shares as there were men in the boat, and one more for the boat itself. Then in order to prevent any cause of murmur respecting the real or fancied inequality of the *shares* (or *deals*, according to current phraseology), one of the crew, by rotation, was hoodwinked with his bonnet, and when the skipper laid his hand upon any of the shares and cried "Wha taks this?" his random answer was a satisfactory decision. . . .

When money was to be divided, the crew were convened, and the skipper placed upon the table a large wooden caup or platter, containing the whole sum; it was then doled round in shares, in the same manner as were the fish; and when finished, if by any mishap all had not the same number of pieces, the whole was again thrown back in the caup for a fresh division. This process sometimes occupied a whole winter's night before all were satisfied. This method of division is still had recourse to in the absence of scientific light. The operation is called "counting the sculls," in

allusion to the name of the wicker baskets in which they carry their fishing lines.—JACK, pp. 73, 74.

Thank-Offerings. *St. Monans.*—The fishing industry is strongly represented in the quaint little town of St. Monance and the fishermen identify their calling with their religion in more ways than one. At stated seasons, they decorate their church with herrings in token of their gratitude of a herring harvest.—*F. H. & J.*, March 22, 1905.

Straw Compass. *Newport.*—

Theoph. But to the country of Fife, I fear you'l forget it.

Arn. No, no, doubt it not, nor would I have you startle the mariner, who, because destitute of a card to pilot us over by, is compell'd to make use of a compass of straw.

Theoph. A very ingenious invention; pray tell us the manner on't.

Arn. Don't push too hard upon me; and I'll tell you this new way of navigation. When cloudy mists arise that darken the face of the firmament, and threaten danger without any disturbance, you shall see the seamen stuff the stern with straw, as now they do with little trusses, which they successively expose one at a time; and so supply it time after time from the stern of the vessel, till at length they arrive at the desired shoar, as now we do. And thus have I past and repast from Dundee . . . to the fields in Fife.

HUME BROWN, p. 211.

6. MINERS' CUSTOMS, *see Appendix*, p. 385 *sqq.*

7. CONVIVIAL CUSTOMS.

Ale Drinking. *Newburgh.*—Long after the middle of the last century, . . . ale was the universal beverage in Scotland. . . . It would then have been as uncommon

to have asked for a glass of whisky in a public-house in Newburgh, as it would now be to ask for a glass of wine. . . .

Four hundred years ago town councillors in Newburgh were fined a gallon of ale for non-attendance. Two hundred and fifty years later, kirk sessions supplied ale for the Lychwakes of paupers. Even the burial of a pauper child could not take place without an allowance of this beverage. The following extract from Abdie Kirk-Session Records is an instance of this: "1721 December 3. To Robert Stewart for ale at the burial of a poor child, 01. 02. 00." Numerous other entries of a similar kind occur.—LAING, pp. 397-398.

Treating Customers. *Dunfermline.*—The drapers of Dunfermline used to keep in their back shops bottles filled with different kinds of liquor, in order to stimulate and refresh their customers, especially those coming from a distance, as almost every one travelled on foot in those days, there being then no railway trains and omnibuses running to and from the neighbouring towns and villages. This back-shop drinking led to great abuses; some thirsty customers would make purchases in different shops, and get themselves sometimes into a muddled and helpless condition.

STEWART, pp. 102, 103.

Treating Scholars. *Dunfermline.*—In many of the schools the vacation was usually given about harvest time, to accommodate those whose parents were engaged in harvest work, and also to enable the youngsters to go with the shearers to glean, or "gather singles." . . .

I have mentioned that on the vacation day we were all treated with a large handful of sweeties on retiring. This was usual at most of the schools then, but at one of the Dunfermline schools, at least, the scholars on the examination day were treated differently from this, they were regaled with a glass of whisky-toddy, as a sort of *doch-an-dorris*, or stirrup-cup, prior to the breaking-up! . . . A friend of the writer who attended this particular school informed him that

after the examination was over, and the school was about to break up, a large kettleful of water was put on the fire, and in front of this fire " a table was placed on which were set bottles of whisky, basins of sugar, and some biscuits. A large toddy bowl was then kept going, and served as the toddy brewery, until the scholars, to the number of about one hundred and fifty or so, had all got one and some of them even a second round ! I remember quite well of that being the first time I ever felt drink in my head, and when we got out to the fresh air a number of the scholars felt light-headed, or what might be called elevated !—STEWART, pp. 73, 74.

Foy. *Newburgh.*—A farewell supper in honour of a departing guest, at which each person present is expected to contribute a song, a story, a speech, or a sentiment, for the entertainment of the company. (*Communicated*, 1913. Cf. *ante*, p. 207, and *County Folklore*, vol. iii. p. 195.)

Social Evenings—Opening. *Largo.*—An umbrella was for many years known throughout Scotland as a *Nether Lairgie.* It is not certain that the implement was really invented by a native ; but we are quite prepared to believe it. It is undeniable that Selkirk [Robinson Crusoe] is always represented with one ; and the consensus of modern opinion in the district assuredly is that wide distribution of the umbrella throughout Western Europe was distinctly traceable to a Largo man. He must have been a pawky sort of fellow ; for it is recorded of him that he declined to lend it to a neighbour on a wet day on the ground that it would not be giving the instrument fairplay. All social evenings were invariably opened in this district until a comparatively recent date with the following glee :

> " The great Mogul, Bombello,
> A paunchy, little fellow,
> He squatted all day on an ottoman gay,
> Underneath a great umbrello."

Edinburgh Evening Dispatch, 16th Sept., 1893.

PART III.

TRADITIONAL NARRATIVES.

XV. FOLK-TALES.

The Black Cat.—In Fifeshire there lived a farmer who had a lazy son, unwilling to do anything but 'list as a common soldier. After having taken the bounty and squandered it away, his colonel, who was a very harsh man, ordered him abroad, where the governor of the place treated him very ill. Tom (for that was the soldier's name) deserted from the regiment, and fled to a distant part of the country, where he met with an old woman to whom he told his tale of woe. She advised him to go to the king, and lay his case before his majesty, who would redress all his wrongs. He having done as requested by the old woman, he was sent away to a castle at a little distance to sleep, where he again met with the old woman, who told him to speak to and tell his wants to a black cat, which would come in and follow his commands. About the middle of the night, as the soldier sat pensive and uneasy, the cat, as foretold by the old woman, came in, when he said, come away my bonny cat, I have long been waiting you. She said, who bade you speak? He told her. She said: There will two men come in; but never do anything they request of you, till one of a higher deportment arrive, and when I touch you, do as he bids you. In a little time in came three men, who said, rise and let us sit down; but he paid no attention to them. Another who came in said,

Follow me, then the black cat touched him, so he followed the stranger, who spoke to him thus: I was King of this castle, but was murdered by my steward who fled abroad, and is now your governor. Tell this to my son the king, who will bring him to punishment, and we will never trouble the castle any more. The three men you saw were my murderers, and they do all the mischief that lies in their power. They then vanished, and the man went and told the king, who gave him a letter to the commander-in-chief. He went as directed, and arrived safe at the place, who, when he was recognised by a fellow soldier, was much pitied, as he feared he would have to undergo some dreadful punishment for his desertion. An officer next met him who gave orders to place him in close confinement, and afterwards sentenced him to die; but having sent to the commander-in-chief the king's letter, was soon after set at liberty. The governor was then secured, sent to the king with a strong guard, who commanded him to be beheaded without judge or jury, and Tom made governor in his place. Tom having now power, reduced the officer to a private, and the private to be officer; sent for his father and lived happy.—MS. collection by Peter Buchan, published in *Trans. B.F.C.*, vol. ix. part ii. pp. 181, 182.

A "Fool" Story.—A young minister in Dunfermline, who had been presented with a small pig, found that the cost of its feeding was getting expensive for him as it grew bigger, and he resolved to send it out to Cairneyhill to a friend who had ample accommodation for it, and where board and lodging would be got free of expense for a while. The minister's man was directed to put it into a sack, and to carry it to Cairneyhill; and, as he was a sort of simpleton, he was enjoined to tell no one he met where he was going, nor what was his errand. So away he trudged with his precious burden on his back. Arriving at Crossford, he met three acquaintances standing at a door, who hailed him, and asked what he carried on his back. He informed them that he dared not tell his errand, but this he would say—it was

neither a cat nor a dog he had in the sack. His cronies said they would not inquire further, and did not want to know; but they kindly asked him into the public house to share a dram with them, as he would be tired with his journey and his burden. He tried to excuse himself by saying he could not well go in, for the minister would never entrust him "with a pig again"! However, the lads were so decent-looking and so kind, that he was persuaded to leave his sack at the door just for a single minute, and to go in for the "mouthful" which they kindly offered. In a twinkling, one of the three lads snatched the pig out of the sack, and put in its place a young dog. Free from guile or suspicion, the honest beadle after taking his dram, proceeded cheerily onwards with his burden, which he soon delivered up to the minister's friend, along with many compliments from his master. Great, however, was his astonishment to find, on opening the sack, that instead of the pig with its long white snout and cloven feet, a small black dog jumped out, and shook itself. The poor dumbfounded beadle, the picture of alarm, called loudly for help. He said the devil had been busy since he left the manse, and had transformed the creature from a pig to a pup dog! The minister's friend was also bewildered at the man's tale, and told him to carry back the cur to his master again, "It's no a dowg, sir; it's a pig, sir, as sure's death; but Satan has changed him from white to black!" He then very ruefully put the dog back into the bag, carefully tying it, and set out on his return journey. He soon drew up to the alehouse door, and there he espied the same three decent, quiet-looking lads very demurely standing where he had seen them before. He at once told them where he had been, and what a dreadful transformation had befallen the pig. They thoroughly entered into his feelings, seemed as much astonished as himself, and sympathised deeply with him in the strange disaster that had happened; begged him, as he had yet a long journey with his burden, to go in and take a rest for a minute or two. This he was tempted to do, and instantly the dog was taken out and the pig restored to its

old quarters in the sack. The unsuspecting beadle trudged along towards the manse, while many strange and gruesome thoughts passed through his muddled brain. He told the minister of the day's disaster, and that his Cairneyhill friend had at once ordered him to take back the dog immediately to his master. The young minister was much perplexed and greatly annoyed at what had happened, so in disgust he directed the man to untie the sack, and put the pig back into the sty again, "It's no a pig, sir; it's a black pup dog, as sure as death; I'll let you see for yourself!" On opening the sack the beadle screamed aloud with terror, and the minister was utterly confounded by the man's most extraordinary story.—STEWART, pp. 218-220.

Johnny Trotter.—"Johnny Trotter," still current among the peasantry of Fife, is identical with a tale popular among the peasantry of Norway, under the title of "Not a pin to choose between them,"[1] and it is known as "Jack Hannaford" in Devon.—LAING, p. 378.

[1] See Dasent's *Popular Tales from the Norse*, p. 178.

The following Nursery Tales related in R. Chambers's *Popular Rhymes of Scotland* are, or have been, current in Fife.

The Wal at the Warld's End (a "Toads and Diamonds" story).—CHAMBERS, pp. 105-107.

Jock and his Lulls (similar *motif*, but the characters are boys not girls).—CHAMBERS, pp. 103-105.

Rashie Coat (a "Cinderella" variant. Cf. M. R. Cox, *Cinderella*, pp. xxv, 102, 189—tabulation No. 263).
CHAMBERS, pp. 66-68.

Red Etin of Ireland (two young men set out on their travels with their mothers' curse are turned to stone by the Red Etin of Ireland, a three-headed giant; the third, with his mother's blessing, slays him and unspells them).
CHAMBERS, p. 89.

A version in a MS. collection of tales made by Peter Buchan makes the heroes natives of Auchtermuchty, and says that "as soon as the Red Etin came in, he said he smelled a living man,

> "And be he from Fife or be he from Tweed
> His heart that night should kitchen his bread."

Trans. Buchan Field Club, vol. ix. part ii, pp. 143-147.

XVI. BALLADS AND SONGS.

Ye Legend of ye Lady of Balweirie.

This ballad is taken from *Extracts from the Ancient Records of the Burgh of Dysart from* 1533 *to* 1763, made by Alexr. Gibson, Esqr., writer, Town Clerk of Kirkcaldy, and published in the *Fifeshire Advertiser* about forty years ago. . . . The ballad is appended to a note on a "Translation of the oldest Title Deed in Kirkcaldy," date 26th April, 1560, which comes immediately after Extract No. XI., A.D. 1584, anent "Curious old titles connected with Dysart." In this note Mr. Gibson says: "Besides the above we find many other transmissions of property. . . . Scott of Balwearie also dispones some lands opposite the kirk gate for services done and to be done. This had at one time probably belonged to the church. The following legend would appear to be connected with the sale of this or some other church lands. It is at least as worthy

of credit as many of the other legends connected with the Scotts of Balwearie."

What maks ye sae dull ye day; What maks ye sae drearie—
What maks ye sae dull ye day In ye Castel o' Balweirie?

I canna be but dull ye day, I canna be but drearie—
How can I be but dull ye day In ye Castel o' Balweirie?

When he[1] wha ne'er man's face did fear Turn'd Rome's kirk tap-sal-teerie
To other hands then passed her lands, And some passed to Balweirie!

Can I forget yat snawie nicht, While sittin' blythe an' cheerie,
Ye banisht monk o' ye Priest-Leys[2] Cam rappin' at Balweirie?

"My curse be now upon yis hous And on yat bairnie near ye—
Lane be ye bow'rs an' bare ye tow'rs O' ye Castel o' Balweirie.

"For sacrilege lyes heavie here; Ane, sin, quhilk ought to fear ye—
Ye kirk's been robbit o' her lands To add them to Balweirie.

"Wha spoils ye kirk sall spoilet be, Grim vengeance doon sall bear ye;
Ye name o' Scott sall be forgot In ye Castel o' Balweirie."

My blude grew cauld at his dread words: I claspit up my dearie;
"Fause monk, how daur ye curse my bairn In his Castel o' Balweirie?"

He turn'd him roun' wi' angrie froun; Wyld howled ye wind and eerie—
He tint his road yat weirie nicht And perished near Balweirie.

[1] John Knox. "There lies ane wha never feared the face o' man." The Regent Morton at Knox's burial.

[2] Now part of Balweirie, and on the left-hand side of the road leading from Balweirie House to Hole Mill. To this it may be added that a whitewashed cottage is pointed out as the Priest's house.

But oh his curse has been o'er trew, And nought on earth can cheer me,
For our bonnie bairnie dwined an' deed In ye Castel o' Balweirie.

I wouldna grudge ye loss o' wealth, For wealth could never steer me,
But oh I grudge my onlie bairn, Ye pride o' a' Balweirie.

Nae mair we'll pu' ye roses wyld Upon our banks sae brierie;
Nae mair I'll see my winsome chyld In ye Castel o' Balweirie.

Ye hunted hare finds whar to rest; Ye eagle kens his eyrie;
But there's nae rest for ye grief-opprest In ye Castel o' Balweirie.

O that I were where the wearie rest, Where the ee is never blearie;
There to sleep wi' ye chyld I weep At ye Castel o' Balweirie.

Then winter's winds may loudly rave As they did yat nicht sae drearie,
But I'll not heár in my lonely bier As they howl round lone Balweirie.

How can I be but dull ye day—How can I be but drearie?
I ance was glad, but now I'm sad In ye Castel o' Balweirie.

RYMOUR CLUB, part ii., pp. 41-43.

The Whigs of Fife.

(Tune—"The Whigs o' Fife.")

O wae to a' the Whigs o' Fife,
The brosy tykes, the lousy tykes,
O wae to a' the Whigs o' Fife
That e'er they cam frae hell!

There's gentle John, and Jock the slorp,
And skellied Jock, and bellied Jock,
And curly Jock, and burly Jock,
And lying Jock himsell.

* * * * *

But gin I saw his face again,
Thae hounds hae hunted ower the plain.
Then ilka ane should get his ain,
And ilka Whig the mell.

O for a bauk as lang as Crail,
And for a rape o' rapes the wale,
To hing the tykes up by the tail,
And hear the beggars yell!

O wae to a' the Whigs o' Fife
The brosy tykes, the lousy tykes,
O wae to a' the Whigs o' Fife,
That e'er they cam frae hell!

CHAMBERS (3), vol. i. p. 222.

My Auld Man.

(Tune—"Saw ye my Father?")

In the land of Fife there lived a wicked wife,
And in the town of Cupar then,
Who sorely did lament, and made her complaint,
Oh when will ye die, my auld man?

In cam her cousin Kate, when it was growing late,
She said, What's gude for an auld man?
O wheit-breid and wine, and a kinnen new slain;
That's gude for an auld man.

Cam ye in to jeer, or cam ye in to scorn,
And what for came ye in?
For bear-breid and water, I'm sure, is much better—
It's ower gude for an auld man.

Now the auld man's deid, and, without remeid,
  Into his cauld grave he's gane:
Lie still wi' my blessing! of thee I hae nae missing;
  I'll ne'er mourn for an auld man.

Within a little mair than three quarters of a year,
  She was married to a young man then,
Who drank at the wine, and tippled at the beer,
  And spent more gear than he wan.

O black grew her brows, and howe grew her een,
  And cauld grew her pat and her pan:
And now she sighs, and aye she says,
  I wish I had my silly auld man!

CHAMBERS (3), vol. ii. p. 553.

Crail Toun.

(Tune—"Sir John Malcolm.")

And was ye e'er in Crail Toun?
  Igo and ago;
And saw ye there Clerk Dishington?
  Sing irom, igon, ago.

His wig was like a doukit hen,
  Igo and ago;
The tail o't like a goose-pen,
  Sing irom, igon, ago.

And dinna ye ken Sir John Malcolm?
  Igo and ago;
Gin he's a wise man I mistak him,
  Sing irom, igon, ago.

And haud ye weel frae Sandie Don,
  Igo and ago;
He's ten times dafter nor Sir John,
  Sing irom, igon, ago.

To hear them o' their travels talk,
Igo and ago;
To gae to London's but a walk,
Sing irom, igon, ago.

To see the wonders o' the deep,
Igo and ago.
Wad gar a man baith wail and weep,
Sing irom, igon, ago.

To see the leviathan skip,
Igo and ago;
And wi' his tail ding ower a ship,
Sing irom, igon, ago.

CHAMBERS (3), vol. i. p. 306; ROGERS, vol. ii. p. 414.

Hey ca' through!

(Tune—"Hey ca' through.")

Up wi' the carles o' Dysart,
And the lads o' Buckhaven,
And the kimmers o' Largo,
And the lasses o' Leven.

Hey, ca' through, ca' through,
For we hae muckle ado:
Hey, ca' through, ca' through,
For we hae muckle ado.

We hae tales to tell,
And we hae sangs to sing;
We hae pennies to spend,
And we hae pints to bring.

Hey, ca' through, etc.

We'll live a' our days;
And them that comes behin',
Let them do the like,
And spend the gear they win.
Hey, ca' through, etc.

CHAMBERS (3), vol. ii. p. 592.

Fragment.

Dunfermline on a Friday nicht,
A lad and lass they took the flicht,
And through a back-yett, out o' sicht,
And into a Killogie![1]

CHAMBERS (3), vol. i. p. 62.

Fragment (Fisherman's Song).

Oh blithely shines the bonnie sun upon the Isle o' May,
And blithely rolls the morning tide into St. Andrews bay:
When haddocks leave the Firth of Forth, and mussels leave the shore,
When oysters climb up Berwick Law, we'll go to sea no more.
—No more—we'll go to sea no more.

KILROUNIE, p. 69.

Nursery Song. *The Wee Wifie.*

(Tune—"The Rock and the Wee Pickle Tow.")

There was a wee wifie row't up in a blanket
Nineteen times as hie as the moon;
And what did she there I canna declare,
For in her oxter she bure the sun.

"Wee wifie, wee wifie, wee wifie," quo' I,
"O what are ye doin' up there sae hie?"
"I'm blawin' the cauld cluds out o' the sky!"
"Weel dune, weel dune, wee wifie!" quo' I.

CHAMBERS, p. 34.

[1 *Killogie*, the draught-hole under the fireplace of a kiln.]

The Ram o' Doram.

I venture to send yet another version of "The Ram," taken down twenty years ago from the recitation of a gentleman, a native of Fifeshire, whose memory went back some fifty years, and who had been familiar from boyhood with the story of "The Ram," as one of the folk-tales of the country. There were one or two other verses which he did not remember.—A. HUTCHESON, Broughty-Ferry.

As I was walking to Doram
  Upon a moonshine day,
It's there I met with a ram, sir,
  Was walking along the way.

Chorus.

Hoch, hey, Doram,
  Doram-a-Dandie-lee,
He was one of the rarest rams sir,
  That ever mine eyes did see.

He had two feet to walk upon
  And eke two feet to stand.
And every foot that ram had
  Would have covered five acres o' land.

Chorus.

The horns that were in his head, sir,
  They reached up to the sky,
The ravens there did build their nests
  For I heard the young ones cry.

Chorus.

The mouth that was in his head, sir,
  Would have held a thousand men
And the tongue that hung therein, sir,
  Would have dinnered them, every one.

Chorus.

The wool that grew on his back, sir,
  Was sixty packs o' cloth,
And for to tell a lie, sir,
  I would be very loth.

Chorus.

The tail that hung behind, sir,
  Was forty fathoms and an ell,
And it was sold in Derby
  To ring the High Church bell.

Chorus.

Hoch, hey, Doram
  Doram-a-Dandie-lee,
He was the bravest ram, sir,
  That ever mine eyes did see.

W. S., 3rd April, 1897.

(Cf. *The Derby Ram*, in LLEWELLYN JEWITT'S *Ballads and Songs of Derbyshire.*)

OTHER NOTABLE BALLADS AND SONGS HAVING A REFERENCE TO FIFESHIRE, OR COLLECTED IN THE COUNTY.

Lammikin. *Balwearie Castle.*—FINDLAY, vol. ii. p. 45; CHILD, vol. ii. p. 336.

Leesome Brand. *Fife.*—BUCHAN, vol. i. p. 38; CHILD, vol. i. p. 182.

Maggie Lauder. *Anstruther.*—CHAMBERS (3), vol. i. p. 452.

Rose the Red and White Lily. *Anstruther.*—BUCHAN, vol. i. p. 67; CHILD, vol. ii. p. 420.

Sir Patrick Spens. *Dunfermline and Aberdour.*—BUCHAN, vol. i. p. 1; CHILD, vol. ii. p. 28.

The Bonnie Earl o' Murray. *Aberdour.*—FINDLAY, vol. i. p. 81 ; vol. ii. p. 11 ; CHILD, vol. iii. p. 448.

The Courteous Knight. *Dunfermline.*—BUCHAN, vol. i. p. 91 ; CHILD, vol. i. pp. 427-429.

The Gypsy Laddie (Fife Version). *Kirkcaldy.*—FINDLAY, vol. ii. p. 39 ; CHILD, vol. iv. pp. 73-74.

The Knight's Ghost. *Dunfermline.*—BUCHAN, vol. i. p. 227 ; CHILD, vol. iv. p. 437.

The Lady of Arngask. *Arngask.*—CHILD, vol. iv. p. 224.

The Laird o' Logie. *Logie.*—CHILD, vol. iii. p. 454.

The Landart Laird. *Fife.*—CHAMBERS (3), vol. ii. p. 602 ; CHILD, vol. v. p. 106.

The Tod and the Lamb, or, Follows the wowing of the King when he was at Dunfermling.—RAMSAY, vol. i. p. 200.

The Wee Cooper o' Fife.—CHILD, vol. v. p. 106.

The Wyf of Auchtermuchty (a version of **The Husband who would Mind the House**, *Dasent.*)—SMALL (2), pp. 337-342 ; RAMSAY, vol. i. pp. 137-143.

XVII. PERSONAL LEGENDS.

1. Saints.

Saint Columba's Miracles. The *Scotichronicon* contains long and elaborate details of several of them. When, in 1412, the Earl of Douglas thrice essayed to sail out to sea, and was thrice driven back by adverse gales, he at last made a pilgrimage to the holy isle of Aemonia [Inchcolm], presented an offering to Columba, and forthwith the Saint sped him with fair winds to Flanders and home again.[1] When towards the winter of 1421, a boat was sent on a Sunday (*die Dominica*) to bring off to the monastery from the mainland some house provisions and barrels of beer brewed at Bernhill (*in barellis cerevisiam apud Bernhill brasiatam*), and the crew, exhilarated with liquor (*alacres et potasi*), hoisted, on their return, a sail, and upset the barge. Sir Peter the Canon,—who, with five others, was thrown into the water,—fervently and unceasingly invoked the aid of Columba, and the saint appeared in person to him, and kept Sir Peter afloat for an hour and a half by the help of a truss of tow (*adminiculo eujusdam stupæ*), till the boat of Portevin picked up him and two others.[2] When, in 1385, the crew of an English vessel (*quidam filii Belial*) sacrilegiously robbed the island, and tried to burn the church, St. Columba, in answer to the earnest prayers of those who, on the neighbouring shore, saw the danger of the sacred edifice, suddenly shifted round the wind and quenched the flames, while the chief of the incendiaries was, within a few hours afterwards, struck with madness, and forty of his

[1] *Scotichronicon*, lib. xv. cap. 23. [2] *Ibid.* lib. xv. c. 38.

comrades drowned.[1] When, in 1335, an English fleet ravaged the shores of the Forth, and one of their largest ships was carrying off from Inchcolm an image of Columba and a store of ecclesiastical plunder, there sprung up such a furious tempest around the vessel immediately after she set sail, that she drifted helplessly and hopelessly towards the neighbouring island of Inchkeith, and was threatened with destruction on the rocks there till the crew implored pardon of Columba, vowed to him restitution of their spoils, and a suitable offering of gold and silver, and then they instantly and unexpectedly were lodged safe in port (*et statim in tranquillo portu insperate discebantur*).[2] When, in 1336, some English pirates robbed the church at Dollar—which had been some time previously repaired and richly decorated by an Abbot of Aemonia—and while they were, with their sacrilegious booty, sailing triumphantly, and with music on board, down the Forth, under a favouring and gentle west wind, in the twinkling of an eye (*non solum subito sed in ictu oculi*), and exactly opposite the abbey of Inchcolm, they sank to the bottom like a stone. Hence, adds the writer of this miracle in the *Scotichronicon*, . . . in consequence of these marked retaliating propensities of St. Columba, his vengeance against all who trespassed against him became proverbial in England; and instead of calling him, as his name seems to have been usually pronounced at the time, St. Cāllum or St. Colām he was commonly known among them as *St. Quhalme* (" et ideo, ut non reticeam quid de eo dicatur, apud eos vulgariter *Sanct Quhalme* nuncupatur ").[3]

SIMPSON, *Proc. Soc. Ant. Scot.* vol. ii. pp. 491, 492.

See Inchcolm, p. 263.

[1] *Scotichronicon*, lib. xv. c. 38.

[2] *Ibid.* lib. xiii. cap. 34. When, in 1355, the navy of King Edward came up the Forth, and " spulyeit " Whitekirk in East Lothian, still more summary vengeance was taken upon such sacrilege. For " trueth is (says Bellenden) ane Inglisman spulyeit all the ornamentis that was on the image of our Lady in the Quhite Kirk; and incontinent the crucifix fel doun on his head, and dang out his harnis." Bellenden, lib. xv. c. 14; vol. 2, p. 446.

[3] *Ibid.* lib. xiii. cap. 37.

Saint Fillan (if we may believe Camerarius, who tells us the story from the Chronicle of Paisley) was born in the shire of Fife, in the seventh century; his father Feriath was a nobleman, and his mother's name was Kentigerna. At his birth he appeared like a monster, having something in his mouth like a stone; upon which his father ordered him privately to be drowned, in an adjacent loch: but the boy being preserved by the administration of angels, a holy Bishop, called Ibarus, coming accidentally by, took up the child, and having baptized him, caused bring him up in all virtue and literature, in the monastery of Pittenweem, and at length, upon the death of the Abbot he was chosen in his place.—MACKENZIE, vol. i. p. 272.

"In this monastery that he might more easily labour in divine contemplation, he secretly constructed a cell not far from the cloister, in which, on a certain night, while the brethren of the monastery announced by a little servant that supper was ready, the servant kneeling and peeping through a chink in that cell to see what was taking place, saw the blessed Faelanus writing in the dark, with his left hand affording a clear light to his right hand. The servant, wondering at this occurrence, straightway returned to the brethren and told it."

"But blessed Faelanus having had this made known to him supernaturally, and being angry with the servant that had revealed his secret, by divine permission a certain crane, which was domesticated in the monastery, pecked out the eye of the servant and blinded him; but the blessed Faelanus, moved with compassion, and at the instance and supplication of the brotherhood straightway restored the eye of the servant.[1]—FORBES, pp. 342 and 345.

[1] The estimation in which S. Fillan was held in Scotland was greatly enhanced by the part he was supposed to have taken in the victory of Bannockburn. Boece gives the legend in Latin, and it is thus translated by Bellenden:

All the nicht afore the batall, K. Robert was right wery, havand gret solicitude for the weil of his army, and micht tak na rest, bot rolland all jeoperdeis and chance of fortoun in his mind; and sum

Saint Kentigern. *Culross.*—At the east end of the town, on the sea coast, the high road only intervening, are the remains of a chapel called St. Mungo's Chapel, of which the tradition is, that it was on or near the place where St. Mungo or Kentigern was born. He is said to have been the son of Eugenius III., King of the Scots, and of a daughter of Lothus, King of the Picts. His mother Thanetis finding herself with child, out of shame and apprehension of her father's wrath, stole privately away, and entering into a vessel that she found at the nearest coast, was, by the winds and waves, cast on land where the town of Culross is now situated, and there was delivered.—*O.S.A.* vol. x. p. 146.

The girl [Thanetis] aforesaid landed on the sand at a place called Culenros. In which place at that time S. Servanus dwelling, taught sacred literature to many boys. . . . . Shepherds . . . found the young woman with her childbirth completed, and the child wrapped in rags, and lying in the open air ; . . . and bringing them in as suitable way as they could, and presenting them to St. Servanus. . . . After certain days had passed he . . . anointed them with the sacred chrism, calling the mother Taneu and the child Kyntyern, which by interpretation is The Capital Lord. . . . When the age of intelligence, and the acceptable time for learning arrived, he handed him over to be trained in letters. . . .

The fellow pupils of S. Kentigern, seeing that he was loved beyond the rest by their master and spiritual father hated him. Hence in many ways they intrigued against . . . him.

, times he went to his devoit contemplatioun, makand his orisoun to God and Sanct Phillane, quhais arme, as he belevit, set in silver, wes closit in ane cais within his palyeon ; traisting the better fortoun to follow be the samin. In the mene time, the cais chakkit to suddanlie, but ony motion or werk of mortall creaturis. The preist astonist be this wounder went to the alter quhare the cais lay ; and quhen he fand the armè in the cais, he cryit, " Heir is ane gret mirakle " ; and incontinent he confessit, how he brocht the tume cais in the feild dredand that the rillik suld be tint in the feild, quhair sa gret jeoperdeis apperit. The King rejosing of this mirakill, past the remanent nicht in his prayaris with gud esperance of victorie.—BELLENDEN, vol. ii. p. 371.

Now a little bird, which, on account of the colour of his body is called redbreast . . . was accustomed to receive its daily food from the hand of the servant of God Servanus, and by such a custom being established it showed itself tame and domesticated unto him. . . . On a certain day, when the Saint [Servanus] entered his oratory . . . the boys . . . began to indulge in play with the aforesaid little bird, and while they handled it among them, and sought to snatch it from each other, it got destroyed in their hands, and its head was torn from the body. . . . Having taken counsel among themselves, they laid the blame on the boy Kentigern. . . .

When Kentigern, the most pure child, learnt this, taking the bird in his hands, and putting the head upon the body, he signed it with the sign of the cross . . . and straightway the bird revived, and not only with untrammelled flight rose in the air in safety, but also in its usual way it flew forth with joy to meet the holy old man as he returned from the Church. . . .

It was the rule of S. Servanus, that each of the boys whom he trained and instructed should, during the lapse of a week, carefully attend to arrange the lamps in the church, . . . by day and by night; and for this purpose, when the others had gone to sleep, should attend to the fire, lest any neglect from default of light should happen to the Divine service. It happened that S. Kentigern, in the order of his course, was appointed to this service, and, while he was doing it diligently and in order, his rivals . . . on a certain solemn night secretly extinguished all the fires within the habitations of the monastery and the places in its neighbourhood. Then, as if ignorant and innocent, they sought their beds, and when about cockcrow . . . S. Kentigern arose, as custom required that he should attend to the lights, he sought for fire everywhere round about and did not find it. At length having found out the wickedness of his rivals, he . . . armed his soul to endure perils from false brethren, and to bear the persecution of the froward. Then going back to the house he laid hold of and drew out a bough of a growing hazel

and . . . with . . . a pure hand he signed the bough with the sign of the cross and . . . breathed upon it. A wonderful and remarkable thing followed! Straightway fire coming forth from heaven, seizing the bough, as if the boy had exhaled flame for breath, sent forth fire, vomiting rays, and banished all the surrounding darkness, . . . And so he went . . . and kindled the lamps of the church, that the Divine office might be celebrated and finished in due season. . . . All were astonished, beholding this great vision, when that torch burnt without injury to itself. . . . In the end that torch was extinguished from heaven, when the lamps of the church had been lighted. . . . That hazel from which the little branch was taken, received a blessing from S. Kentigern, and afterwards began to grow into a wood. If from that grove of hazel, as the country folks say, even the greenest branch is taken, even at the present day, it catches fire like the driest material at the touch of fire, which in a manner laps it up, and influenced by a little breath by the merit of the saint, sheds abroad from itself a fiery haze. . . .

S. Servanus had a certain man deputed to the office of the kitchen, who was very necessary for him and for those who dwelt with him, in that he was well qualified and active in that duty, and carefully attended to this frequent ministry. It happened that, seized with a sharp illness, he lay upon his bed, and the disease increasing and running its course, he yielded up the vital spirit. Sorrow filled the heart of the aged man for his death, and all the crowd of disciples, and his family, lamented for him, because it was not easy to find another like him for such service. Fulfilling a natural duty, they consigned his native dust in the womb of the mother of all, and sustained no small loss on account of his decease. On the day after the burial, all the disciples and servants, both those friendly and those jealous, came to S. Servanus, earnestly beseeching him that he should by his prayer summon his Munku [St. Kentigern] and compel him by his virtue of obedience, so far as to endeavour to raise his cook from the dead. . . .

They persisted, in season and out of season, urging him by persuasive words, to test his sanctity by such a work as this; . . . The holy old man at first hesitating to presume to enjoin so unusual a work on the young man, at length . . . adjured him by the holy and terrible name of God, that, at least he should try. . . . The young man then fearing that adjuration . . . went to the tomb where the cook had been buried the day before, and caused the earth wherewith he was covered to be dug up and cast out. Falling down therefore alone on the ground, with his face plentifully bedewed with tears, he said, "O Lord Jesu Christ, Who art the life and the resurrection of Thine own who faithfully believe in Thee, Who killest and makest alive, Who bringest down to the grave and bringest up, to Whom life and death are servants, Who raised Lazarus when he had been four days dead, raise again this dead man, that Thy holy name may be blessed and glorified above all things for ever." An exceedingly astonishing thing followed!

While S. Kentigern poured forth copious prayers, the dead man lying in the dust straightway rose again from the tomb, and came forth, though bound in grave-clothes, from the sepulchral home. He verily arose from the dead as the other arose from prayer, and . . . by the command of Kentigern, he betook himself to his accustomed duty of cooking, all wondering at the miracle. . . . He in truth, who was raised from the dead declared in after times what he had seen of the punishment of the wicked and the joys of the righteous. . . . On being urged by many, he likewise unfolded the manner of his resuscitation. He asserted that he had been reft from things human with unspeakable pain, carried before the tribunal of the terrible Judge, and that he had seen very many on receiving their sentence plunged into hell, others destined to purgatorial places, some elevated to celestial joys above the heavens. And when, trembling, he was awaiting his own sentence, he heard that he was the man for whom Kentigern, beloved of the Lord, was praying, and he was ordered by a being streaming with light that he should be

restored to the body, and brought back to his former life and health; and he was sedulously warned by him who conducted him, that for the future he should lead a stricter life; and in truth the self-same cook . . . lived seven years longer, and then yielding to fate, he was buried in a noble sarcophagus; and there was also engraven on the lid of the tomb how he had been raised from the dead by S. Kentigern. . . .

When the sanctity of S. Kentigern shone forth, illustrated by such remarkable signs, and the sweet savour of his virtues shed forth far and wide an odour of life, his rivals drew in an odour of death from these life-giving scents. . . . The boy, prudent in the Lord, knew that the measure of their malice against himself was filled up. . . . Nor did he deem it safe to continue longer beside the crowd of venomous serpents, lest perchance he might suffer the loss of inward sweetness. . . .

He therefore retreated secretly from the place, having the Lord of truth as his guide and protector in every place. Journeying he arrived at the Frisicum Litus, where the river by name Mallena, overpassing its banks when the tide flows in, took away all hope of crossing. But the kind and mighty Lord, who divided the Red Sea into heaps, and led the people of Israel through the same dryshod; . . . now with the same mighty hand and stretched-out arm divided the river Mallena, that Kentigern, beloved of God and of man, might cross on dry ground. Then the tide flowing back in a wonderful way, and, if I may so say, being as it were afraid, the waters both of the sea and of the river stood as walls on his right hand and on his left. After that, crossing a little arm of the sea, near a bridge which by the inhabitants is called the Pons Servani, on looking back to the bank he saw that the waters which had stood as in a heap before, now flowed back and filled the channel of the Mallena; yea, were overflowing the bridge aforesaid and denying a passage to any one. . . .

Now the place by which S. Kentigern crossed became after that entirely impassable. For that bridge, always after that

covered by the waves of the sea, afforded to no one any longer means of transit. Even the Mallena altered the force of its current from the proper place, and from that day to this turned back the channel into the river Ledon, so that forthwith the rivers which till then had been separate from each other now became mingled and united [etc.].—FORBES (2), pp. 40-50 (translated from Joceline's *Life of St. Kentigern*).

See *Tides*, p. 18.

Saint Margaret's Stone. *Dunfermline.*—It is an old tradition that Margaret, while walking from the scene of her landing to Dunfermline, complained of fatigue, and on coming to the "huge Saxon stone" on the road, two and a half miles south-east of Malcolm III.'s residence, is said to have for a while rested herself on it, and that on her frequent "journeys toe and froe" she often used it as a rest. The neighbouring farm on the west takes its name from this traditional circumstance, and is called St. Margaret's Stone Farm. . . . This large stone, which long had the name of St. Margaret's is probably the last remnant of a Druid Circle or a Cromlech.—HENDERSON, pp. 7, 8.

Saint Margaret's Cave. *Dunfermline.*—This cave, named after Malcolm Canmore's queen, is situated at a short distance north from the Tower Hill, and from the mound crossing the ravine on which the town stands. . . . It consists of an open apartment in the solid rock, 6 feet 9 inches in height, 8 feet 6 inches in width, and 11 feet 9 inches in depth (*i.e.* from the mouth to the back) on the longest side, while on the shortest side it is only 8 feet 3 inches. . . . There were also one or two small recesses or niches on the sides of the rock at the entrance into the cave, such as are to be seen in the buildings of catholic times applied to religious purposes.

The tradition regarding this place is, that Queen Margaret . . . was wont frequently to retire to this secluded spot for secret devotion, and that her husband Malcolm, either not knowing or doubting her real object, on one occasion privately

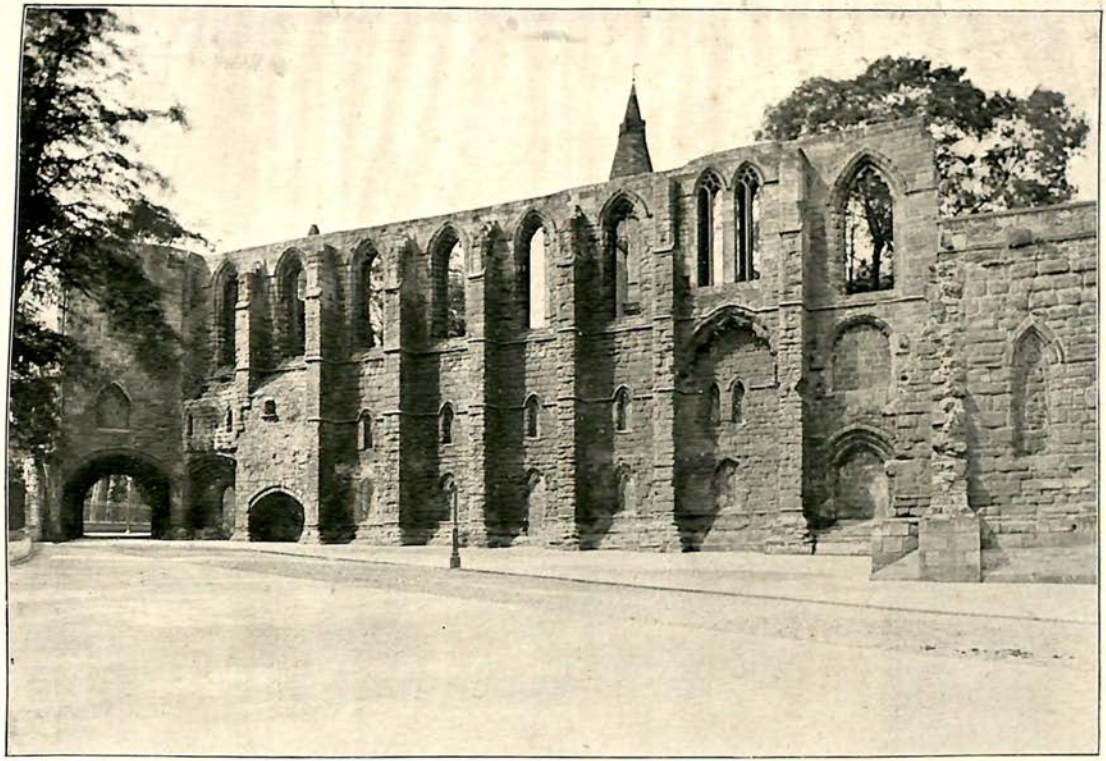
followed her, and, unobserved, looked into the cave to see how she was occupied, of course prepared according to the manners of the age, for the worst, if her object had been different. Perceiving her engaged in devotional exercise, he was quite overjoyed, and in testimony of his satisfaction, ordered the place to be suitably fitted up for her use. . . .

CHALMERS, vol. i. pp. 88, 89

Saint Margaret's Translation. *Dunfermline.*—King Alexander, in the secound yeir of his reigne, convenit all the prelatis and baronis of his realme; and tuke up the bonis of his grandame Sanct Margaret, and put thame in ane precious fertour of silver, the xxi day of July. And quhen hir blissit reliquies war brocht forthwart with maist veneration, thay baid still at the sepulture of Malcolme, hir husband, and wald na way be severit fra the samin. The pepill war astonist be this uncouth miracle, not knawing the caus thairof; quhil, at last, ane agit man, movit be the Haly Spreit, exhortit thame to heir him, and said, "Sanct Margaret hes hir husband in na les reverence, now quhen he is deid, than quhen he was on live; and thairfore, scho wil not pas to the place quhare ye devise hir blissit bonis to rest, quhil the bonis of hir husband be translatit with hir, on the samin maner." And quhen the samin was done, scho was brocht esaly to the samin place, quhare scho lyis to this day, in gret veneratioun of pepill; and baith buryit in ane place.

BELLENDEN, vol. ii. pp. 344-345.

Dunfermline.—An old tradition continues to inform us that "on the eve of the battle of Largs (2nd October, 1263), it was believed by the Scots that the Royal Tombs at Dunfermline gave up their dead, and that there passed through its northern porch to war against the might of Norway a lofty and blooming matron in royal attire, leading in her right hand a noble knight refulgent in arms and a crown on his head, and followed by three heroic warriors, like armed and like crowned; these were Margaret and her Consort Malcolm, and her three sons, the founders of the Mediæval



RUINS OF THE PALACE, DUNFERMLINE.

To face p. 242.

Church of Scotland.—HENDERSON, p. 94 (*Quarterly Review*, lxxx. p. 120; Stanley's *Church of Scotland*, p. 38).

Saint Rule.—Sanct Reule, the haly abbot, arrivit about this time in Albion, with Sanct Androwis arme. This Reule was ane monk of Grece, borne in Achaia, and abbot in the town of Patras, quhare mony religious men war obeisant under his cure. He was ane of thaim that was send be Constantius, Empriour, to vesy the blissit reliquies of Sanct Andro. And quhen the said Reule had done his devotioun with maist reverence, he was commandit, be ane hevinly visioun, to take the arme of Sanct Andro, with iii fingaris, and iii tayis of his fut; and to pas with the samin in the far nuke of the warld, namit Albion. Reule, monist be this visioun, come, with the said reliquies, throw the seis Mediterrane to Portingale; and with huge pine and trubil he come throw the Spanye, Franche, and Almane seis, and arrivit in the town quhilk is now callit Sanct Androwis: quhare thay war schipbrokin, and na thing savit except ane few nowmer of haly men, quhilkis come with the said reliquies. Thir tithingis divulgat in the cuntre, causit the King of Pichtis and his pepill to cum with riche offerandis out of all partis, to adore the reliquies of the haly appostill, Sanct Andro. The King of Pichtis with his pepil war ressavit be Sanct Reule and his fallowis, in thair religious habitis, with sangis and ympnis, and other divine cerimonyis, as afferit. Than Hergestus fell on kneis, and with maist reverence kist thir blissit reliquies, and gaif his palice riall, richely biggit efter the use of thay dayis, to Sanct Andro, Sanct Reule, and ofheris his fallowis; and biggit ane kirk, noct far fra the said palice, dedicat in the honour of Sanct Andro. Men sayis, it is the samin kirk that standis yit in the common kirk yard of the abbay, and was callit, in auld times, the kirk of Sanct Reule; bot it is now callit the auld kirk of Sanct Andro. Hergest dotat this kirk with cowpis, challicis, basingis, lawaris, and sindry othir riche jowellis of gold and silver, to remane thair perpetually in the honour of devine service.

The posterite of King Hergestus succeding efter him, and the Scottis, quhen the Pichtis was exilit of this realme, hes had Sanct Andro in maist reverence, as patroun of thair realme.

BELLENDEN, vol. i. pp. 231, 232.

See SKENE, vol. iv. pp. 67-72, for fuller details.

Saint Serf. *Culross.*—[S. Servanus] went from place to place until he came to the stream which is called the Forth. Now S. Edhennanus (Adamnan) was abbot in Scotland at that time, and he went to meet Servanus as far as the island of Keth (Inchkeith), and received him with great veneration because he had heard much good concerning him. When the space of one night was passed there, and after a time which it pleased them to enjoy in sweet conversation, S. Servanus said: "How shall I dispose of my household and companions?" S. Adamnan replied: "Let them dwell in the land of Fife and from the sea of the Britains as far as the mountain which is called Okhel." And so it was done. . . .

Afterwards S. Servanus, with only a hundred companions in his train, came to Kinel, and threw the branch which he held across the sea, and from it there grew an apple tree, which among the moderns is called Monglas. Then the Angel said to the blessed man: "That where that very beautiful tree has grown shall be the resting place of thy body." S. Servanus then came to the place which is called Culenros (Culross), desiring to dwell there, and cleared away all the thorns and thickets which abounded in the place. But the King of Scotia, namely, Brude, son of Dagart, who then held the kingdom of the Picts, was greatly enraged because without his permission he was dwelling there. Now the King sent his spearmen to slay S. Servanus with his whole household. Meanwhile a violent disease had attacked the King, so that he had well nigh given up the ghost. He therefore hastily sent to the Saint of the Lord. The sick King spoke to the Saint as he came, saying: "O Saint of God, for the sake of Christ in whom thou believest, restore me to health, and thou shalt have the place in which you dwell as

a perpetual gift." The Saint moved with the prayers and piety of the King, restored him to health. . . .

On a certain occasion S. Servanus was in the cave at Dysart, and a certain brother, a monk, who was with him and was sick, desired a drink of wine and could not get one. Then Blessed Servanus took water from the fountain which is there and blessed it and changed the water into wine, and the sick man was healed.

Moreover in that cave when S. Servanus was lying upon his couch after matins, the devil came to him, tempting him and disputing with him. And he said to him, "Art thou a wise cleric, Servanus?" "What wishest thou O most miserable of all creatures?" The devil said: "I wish to dispute with thee and to question thee a little." S. Servanus said: "Begin thou miserable wretch, begin." Satan asked him: "Where was God before He created the heavens and the earth, and before all the creatures were made?" Blessed Servanus said to him: "In himself: for He is not local, and is not held by no place neither is He divided, nor subject to the motions of time, but is whole everywhere." And the devil said: "Why did God create creatures?" The Saint said: "Because there cannot be a Creator without creatures." "Wherefore did he make them very good?" To this the Saint replied: "Because God did not wish to do evil, or lest He should seem envious by being unwilling that aught should be good except Himself." The devil said: "Where did God form Adam?" The Saint said: "In Hebron." Satan said: "Where was he afterwards cast out from Paradise?" The Saint said: "Where he was formed." Satan said: "How long was he in Paradise after he had sinned?" The Saint replied: "Only seven hours." Satan said: "Why did God permit Adam and Eve to sin in Paradise?" To this the Saint replied: "Because God foresaw what great thing would come thereof. For Christ had not been born according to the flesh, had not Adam and Eve sinned." Satan said: "Why could not Adam and Eve be set free of themselves?" Servanus to this replied: "Because they did not fall of

themselves, but through another, that is through the Devil persuading them. Therefore by another, that is Christ, born of their own stock they were set free." "Why did not God make a new man and send him to deliver the human race?" The Saint said: "Because he would not have pertained to us unless he had been of the race of Adam." "Why are you men delivered by the Passion of Christ, and not we demons?" "Because we have not the origin of our fall in ourselves, but from you demons. But as for you demons, because you are not of a fragile nature nor desire to repent and have contracted the origin of sin in yourselves, the Passion of Christ does not avail for you." The Devil therefore seeing that he could do nothing against the true Saint, and being vanquished in the interrogation, said: "Thou art wise, Servanus, and I can dispute no more with thee." Servanus responded: "Go, you wretched creature, go and quickly depart hence, and never more venture to appear in this place to any man." And that place in honour of the holy, holy, holy Servanus, has been sacred up to this present day.

Moreover, on a certain occasion blessed Servanus was at Tuligbotuan (Tillicoultry, Clackmannanshire), and an evil spirit entered into a certain miserable man so that he had such a desire to eat, that he could in no wise be satisfied. S. Servanus placed his thumb in his mouth, and the devil crying out terribly came out of him and left him. On another occasion Blessed Servanus was in the same place, and a certain poor little woman brought forth two dead sons there, and bore them to blessed Servanus, and with tears besought him to restore them to life for her. But the Saint prostrated himself on the ground, and entreated our Lord God to look upon this woman, and in love to restore to her her offspring alive. Accordingly, God hearkened unto the prayer of the holy man, and restored to the mother both her children alive. On another night the same Saint was at Alva, being entertained by a certain poor peasant who had no substance, except one pig, which he killed that night for the holy man, and when he rose on the morrow, he found it alive in his yard. At another time

there was a man in Aitheren who had a sheep which he loved and nourished in his house. But a thief coming stealthily stole it away from him. Now the ram was sought through the whole parish, and was not found, and lo! when the thief was brought into the presence of the blessed man and interrogated by the Saint whether he was guilty of the crime laid to his charge, he affirmed on oath that he was not. And beginning again to swear by the staff of the holy man, the wether bleated in his bowels. And the wretch confessed his sin, and asked and received pardon from S. Servanus.

At the time when the Saint was in the cell at Dunning, it was told him that a dragon great and terrible and very loathsome whose look no mortal could endure, had come into his city. The Saint went out to meet it, and taking his staff in his right hand, fought with the dragon in a certain valley and slew it. From that day that valley is called the Dragon's Den. After these things there came to Blessed Servanus from the Alps three blind men and three lame men and three deaf men, who had been told that if they came to Blessed Servanus in Scotland, they would be healed. . . . Blessed Servanus, therefore, hearing their faith, blessed a certain fountain, and made them wash in it three times. And they, coming out, thence were made sound through the merit of the holy man. And thus the most holy Servanus gave sight to the blind, the power of walking to the lame, and hearing to the deaf. . . . But the holy man, after many miracles, after divers works, . . . on the first day of the Kalends of July, gradually yielded up his spirit. After his death his disciples and well nigh all the people of the whole province conveyed his corpse to Culross. And there with psalms and hymns and chantings, they interred him honourably, where his merits and virtues of his merits flourish unto this day.—METCALFE, pp. 288-293 (translated from Pinkerton's *Life or Legend of St. Servanus*. Paisley, 1898).

See *Festival Customs, St. Serf's Day*, p. 153; also p. 201.

Saint Thenew. *Isle of May.*—Some of the medieval legends of the Roman Catholic Church refer to events in the East Neuk. One of them professes to account . . . for the excellence of the fisheries at the mouth of the Firth of Forth—St. Thenew, the mother of St. Mungo [or Kentigern], the great apostle of Strathclyde, having offended her father, was condemned by him to be placed in a little coracle and cast adrift on the ocean. Out of pity for her sad fate, the fish which then abounded in Aberlady Bay, the place from which she took her departure, followed her down the Frith until they reached the neighbourhood of the Island of May, when a friendly breeze having sprung up, which wafted St. Thenew to the shores of Fife, the fishes took leave of her and settled in the neighbourhood of that island, where they have ever since remained.—CONOLLY, p. 203.

See *St. Kentigern*, p. 236.

2. THE STUART KINGS.

James IV. *Kettle.*—The lands of Clatto, which constitute the east end of the parish of Kettle, and through which lay the old road from Cupar to Kinghorn, belonged to the family of Seatons, who are celebrated in tradition for the most cruel robberies and murders. The grounds about Clatto Den are still desert. In the face of the brae, which forms one side of the den, is a cave, that is said to communicate with the old castle or tower of Clatto, a furlong distant, the remains of which are still visible. The same cave is said to have had another opening to the road, at which the assailant rushed out on the heedless passengers, and dragged them into the cavern, whence there was no return. All appearance of a cave is now obliterated by the breaking down of the banks. A similar cavern was found, not many years ago, at Craighall in Ceres parish. Of these Seatons many stories, replete with the superstitions of preceding ages, are still current among

the country people. One may suffice. One of the Scottish kings, said to be James IV., passing that way alone, as was common in those days, was attacked by a son of Seaton's. The King having a hanger concealed under his garment, drew it, and with a blow cut off the right hand that seized his horse's bridle. This hand he took up, and rode off. Next day, attended by a proper retinue, he visited the Castle of Clatto, wishing to see Seaton and his sons, who were noted as hardy enterprising men, fitted to shine in a more public station. The old man conducted his family into the King's presence. One son alone was absent. It was said that he had been hurt by an accident, and was confined to bed. The King insisted on seeing him, and desired to feel his pulse. The young man held out his left hand. The King would feel the other also. After many ineffectual excuses, he was obliged to confess that he had lost his right hand. The King told him that he had a hand in his pocket, which was at his service if it would fit him. Upon this they were all seized and executed.—O.S.A., vol. i. pp. 381, 382.

Wemyss.—King James IV., in a frolick once joined a company of gypsies, who were here [in the Court Cave] making merry, and when the liquor began to operate, the gypsies, as usual with people of their character, began to quarrel among themselves; upon this his Majesty attempted to mediate between the parties, but they, ignorant of the rank of their new associate, were about to handle him pretty roughly for his goodness, which obliged the King to discover himself; in allusion to this affair, the cave was afterwards ironically called the Court Cave.—O.S.A., vol. xvi. p. 532.

King James V. *Ballomill.*—King James V., otherwise known by the name of the Gudeman of Ballengeigh, . . . many strange and ludicrous adventures of his are handed down by tradition, . . . [and are] said to have taken place in the neighbourhood when he resided at Falkland. . . .—In one of these disguised excursions, in which he often delighted, he is said to have gone into the

miller's house in a place called Ballomill, on the north bank of the Eden . . . one evening in the twilight. He asked for quarters as a travelling man. . . . It appears that the evening passed away very agreeably, and that the miller was much pleased with the conversation of his lodger; for . . . the miller desired his wife to bring "the hen that sat next the cock," and make her ready for supper. . . . When they came to sit down to supper, the miller was for the stranger taking the head of the table. This the King affected to be shy about doing, as being a stranger, which made the miller add, "Sit up, for I will have strangers honoured." The King was accordingly obliged to comply with the request. . . . He got the miller next morning to convey him as far as the place where his courtiers were appointed to meet him. When the miller saw this, he was not a little astonished and embarrassed at being in the presence of his Majesty, whom he had entertained as his guest; but, as the King had partaken of his hospitality, he would have the miller to accompany him to Falkland to his palace, and also partake of his hospitality in return. This the miller was obliged to comply with; and, when about to sit down to dinner, the King was also for the miller taking the head of his table, which he declined. . . . This made his Majesty pay him back in his own words, only adding a slap on the side of his head: "Sit up," says he, "for I will have strangers honoured." It is reported that the miller staid eight or ten days about the palace; and, being a strong athletic man, he beat all the courtiers at the putting of the stone, or tossing the bar, or any of these athletic exercises; but it was observed with surprise that, notwithstanding the fine feeding at the King's table, above what he was accustomed to, he gradually fell off; and the longer he staid, he turned still the weaker, which made his Majesty ask him what he usually fed on. He replied that it was "on broken water and slain meal," [1] . . . When he was about to leave the palace, and return home, the King asked at him whether he would choose the

[1 Broken water—water that has fallen on the mill wheel.]

aught part, or the twa part, of the lands of Ballomill. The miller, it seems, had not been a very good accountant; and, as the aught part seemed to sound best, and count highest, he chose it. Accordingly, he got his choice, the eighth part instead of the half; and the land was made over to him in a Crown charter, with liberty to hunt all the way to the gate of Melville House, about three miles to the north-west; and he and his heirs enjoyed these till within about 35 years ago, when they were sold . . . but it is universally allowed that the miller and his heirs had acquired them from the King for giving him a night's lodging.—SMALL, pp. 277-280; N.S.A., vol. ix. pp. 29,30, *note*.

Markinch.—The King . . . fell in with a priest or minister of Markinch, a parish contiguous to that of Falkland, on the south-east. . . . As he seemed to be rather a dull scholar, he [the King] left two or three questions for his consideration, till next morning, which was then appointed, time and place; at the same time intimating to him, that, if he did not answer them satisfactorily to his mind, he was to be put out of his office, and lose his benefice. The questions were: Ques. 1st, Where is the middle of the earth? Ques. 2d, How long will I take in going round the world? Ques. 3d, How much am I worth? and Ques. 4th, What is my (the King's) thought? All hard enough questions seemingly for the poor priest, who did not know how to answer one of them. A little to the south of Markinch, there is a mill on the water of Leven, a little below the Plasterer's Inn, called the Middle Mill, whose miller is said to have been a witty, ingenious, sort of man, and was also said to be very like the minister of Markinch in person. He, hearing of his great perplexity about answering his questions, went to him, and said, that if he would give him a suit of his best cloaths, he would endeavour to meet the King, and try to answer his questions for him. This was a great relief for the poor priest, who cheerfully agreed to the proposal; at same time it was agreed betwixt them, that, if the miller answered the questions to the satisfaction of his Majesty, he should also

intercede for the priest, or minister, being continued in his living. Accordingly, when the time appointed arrived, the miller was sure to be on the spot waiting for his Majesty, to try and answer the foresaid questions in their order. Ques. 1st, "Where is the middle of the earth?" The miller put out his staff before him, and said, "It is just there"; adding, "if your Majesty will measure all around, you will find it to be just where the point of my stick is." The King thought he would rather take his word for it than be to the trouble of measuring all around. However, he thought the answer pretty ingenious, and it accordingly passed. Ques. 2d, "How long will I take in going round the world?" Ans. "If you will rise with the Sun and go round with him all day, you will exactly take twenty-four hours." He was as well pleased with that answer, and thought it equally ingenious. Ques. 3d, "How much am I worth?" Ans. "I think you should just be worth about 29 pieces of silver. Our Saviour was only valued at 30; and I think you should certainly be valued a penny less than he was valued at." He was equally well pleased with this answer. "Now, since you have done so well, can you tell me what my thought is?" Ans. "You are thinking that I am the minister of Markinch, but I am only the miller of the Middle Mill!" "Well," says the King, "you shall have his berth, and he shall be turned out." "No, if it please your Majesty," replied the miller, "we have made an agreement already as to that; and I was to intercede for him to your Majesty, that he should be continued in his berth." I believe he was retained in it at the miller's intercession.

SMALL, pp. 289-291; CUNNINGHAM (2), p. 126.[1]

Lathrisk.—The King met with a shepherd mending his shoes at the side of Rossie loch, about one and a half mile north of Falkland, and on the north bank of the Eden. He entered into conversation with the shepherd; and, among other things, asked him, "Wha staid in that muckle house there?" pointing to the palace. The shepherd says, "It

[1 Cf. the Ballad of *King John and the Abbot* in Percy's *Reliques*.]

is some man they ca' the King; but we just ca' him Jamie the Gudeman." "Aye," says the King, "what sort of man is he, that gude man?" "I dinna ken muckle about him," says the shepherd, "but they say he maks a great deal o' dirty knights." "Aye, does he mak a deal of dirty knights?" "So they say." Meantime the sheep went astray, and the shepherd was obliged to go and turn them, leaving his shoe and awl behind him; but, in his absence, the King takes up the awl, and puts it into his pocket. When the shepherd returned, he found his shoe, but the awl could not be found. He looks about, and searches still for it, saying, "I wonder what can be cum of my elsine [awl]; I'm shure I left it here?" "That's as muckle as sayin', sir, that I steal't it." "I'm no sayin' you steal't it; but I'm shure I left it here; and if a' body had lettin't a be, it wud hae been here still." "That's still sayin' as muckle as I had steal't it." "I'm no sayin' you steal't it; but I'm shure I left it here; and it wudna ga'en awa' its lane," "That's still sayin' the same, sir, as I had steal't it." In the meantime, the nobles made their appearance; and when the poor shepherd saw them surround the King, and pay such attention to him, he was all out, when he perceived that it was the *Gudeman himsel'* that he had been using such freedom with, and half impeaching with stealing his awl. But in order to make atonement, the King makes him strip himself naked, and wade into the loch, till he was up to the neck in mire and moss, with which it abounded before it was drained; and, when he came out . . . he dubs him, adding, "Mony a dirty knight I've made; but such a dirty knight as you I never made," and gave him the lands of Lathrisk to live on. . . .

One of these dirty knights, to whom the shepherd might have an allusion, before he himself was added to their number —literally the most dirty one of the whole. This was a tinker that the King happened to meet with accidentally at an alehouse. . . . There was a song made upon the singular adventure, evidently of a considerably more modern date than the circumstance that gave birth to it. . . . I only happened

to hear it sung near thirty years ago, and I put it down in writing. . . . The song is here inserted *verbatim* :

"And now to be brief, let us pass o'er the rest,
Which seldom or never was given for a jest ;
And come to King James the fifth on the throne
A pleasanter man, sure there never was none.

"As he was a hunting his fair fallow deer,
And of all his nobles he freely gat cleer,
In search of new pleasures away he did ride
Till he came to an ale-house, just by a road side.

"And there with a tinker he happened to meet ;
And in this kind manner did lovingly greet ;
What's that honest fellow you've got in your jug,
Which under your arm you so lovingly hug ?

"In troth, said the tinker, its nappy brown ale,
And for to drink to you, deed I winna fail ;
For tho' that thy jacket sir's more glorious and fine
I hope that my two-pence is as good as thine.

"By my saul, said the king, let the truth it be spoke,
And straight with the tinker sat down for to joke.
He called for a pitcher, the tinker another,
And at it they went on like brother and brother.

"And as they were a-drinking, the king he did say,
What news dost thou bear, honest tinker, I pray ?
There's nothing of news, sir, of which I do hear,
But the king goes a hunting his fair fallow deer.

"And truly I wish I so happy might be,
That while he's a hunting the king I might see ;
For tho' that I've travell'd the land many a ways,
I never yet saw the king in all my whole days.

"The king in a hearty brisk laughter replied,
I'll tell thee honest fellow if that thou canst ride,
I'll take thee on behind me, and thee I will bring
Into the royal presence of James our king.

"Perhaps, said the tinker, his Lords will be drest
So fine, that I cannot know the king from the rest.
Indeed that is true, sir ; but when we come near,
The king will be covered ; his nobles all bare.

"Its up got the tinker, and hoisted the black
Budget of leather, and tools on his back.
It's when they came near the merry green wood,
His nobles came round them, and bareheaded stood.

"The tinker then seeing so many a gallant peer,
Immediately whispered the king in his ear:
Now, seeing they're all clothed so gallant and gay,
Then which is the king, now come tell me I pray?

"The king to the tinker did make this reply,—
Be m' saul, man, it must be either you, or I;
For they're all bare-headed, and stand all around.
With that, with his budget, he's fallen to the ground,

"Like one that's distracted and out of his wits;
And upon his knees he immediately gets,
Beseeching his mercy:—The king to him said,
Thou art a good fellow, so be not afraid.

"Now, what is thy name? It is John of the Vale,
A mender of kettles, a lover of ale.
Arise up, Sir John, and I'll honour you here
I'll make thee a knight of three hundred a-year.

"Now, that was a good thing for the tinker indeed;
And straight to the Court he was sent then with speed,
Where store of great pleasures and dancing were seen—
Into the royal presence of our king and queen."

SMALL, pp. 281-285.

Markinch.—King James V., in one of his pedestrian tours, is said to have called at Markinch, and going into the only changehouse, desired to be furnished with some refreshment. The guidwife informed him that her only room was then engaged by the minister and schoolmaster, but that she believed they would have no objection to admit him into their company. He entered, was made very welcome, and began to drink with them. After a tough debauch of several hours, during which the King succeeded in completely ingratiating himself with the two parochial dignitaries, the reckoning came to be paid, and James pulled out money to contribute his share. The schoolmaster on this proposed to the clergyman that

they should pay the whole, as the other had only recently acceded to the company, and was, moreover, entitled to their hospitality as a stranger. "Na, na," quoth the minister, "I see nae reason in that. This birkie maun just pay higglety-pigglety wi oursels. That's aye the law in Markinch. Higglety-pigglety's the word." The schoolmaster attempted to repel this selfish and unjust reasoning, but the minister remained obdurate. King James at last exclaimed in a fit of temper, "Weel, weel, higglety-pigglety be't!" And he immediately made such arrangements as insured an equality of stipend to his two drinking companions, thus at once testifying his disgust at the meanness of the superior, and his admiration of the generosity of the inferior functionary. Dr. Chambers adds that "to this day the salaries of the minister and schoolmaster of Markinch are nearly equal; a thing as singular as it may be surprising."—CUNNINGHAM, pp. 125, 126, quoting from Dr. Chambers' *Picture of Scotland.*

James VI. *Dunfermline.*—A traditional story, true to the character at least of King James presents a . . . view of the infancy of King Charles. One night his nurse broke James's slumber with the tale—"There was like an auld man coming into the room, who threw his cloak owre the prince's cradle, and syne drew it till him again as if he had ta'en cradle, bairn, and a' away wi' him, I feared it was the thing that's no' canny,"—to which the King exclaimed, "Fiend! would he had ta'en the girnin' brat clean awa. Gin he air be king there'll be na gude a' his ring [reign]; the deil has cuissin [cast] his cloak ower him already." The last words became, perhaps still are, a by-word in the town for an unlucky child.—MACKAY, p. 110; CHAMBERS' *Picture of Scotland*, 2nd ed. vol. ii. p. 164; HENDERSON, pp. 252, 253.

The Coin Bawbee.—Babie, a copper coin. A curious traditional fancy, in regard to the origin of this term, is still current in Fife. "When one of the infant kings of Scotland," it is said, "of great expectation, was shewn to the public,

for the preservation of order the price of admission was in proportion to the rank of the visitant. The eyes of the superior classes being feasted, their retainers and the mobility were admitted at the rate of sixpennies [Scots] each. Hence," it is added, "this piece of money being the price of seeing the royal *Babie*, it received the name of Babie, lengthened in pronunciation into *Baw-bee*."—JAM. DIC. SUP.; CHEVIOT, p. 1.

3. MACDUFF, THANE OF FIFE.

Markinch.—On the eastern extremity of the parish, . . . there is a hill or eminence. . . . On the north end of this hill. there is a spot of ground which rises higher than the rest, and is called the Maiden Castle, fenced on the south side by ditches, the vestiges of which remain to this day.

Note.—Boethius calls it "*Arx septinalis totidem fossis munita, olim possessio Fifi Duffi, cujus posteritas, per multa secula, eam tenuere.*" Some pretend it was a seat of M'Duff, Earl of Fife, and that there was anciently a subterraneous passage from it to Brunton, which lies about a quarter of a mile to the east of Markinch Church, and where Malcolm, Earl of Fife, had a castle. It is said that the entrance to this passage at Brunton was shut up so lately as in the time of the late John Simpson of Brunton.—O.S.A., vol. xii. p. 552.

Culross.—Castlehill, antiently called *Dunnemarle Castle*, that is, in the Gaelic language, *the Castle by or near the sea*, forms a fort or stronghold of the Macduffs, Thanes of Fife, said to be their utmost boundary to the westward. According to tradition, it was here that the cruel murder of Lady Macduff and her children, by order of Macbeth, forming an affecting incident in Shakespeare's tragedy of that name, was perpetrated. The castle is in ruins, but a finer situation for a house can hardly be imagined.—O.S.A., vol. x. p. 137.

Kilconquhar House.—By the credulous this mansion is supposed to have been the scene of the murder of Lady

Macduff by the ferocious and tyrannical Macbeth, and aspect of verity is thought to be conveyed by pointing out stains of the good lady's blood.

POLLOCK, p. 147. (Cf. *Culross*, above.)

Tayport or Ferry-Port-on-Craig as the name was wont to be, is the oldest ferry in Scotland. According to tradition, when Macduff was flying from Macbeth, he came to the ferry here, and having set off in such haste upon warning of danger, he happened to have no money to pay the ferryman, but had to purchase a crossing with a loaf of bread which he had snatched up ere he left Macbeth's castle. After the downfall of the usurper, the place was called the "Ferry of the Loaf."—KILROUNIE, pp. 84, 85.

See *Sanctuary, Macduff's Cross*, p. 190; *Lucky Days, Earlsferry*, p. 124; *Fugitive's Privilege, Earlsferry*, p. 194; and *The Sillar Lake, Abdie*, p. 259.

XVIII. PLACE LEGENDS AND TRADITIONS.

Captive in Fairyland.—*Aberdour.*—A legend used to be told at many a fireside in Fife, of the supernatural way in which an Abbot of our old Monastery restored one of Sir Allan Mortimer's daughters, who had the misfortune to be carried off to the land of the Fairies. This legend has been wedded to verse by David Vedder. [The poem, in nineteen eight-line stanzas, may be omitted. The "supernatural" method employed seems merely to have been the exhibition of holy water and relics.]—Ross, pp. 72-76.

The Sillar Lake. *Abdie.*—Near the village of Lindores, are pointed out the supposed remains of a castle, said to have belonged to the celebrated M'Duff, Thane of Fife. Tradition adds, that in the view of its being demolished, much of the plate and wealth of it were cast into an adjoining lake, still known by the name of the Sillar Lake.

O.S.A., vol. xiv. p. 120.

Origin of the People and Name. *Buckhaven.*—Amongst several ancient records, this Bucky is not mentioned; there was a set called Buccaniers, who were pirates, that is to say sea-robbers, and after a strict search for that set of sea-robbers, they dispersed; what of them escaped justice in the southern climate, are said to have sheltered at or near Berwick upon Tweed. After a smart battle, among themselves, they divided, and 'tis said, the party who gained this Bucky-battle, fearing for the English law to take place, set northward and took up their residence at this Buck-haven, so called not only from the great quantity of Buckies [peri-

winkles] that are found in and about that place, but on account of the battle they had with their neighbours at Berwick when they divided; which was then called bucking one another but is now named boxing or fighting.[1]

GRAHAM, vol. ii. p. 219.

[See also, *ante*, p. 212, and *Crail*, p. 261.

[1] The inhabitants of Buckhaven have always been acknowledged to be a peculiar people. An account of their origin is to the effect that they are the descendants of the crew of a ship from the Netherlands, which stranded on the coast of Fifeshire in reign of James IV.

Conscience Bridge. *Carnock.*—At the west end of the village, where a stream separates the parish of Carnock from that of Torryburn there is a bridge which has borne from time immemorial the epithet of "Conscience Bridge" from a murderer having, as is alleged, been here overcome with the pangs of remorse and induced to confess his crime. It also bears the reputation of a "wishing" bridge.

BEVERIDGE, p. 142.

Anthony Speedyfoot (or **Lightfoot,** RORIE, ii.). *Carden Den*—Tradition says that a queer character of the name of Anthony Rodney or Speedyfoot lived a recluse life in a cave here "in the days o' langsyne." He was so swift of foot that he could run down a hare in the open plain. . . . He was wont to place his kail-pot on the fire and return from Kirkcaldy with the ingredients for his dinner before the pot had boiled.—BLAIR, p. 42.

Treasure Legend. *Carden Den.*—In this den, according to old story, is buried a pot of gold—not a little pot but a good substantial "goblet." It can only be found at full moon by two brothers, one of whom shall then fall by the hand of the other. It is said that this is a prophecy of Thomas the Rhymer.—RORIE, ii. Cf. BLAIR, p. 42.

Burial-Place. *Carden Den.*—On the summit of a ridge in another part of Auchterderran parish is an old graveyard. During some quarrying operations it was accidentally broken

in upon, but the quarrying was immediately stopped and the damage made good. Here, according to local tradition, repose the bones of an old laird and his son. [They are those of old and young Carden—the two last of the race.—BLAIR, p. 44.] From the ridge on a clear day a fine view is got of the Firth of Forth, the Bass, and North Berwick Law; and the story is that the old man desired to be buried here so that he could "turn roond on his elbow and hae a look at the ships gaun up the Forth."—RORIE, ii.

Maiden Castle. *Collessie.*—Not far from the village of Collessie, to the west, there are the remains of two castles, or fortifications. . . . The other fortification is called the *Maiden Castle.* The tradition concerning it, is, that during the time of siege, the governor died, and his daughter, concealing his death, gave the necessary orders in his name, and thus made the castle hold out, until the enemy raised the siege. In the middle of this ruin, there are two stones fixed in the ground (covering, it is supposed, human bones), but of no very remarkable size.—O.S.A., vol. ii. p. 418.

See *Markinch, Maiden Castle*, p. 257.

Origin of the People. *Crail.*—A tradition lingers in the East Neuk, . . . that Spanish blood may be traced in the dark complexion of some of the modern inhabitants, derived from the shipwrecked seamen of the Armada too disabled or too poor to return home. It is difficult to test this persistent rumour, which has perhaps nothing but a pair of black eyes or the bright red dyes of a bonnet or a shawl to support it; but when we are told that the Gosmans of Anstruther are descendants of Gomez, the Spanish admiral, or Guzman, a Spanish grandee, incredulity becomes at least pardonable.

MACKAY, p. 100.

Pardieus Hill. *Dunfermline.*—On a piece of level ground, a little south of the monastery, is a hillock about 15 feet high, and 300 in circumference, which, according to tradition, was formed of sand, brought by people on their backs from the

sea, as a penance enjoined by the church in the days of Popery. The name of the hillock, Pardieus, *i.e.* Par Dieu, seems to favour the story of its origin, at least to prove its being somehow connected with religion.—O.S.A. vol. xiii. p. 453.

Dysart, the Three Trees of. Near the Castle of Ravenscraig, three old trees stood together, respecting which two traditions have been handed down; one is, that three brothers of the Sinclair family had encountered each other there during the night; that, mistaking each other for robbers, they fell by each other's hands; that they were buried there; and that the three trees were planted on their graves. The other is, that all the ground about Dysart had been originally under wood, and that when the wood was cleared away, these three trees were left as a memorial of its former state. . . . The arms of the town of Dysart bear one tree; and there has long been a proverb here,—"As old as the three trees of Dysart." —N.S.A., vol. ix. p. 134; MACKAY, p. 278.

Battle of Meralsford. *Edenshead.*—Even after the extraordinary lapse of seventeen centuries, the common tradition of the country bears,—and seems to be as fresh in the mouths both of old and young as though the battle had been fought only a hundred years ago,—that, after this battle, the river Eden ran red with blood for two days! which tradition, being so long kept, seems to be nearly as marvellous as the circumstance that gave name to the ford, viz. Merals, or Marvellous Ford.[1]—SMALL, p. 40. [Cf. p. 43.]

Legend of Scottish Defeat. *Falkland.*—There is a beautiful Danish camp close upon the right bank of the Eden, betwixt Auchtermuchty and Falkland yet in excellent preservation, and from which the village of Dunshelt, a little below, takes its name, originally being Danes-halt. A curious tradition respecting it prevails about Falkland, which I had

[1 There is a small burn, called the Learakin Burn, between Kinglassie and Thornton, of which the old folk say, when they hear it mentioned, "Ay, it ran blude ainee, and it'll dae it again." The prophecy is attributed to Thomas the Rhymer. D. R.]

from an old man there a good many years ago, and which I insert as I then had it. When the Danes lay in that camp . . . their General having learnt that some woman about Falkland cohabited with the General of the Scots army, that lay then encamped over at the foot of the east Lomond hill about a mile west from Falkland, and two from the Danish camp, he sent for her and bribed her, promising a great reward if she would assassinate or quickly cut off by poison, or some other expeditious way, the Scots General the first opportunity, as Judith did Holofernes, though from very different motives. If she succeeded, it was agreed on, that she should go up on the black heathy hill, immediately above the Scots camp, in the morning, having a white sheet about her, from whence she could easily be perceived from the Danish camp. According to account, she but too well succeeded in her treasonable assassination; and went up with the agreed on signal upon the dark hill, which still retains its original sombre appearance. This was soon perceived by the Danes. . . . They marched out immediately from their camp over to the Scots' camp and attacked them while in a state of confusion from the sudden death of their General. . . . It is said that the slaughter among the Scots was great. And of this, there are yet some indications even in our day, by the number of pits in which the dead had been buried, appearing green, and forming a great contrast among the dark heath, till of late that the plough has found its way among them. The tradition adds, that the woman was held in utter abhorrence and neglect among her neighbours, and pined away in poverty and want, and died miserably.—SMALL, pp. 292-294.

Foundation of the Monastery. *Inchcolm.*—About the year of our Lord 1123, under circumstances not less wonderful than miraculous, a Monastery was founded on the Island of Aemonia, near Inverkeithing. For when the noble and most Christian sovereign Alexander, first of his name, was in pursuit of some state business, making a passage across the Queensferry, suddenly a tremendous storm arose, and the

fierce south-west wind forced the vessel and sailors to make for safety's sake, for the island of Aemonia. . . . When in very great danger from the sea, and tossed by the fury of the tempest, the King despaired of life, he vowed to the Saint [Columba] that if he should bring him and his companions safe to the island, he would leave on it such a memorial to his honour as would render it a future asylum and refuge to sailors and those that were shipwrecked. . . . That he should found there a monastery of prebendaries, such as now exists; and this the more so, as he had always venerated St. Columba with special honour from his youth; and chiefly because his own parents were for several years childless and destitute of the solace of offspring, until, beseeching St. Columba with suppliant devotion, they gloriously obtained what they sought for so long a time with anxious desire.

SIMPSON, pp. 505, 506.

Cf *St. Monans*, p. 268.

Inchcolm.—Tradition relates that two male infants, supposed perfect in all the organs of speech, were placed upon this islet (some say Inchkeith), under the surveillance of a person deaf and dumb, and totally secluded from intercourse with any speaking machine, in order to ascertain what language they would acquire by the mere tuition of nature; and if the authority already quoted be at all worthy of credence, in process of time the two innocent exiles returned to the mainland conversing fluently with each other in pure Celtic[1] accents, alleged to be the language of their parents.

JACK (2), p. 293.

[1] Pure *Hebrew*—the language of Paradise.—POLLOCK, p. 191.

The White Lady of Kemback. It is said that one of them [the family of Schevez of Kemback] suffered persecution for nonconformity. He had to leave the house and hide in a cave still seen high in the rocks of Dura Den. It was winter. His wife carried food to him, tying her shoes on heel to toe in going to confuse any pursuer. She was taken, and refusing to betray him, hanged over Dairsie Bridge and

beheaded. Tradition identifies her with the White Lady of Kemback, whose headless effigy in stone lies in a wood near the house, and after whom a room in the mansion house itself still bears the name of the White Lady's Room. But some antiquaries say the effigy is that of Mariote Olifert, Lady of Kemback in the 15th century. We prefer the popular tale.—"The Old House of Kemback," *The People's Journal*, 5th October, 1907. (See *Goblindom*, p. 45.)

Lady Buried Alive. *Kinghorn.*—The said old manse was the reputed residence of the famous Rev. John Scrimgeour, of whose wife a grim old story lingers in the lore of the parish. It seems that Mrs. Scrimgeour had been buried while in a death-like trance, and that she was restored by the attempt made by an avaricious sexton to remove the rings from the clay cold fingers. "She never smiled again," runs the story.

REID, p. 13; FARNIE, p. 41.

[For a similar story at Crail, connected likewise with the wife of the minister, on whose return home, the husband mistakes her for a ghost, see JACK (2), pp. 117-122.]

Folk-Etymology. *Kingskettle.*—Its original name is Cattul, a compound Celtic word, which signifies the battle of the stream. . . . Tradition explains how the old name of Cattul was modernized into Kettle. The story goes that one of the Kings, hunting in the myres of Kettle came upon a beautiful spring of pure water bubbling up. The King alighted from his horse, and admiring and drinking of the spring, his fancy struck with the resemblance which it had to a boiling pot, and indulging itself in an innocent pun on the name Cattul, dubbed it the King's Kettle.—TAYLOR, pp. 220, 221.

Devil Legend. *Kirkcaldy.*—"The Lang Toun." . . . There are some queer associations connected with the town; the most remarkable certainly is perpetuated in the old couplet:

> "Some say the deil's dead
> And buried in Kirkcaldy."

A strange incident anent the burial is that the departed—

would it were true—kept complaining "My taes are cauld, my taes are cauld," and so house after house was added to the long length of Kirkcaldy to make his feet warm and to keep him quiet.—KILROUNIE, pp. 19, 20; MACKAY, pp. 272, 273.

See *Norrie's Law*, p. 3.

Traditional Battle-ground. *Kettle.*—There are at least 8 barrows in the parish, 3 of which have names: "Pandler's Know," and "Lowrie's Know," in Forthar ground, and "Liquorich Stone" in Kettle ground. . . . There is a tradition about the first that, when dissensions arose between families in different parts of the country, they met there to decide their contention by arms, and those who fell were buried in the tumulus. The barrow in Forthar is said to have been a regular place of burial, and to have had a church or chapel near it. But of this no vestiges are now extant.

O.S.A., vol. i. p. 381.

Irish Soil free from Adders. *Lindores.*—The soil within the enclosures of the Abbey [Lindores] is a remarkably deep black loam, which, as tradition will have it, was brought by the monks from Ireland, and is therefore untrodden by venomous reptiles; classical authority can be adduced to attest the fact, although experience be against it. "*Serpentes alit innoxios. Nullumque venenatum animal ibi aluit.*"

LESLY'S *Historia Scotica*; N.S.A., vol. ix. p. 61, *note.*

[Earl] David, nocht refusing the benevolence of his brothir [King William] biggit ane abbay, callit Lundoris, efter the ordour of Sanct Benedict. Ane thing is thair richt mervellus: na man is hurt in that abbay with eddaris. Thir eddaris lyis in the middis of ane vale, circulit with wod and rinnand watter; throw quhilk thay burgeon with mair plentuous nowmer than evir was sene in ony othir partis. Howbeit, na man gettis skaith thairof for we have sene young barnis play amang thaim, but [without] dammage or hurt following.—BELLENDEN, p. 326.

Mortimer's Deep, Origin of. A tract of land near Aber-

THE SAILORS' WALK, KIRKCALDY.

To face p. 266.

dour was bequeathed by Allan Mortimer, then lord of the place, on condition of his body resting within the hallowed precincts of Inchcolm. The remains so says the story, were conveyed over at night in a stone coffin in an open boat, and either through indifference and treachery on the part of the attendant monks, or to lighten the bark when in peril from the violence of the waves, were cast into the sea. The channel—a very deep one—between Inchcolm and the Fife coast has since borne in consequence the title of "Mortimer's Deep."—BEVERIDGE, p. 41.

Prophecy. *Newburgh.*—Clach-ard-Craig—The Craig of the High Stone. This name is, or rather was, eminently descriptive. Before the railway was formed, there was a projecting portion of the rock showing two sides of a square, upwards of ninety feet in height and about twenty-five feet on the side, known as the "High Post." It rose in one columnar mass from the base to the summit of the craig; the other two sides closely adjoined the rock, but the pillar was so much disjoined that it was thrown down by one charge of gunpowder inserted at its base. There was a legend attached, on the never-wanting authority of Thomas the Rhymer (the predictions attributed to him being generally annunciations of improbabilities), that it was to stand till it fell on a white horse that never was born; and strangely enough, as if in literal fulfilment of the prophecy, the grand pillar stood till it fell before the "majestical white horse" of steam. . . . Dr. Anderson, then minister of Newburgh, made application for its perpetuation, but his application was unsuccessful, and "The High Stone of the Craig" is now only a name.

LAING, p. 15, *note.*

Sir Robert's Cairn. *Newburgh.*—About half a mile west from Macduff's cross is a cairn of stones lying on the side of the road, called Sir Robert's Cairn, from the circumstance of Sir Robert Balfour of Denmiln being killed there in a duel with Sir James Macgill of Lindores . . . as nearly as can be ascertained, in the year 1679. . . . Sir James immediately

went up to London in order to procure his pardon, which it seems, the King (Charles II.) offered to grant him, upon condition of his fighting an Italian gladiator or bravo,—or, as he was then called, a bully,—which, it is said, none could be found to do. Sir James undertook to do it. . . . Accordingly, a large stage was erected for the exhibition before the King and Court, and, . . . an immense collection of spectators. Sir James, it is said, stood on the defensive till the bully had spent himself a little, being a taller man than Sir James. In his mighty gasconading and bravadoing, he actually leaped over the knight as if he would swallow him alive; but, in attempting to do this a second time, Sir James run his sword up through him, and then called out, "I have spitted him, let them roast him who will." This not only procured his pardon, but he was also knighted on the spot.—SMALL, pp. 215-217.

See CHILD, vol. ii. p. 377, "Johnie Scot."

Norrie's Law, see *Hills*, p. 3.

St. Andrews Cathedral Bells. Martine informs us that this cathedral "was furnished with many fair, great, and excellent bells, which at the razing of the church [at the reformation], were taken down and put aboard of a ship, to be transported and sold. But it is reported, and certainlie believed in this place, that the ship which carried off the bells sunk on a fair day, within sight of the place where the bells formerlie hung." It is remarkable that the very same is said to have happened to the bell-metal belonging to the cathedrals of Aberdeen and Elgin.

LYON, vol. ii. pp. 155, 156; FLEMING (2), p. 60.

Saint Monan's Chapel. Beside the burn is a cave, believed to be the dwelling place of the Culdee preacher Monan . . . who was martyred by the Danes in 874. A little chapel was erected over his remains, to which multitudes from all parts resorted for the cure of their diseases, especially on the saint's day, the 1st of March.

On one occasion, when King David and his Queen, Margaret Logie, were crossing the Firth to pay a visit at the Castle of Ardross, a storm arose which threatened the whole party with shipwreck. The King had before this owed his life to the miraculous power of St. Monan. Having been grievously wounded by a barbed arrow in one of his encounters with the English, and the surgical skill of his attendants not being adequate to its extraction, he had called to mind the wonders wrought at the tomb of the saint, and repairing with a train of his nobles to Inverye [St. Monans], he there prayed to God and St. Monan, and immediately the iron weapon painlessly disengaged itself from his wound. If this story be true, the arrow must have rankled in the wound for five years and a half, for so long was he prisoner in the hands of the English. However this may be, it is said that, when tossed on the stormy waters of the Firth, he again bethought him of the saint, and vowed that, if he and his queen got safe ashore, he would build a church to St. Monan on the spot. The vessel was wrecked on a rock still called the Lady's Rock, but no lives were lost, and the king, in pursuance of his vow, built the church of St. Monans.—WOOD, pp. 232, 233.

Cf. *Inchcolm*, p. 263.

Ballad of Lammikin. *Saline.*—Killernie Castle used to be known also as the Castle of Balwearie. The ruins now consist only of the fragments of two towers, of which the southern is said to be the more recent, and to have born the date of 1592. There used to be connected with it a large vaulted apartment which has now disappeared. A strange legend is recorded of this part of the building regarding Lady Scott having commissioned a mason to erect it for her as a summer-house. She refused to pay the stipulated cost, and the disappointed artist revenged himself by murdering her and her child. He was punished for the crime by being shut up in the tower, where he starved to death, having previously been reduced to feed on his own flesh. . . . This is one of the many places where the famous ballad of

" Lammikin," [1] which treats of this episode, has been localised, and a version of it used to be current in the parish.

BEVERIDGE, p. 238; O.S.A., vol. x. p. 312.

[1] Child, vol. ii. p. 336.

Site Unploughed. *Tayport.*—Ferry-Port-on-Craig. This parish was erected by an act of the 18th parliament of King James VI. in the year 1606. There is a tradition, that the village Ferry-Port-on-Craig belonged to the neighbouring parish of Leuchars, previous to that period, and had a chapel of ease, though no record can be found old enough to authenticate this fact. So strongly is the tradition thereof impressed on the minds of the people, that the supposed foundation of this chapel ever since that distant period, has to this day remained unploughed, in the midst of a well cultivated field, named *the Chapel.*—O.S.A., vol. viii. p. 456.

PART IV.

FOLK SAYINGS.

XIX. PLACE RHYMES AND SAYINGS.

Auchtermuchty.—"Hindmest awa' and first hame, like the herds o' Auchtermuchty."—MACKAY, p. 269.

Our grandfathers used to illustrate the difference between time-workers and piece-workers thus: When a mason hewed by the day, his mell and chisel went slowly to the tune of "Auch-ter-much-ty" (speaking as slowly as possible), but when he was paid by piece they galloped on in rapid succession, "Cup'r-o'-Fife, Cup'r-o'-Fife, Cup'r-o'-Fife" (hurrying through the four syllables in a breath).

KILROUNIE, p. 116; MACKAY, p. 269.

It is said that [in] the burgh of Lanark till very recent times . . . the single butcher of the town . . . would never venture upon the speculation of killing a sheep, till every part of the animal was ordered beforehand. . . . The bellman or *skellyman* as he is there called used often to go through the streets of Lanark, with advertisements, such as are embodied in the following rhyme:

"Bell—ell—ell!
There's a fat sheep to kill!
A leg for the provost,
Another for the priest,

The bailies and deacons,
They'll tak the neist;
And if the fourth leg we cannot sell,
The sheep it maun leeve, and gae back to the hill.'

. . . Yet it is not, or was not, alone in this occasion of reproach. The ceremony of advertisement is still gone through at the death of a sheep, in the town of Auchtermuchty.—CHAMBERS (1826 Ed.), pp. 141, 142. (Not in New Edition.)

Balmerino's Eik. The phrase "Balmerino's eik" tells of the jolly propensities of one of them [the Balmerino family]. It means an eik which knew no end, for the punch-bowl was constantly replenished and thus was never emptied.

TAYLOR, vol. i. p. 44.

Blebo.—"As far behind as the bandsters of Blebo," who were often out of sight of the shearers, especially when the shearers were paid by piecework and practised *kemping* [see *Local Customs*, p. 210, cf. p. 59]—MACKAY, p. 269.

Buckhaven.—"As learn't as a scholar o' Buckhaven college." This phrase, like the parallel English one—As wise as a man of Gotham—is used ironically and as a periphrasis for ignorance and stupidity. The students are the fishermen of Buckhaven and the college is imaginary. [But see p. 41.]

CHEVIOT, p. 46; MACKAY, p. 281.

The fisher lasses look with disdain on a farmer's daughter, and a' country lasses; they call them "Muck-byres and sherney-tail'd jades."—GRAHAM, p. 235.[1]

Cameron parish had its own temporary saying, scarcely worthy of the name of a proverb, when its minister was Mr. Mair: "Cameron kirk is muckle, but the minister is Mair"; and so had **Monimail** in the proverb, whose meaning is lost, —for we doubt if it was, as has been conjectured, the direction

[1 *Shern* or *sharn*, dung. "*Sherney-tailed*," having their petticoat-tails stained from their occupation of *mucking* (cleansing) the *byres* (cow-sheds).]

of Neil Gow to his dancing pupils at Cupar to get the awkward squad to face properly—"Turn your tail to Tarvit and your face to Monimail."—MACKAY, p. 270.

Culross.—Maxims from a Painted Room in the Old House at Culross, called "The Palace." . . .

"Constantia comes victoriae.

He that doth kepe his constant course, he winnis
That wisched porte, where lasting loves beginnis.

. . . . . .

Patientia omnia vincit.

With pasience suffer still, and then we sall in fine
Oure foes subdue, when they with shame sall pine.

Sol non occidat super iracundiam vestram.

Win . . . with love, subdueing your rasche desyrs,
. . . the saim go downe upon your years.

. . . . . .

Men's pleasures fond do promis only joyes,
Bot he that yelds, at length him selfe destroyes.

Verbum emissum non est revocabile.

And he whose tonge before his witt dothe runne,
Oft speikis too soone and grievs when he hes doon.

Mihi pondera luxus.

Then sen exces procuris oure spoile and paine,
The meane prefer before immoderate gaine.

. . . . *Amor move tormentum.*

When leave to love, or love as reasone will,
For lovers lewde do vainlie languische still.

. . . . . .

All flesh is grass and withereth lyk the haye,
And warneth us how weill to live, bot not how long to waye.

. . . . . .

Although the world the verteous still despyse,
Yet up aloft in spyte of them they ryse.

Soli Deo gloria.
Man of him self most wacke to good doeth live,
Bot God gives grace, to whom all glorie give.

Res humane in summo delinant.
This warneth all on fortunes whele that clime,
To beare in mynd how schort they have their tyme.

. . *seca conscientia.*
The richteous ar lyk unto the laurell tree,
The wicked lyk the blasted boughis that be,
. . . . . .
Thair children must with godliness and feare proceede,
To reverence yare parents, and help them if they nede.

The top stones of the dormer windows are triangular, and one of those of the painted attic room bears the date 1597.

PRO. SOC. ANT. SCOT., vol. ii. pp. 340, 341.

Cupar.—" Jethart Justice,—First hang a man and syne judge him." . . . This . . . phrase . . . applies better to Cupar, where the reproach is quite as proverbial as at Jedburgh, and where a more probable origin is assigned to it. The story of the people of Cupar bears, that, on a man once refusing to come out of his room in the jail to be tried, and having contrived to bar the officers out, they opened a hole in the ceiling, through which they poured water upon him till he was drowned; after which, the body being brought out to the street, the judges and jury assembled over it and pronounced sentence in due form, decreeing that he had " richly deserved to die."

The English phrase " Lidford Law," commemorated by Grose, bears the same signification.—CHAMBERS (1826 Ed.), pp. 135, 136. (Not in New Edition.)

" A wilfu' man will hae his way—them that will to Cupar maun to Cupar."—SIR W. SCOTT, *Rob Roy*, vol. ii. ch. xi.

" Them to Cupar maun to Cupar." The explanation has at least the merit of being classical, for it is founded on the following quotation from Buchanan's *History of Scotland.*

"Inland, and almost in the centre of the county, lies Cupar, whither the rest of the Fifeans come for the administration of justice." Them to Cupar are wilful, litigious persons who will have their own way, and who contrary to the persuasion of all their friends, are resolutely set on going to Cupar, and entering on a law suit. Such obstinate wilful persons must just be left to themselves.—TAYLOR, vol. i. p. 103.

A popular addition to the proverb: "Who will to Cupar maun to Cupar" [is] "Aye better gang than be taen."

MACKAY, p. 268.

"There is nae shamming in Johnny Brand's house." A name for Cupar jail, from the name of one of its jailers.

MACKAY, p. 268.

Localities in the Cupar neighbourhood:

"Baldernie and Blebo Hill,
Callange, Kinninmonth, and Pitscottie Toll,
Talla-bout and Thomas-toun, Tarvit and Whitehill,
Rumgally and Pitscottie, Dura and Newmill."

MACKAY, p. 288.

Crail.—Two of the rhymes of the lofts in the old Kirk of Crail. That of the hammermen runs:

"With hammer in hand,
All arts do stand."

While the tailors boast:

"This ancient trade, since Adam was a rebel,
Justly deserves the head of all the table;
For first in Paradise it did begin,
Which minds us all of our original sin.
But since that time the case has altered so,
Were it not for tailors we might all naked go."

MACKAY, p. 283.

Auld Haiks, the best farm in Fife.—A favourite spot for large takes [of herring] near Crail called the "auld haiks" used to be described jocularly as "the best farm in Fife."

Fraser's Magazine, January, 1878, p. 111.

A Crail Capon was a haddock smoked in the chimney-lum, the most plentiful kind of food in that remote quarter, of which it is related that one Fife man asked another whether he had been abroad, who replied, " Na, but I ance kent a man who had been to Crail."—MACKAY, p. 282.

[Cf. the song " Was ye e'er in Crail Toun ? ", p. 227.]

" *A clip o' Johnnie Hastie's shears.*" Johnnie Hastie was a tailor in Crail, Fifeshire, a real cankered body, but with about an equal quantity of humour, or malevolent wit. Whenever he found a proper opportunity, he used to bend his fore and middle fingers, and then protruding the middle joint, and opening and separating one from the other, he used to apply this instrument to the fleshy and most sensitive part of any person who might happen to sit near him ; and by compressing suddenly the joints and fingers, give the impression of severe clipping. This he denominated " A clip o' Johnnie Hastie's shears," and hence arose the by-word.

CHEVIOT, p. 4.

Dunfermline.—" The auld grey toun."

BEVERIDGE, p. 103 ; CHEVIOT, p. 315.

[In 1560] Robert Pitcairn . . . is said to have carved over the door of his house in the Maygate the following couplet, which is still legible there :

" Sin word is thral and thocht is fre,
Keip weil thy tongue I counsel the."

BEVERIDGE, p. 117.

Dysart.—" A puir appearance for Dysart " was the exclamation of the drunken sexton when awakened, by the side of a grave he ought to have been digging, by the mail-guard's horn, which he took for the last trumpet, and himself for the only representative of his town.—MACKAY, p. 278.

" Salt to Dysart." The Scotch form of " Coals to Newcastle " . . . has lost its meaning now the salt-pans are abandoned.—MACKAY, p. 278.

See *Local Customs*, p. 188.

" As old as the three trees of Dysart " was remembered

when there was only one, but now it is gone, and the saying is probably forgotten.—MACKAY, p. 278.

See *Place Legends*, p. 262.

Elie.—"Genteel poverty like the Elie."—CHAPMAN, p. 7.

Falkland.—The inhabitants of Falkland, in Fife, from their neighbourhood to a royal palace, must have had manners considerably different from those of other districts. This is testified, even in our own days, when traces of the refinement or viciousness of a court have passed away as if they had never been, by a common expression in Fife: "Ye're queer folk, no to be Falkland folk."

CHAMBERS, p. 278; MACKAY, p. 276.

The old courtly manners associated with Falkland Palace, in Fifeshire, are still remembered, for in that county good manners are still called in all sincerity "Falkland manners."

CHEVIOT, p. 104.

"You won't cut the woods of Falkland with a penknife" is a saying which must be of early date, before its fine trees, . . . had fallen under the axes of the soldiers of Cromwell and of Charles.—MACKAY, p. 277.

Falkland and Freuchie.—Two characteristic stories illustrate the differing conditions of Falkland and Freuchie. Falkland, as a "burgh of ancient charter proud" rejoices in her municipal privileges. After an election of bailies, a burgess who had been elected to that high office, enters his byre with all his blushing honours fresh upon him, and approaching his cow addresses her, in the fullness of his heart, "Ah, crummie, crummie, ye're nae a common coo, ye're a bailie's coo, ma woman." Freuchie's interests, on the other hand, were with the unfranchised. The hope of her villagers was with forthcoming reform. In those days of high excitement, the Freuchie weaver, getting hold of an all-absorbing newspaper, casts the care of crummie on his wife, "Jenny, attend you here to the coo, and let me attend to the affairs of the nation."

TAYLOR, vol. i. pp. 219, 220.

See *Freuchie, infra*, p. 282.

Farms in Fife.

"Ladeddie, Redernie, Lathockar, and Lathone,
Ye may saw wi' gloves off, and shear wi' gloves on."

These farms lie on very high ground, the highest in the eastern district of Fife; and the rhyme implies that it is summer there before the crop can be sown, and winter before it can be reaped.—CHAMBERS, p. 261.

It was probably to the soil of this locality that the description refers: "It greets a' winter and girns a' simmer."

MACKAY, p. 286

"Cauld Carnbee, cauld Carnbee,
Little meal, meikle wark, and ill-paid fee.'

. . . But the close of it, sometimes varied to

"Meikle wark and little fee"

is now obsolete.—MACKAY, p. 287.

"Cauldstream and Cuffabout
And Claw the Wa'
Bankhead o' Aithernie
Stands abune them a'."

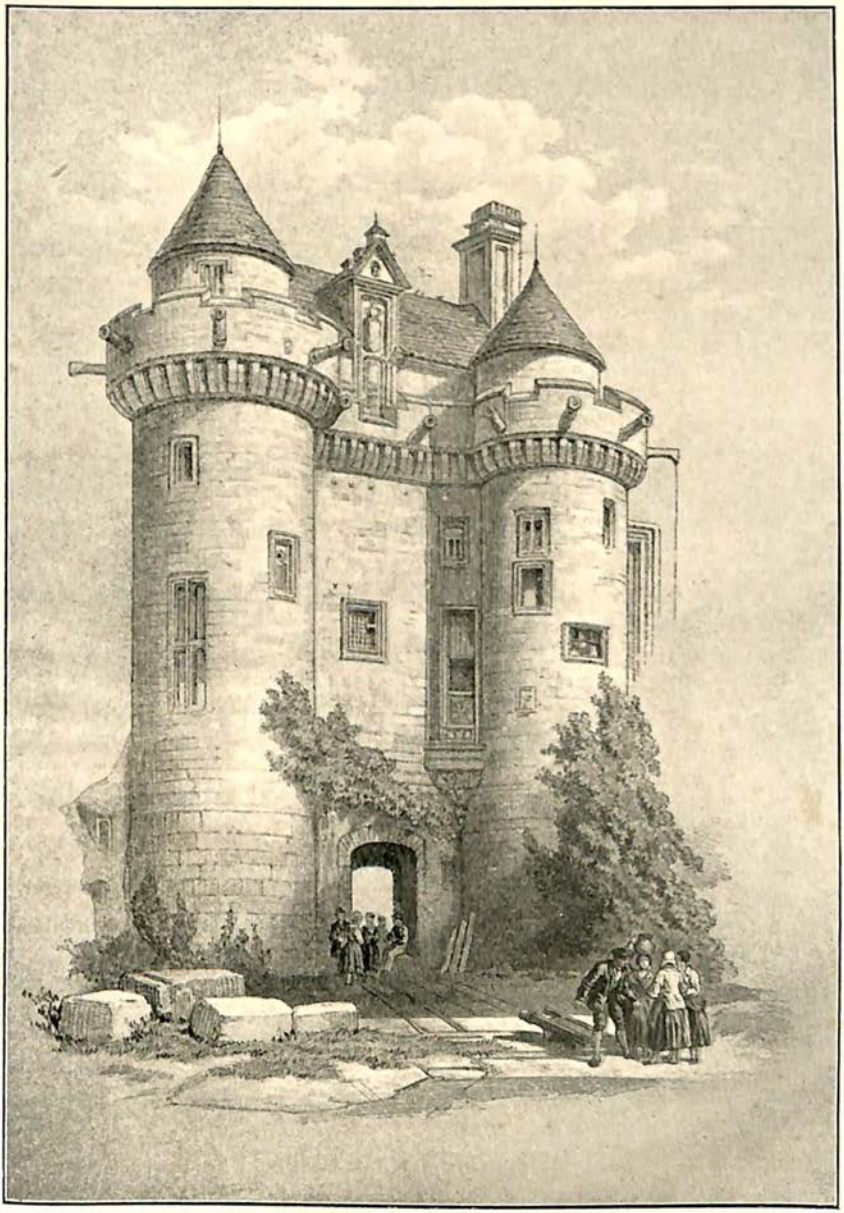
MACKAY, p. 288.

"The new toun o' Balchristie,
Balcarras and the Brough,
Cauldstream and Cuffabout,
Dirt-pat Ha';
Burnhead and Ethernie
Stands abune them a'."

These are places within two miles of Leven, and the rhyme very well describes their relative positions.—MACKAY, p. 294.

"The new toon o' Bekirsty [1]
Balcarras, and the Brough,
Pittenweem and Anster
Crail and Erincrough;

[1] Balchrystie.



GATEWAY, FALKLAND PALACE.

From an Old Print.

To face p. 278.

Cuffabout and Cauldstream,
Dirt-pat Ha',
Bankhead and Etherine
Is up abune them a'.

CHAMBERS (1826 Ed.), p. 40. (Not in New Edition.)

"Lundy Mill and Largo,
The Law and the Loch,
Pittenweem and Anster,
Crail and Arncroach,
Auchindenny, Clackindenny, an' Balmain,
And Pitcarnie stands alane."

MACKAY, p. 288.

The situation of the farms in the western parishes of Dunbog and Moonzie is denoted in the lines:

"Bambreich stands heich, Higham in a howe,
Glenduckie in a dub,[1] and Moonzie on a knowe."

MACKAY, p. 295.

Fishing Towns in Fife.

"The lasses o' the Ferry [Earlsferry],
They busk braw;
The lasses o' the Elie,
They ding a';
The lasses o' St. Monan,
They curse and ban;
The lasses o' Pittenweem
They do the same;
The lasses o' Anster,
They drink strong ale;
There's green grass in Cellardyke
And crabs in till Crail."

Crail still claims to have the best crabs on the coast.

MACKAY, p. 282.

[1 Dub, a bog or pool.]

"The Wast Wemyss lasses are black tae the bane,
The East Wemyss lasses dazzle a' the e'en,
The Buckhyne lasses are impudent jads,
The Methel lasses [gangs] wi' the lads."

The above was common in this district many years ago.
Communicated by Mr JOHN PATRICK, Kirkcaldy.

"Dysart for coal and saut,
Pathhead for meal and maut,
Kirkcaldy for lasses braw,
Kinghorn for breaking the law."
MACKAY, p. 279.

"The carles o' Dysart, the lads o' Buckhaven,
The kimmers o' Largo, and the lasses o' Leven."

This rhyme . . . refers to the fishing communities in Fifeshire.
CHEVIOT, p. 318.

"Hey, the canty carles o' Dysart!
Ho, the merry lads o' Buckhaven!
Hey, the saucy limmers o' Largo!
Ho, the bonnie lassies o' Leven!"
KILROUNIE, p. 29.

Fife.—"A beggar's mantle with a fringe of gold." James VI. describing the county.—MACKAY, p. 275

"Fareweel bonny Scotland, I'm awa' to Fife."
MACKAY, p. 265.

"Out of the world and into Fife."—JESSIE PATRICK FINDLAY, *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*, 18th September, 1897; *F. H. & J.*, 21st June, 1905.

"Fife and a' the lands about it."—CONOLLY, p. 55.

It was from the large extent of Fife of old that the vulgar are wont to call it "The Kingdom of Fife."
SIBBALD, p 7 (New Ed. 1803); CONOLLY, p. 35.

"If you're Heelant you're next door to the Fifer."
MACKAY, p. 265.

West country folk call the Fifer "the Whistler."

MACKAY, p. 264.

"Fife folks are queer folks."—CHEVIOT, p. 104.

"Fife for fly folk". . . [There is a] tradition that the hens in Fife are so cunning that they will not cackle when they lay an egg."—*W. S.*, 2nd May, 1903.

"They that sup with Fife folk maun hae a lang spune."

MACKAY, p. 265.

"A kail supper o' Fife." A term applied to the natives of the "Kingdom" from their supposed ancient liking for good Scotch kail.—CHEVIOT, p. 15.

The Fifer is quite aware that unfortunate folk who do not happen to have been born in the ancient kingdom, relieve their feelings by tacking on a long string of opprobrious epithets to his name; they call him "canny Fifer," "pawky Fifer," "Fifer with an eye to the main chance."—JESSIE PATRICK FINDLAY, *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*, 18th September, 1897.

"If you want a dirty job done get a Fifer," or "For a double-faced lot gie me the Fifers."

"A Fifer," *W. S.*, 27th May, 1899.

"They say in Fife
That next to nae wife
The best thing is a guid wife."

It is the canny but unsatisfactory verdict of "Not proven."

MACKAY, p. 293.

Fife Lairds.—In the old time every gentleman's house had the appendage of a dove-cot, hence the current definition of a Fife Laird: "A wee pickle land, a gude pickle debt, and a doo-cot."—WOOD, p. 175.

The Fife Lairds of a bygone day . . . were the subject of many proverbs, of which the best describes their estates: "A puckle land, a lump of debt, a doo-cot, and a law plea," and the worst satirises them as "Aye daft and maistly drunk, and what they want in sense they have in greed."

But Lady Nairne makes a humorous apology for the Fife Laird in one of her songs :

" Ye shouldna ca' the Laird daft, tho' daft-like he may be ;
Ye shouldna ca' the Laird daft, he's just as wise as we ;
Ye shouldna ca' the Laird daft, his bannet has a bee ;
He's just a wee bit Fifish,[1] like some Fife Lairds that be."

MACKAY, pp. 266, 267.

Freuchie.—" Go to Freuchie." Freuchie lay beyond the precincts of the Court at Falkland, and it is to this fact that we are to look for the meaning of the proverbial saying, " Go to Freuchie." The disgraced courtier, when he got his dismissal, was sent there. The good people of Freuchie have an explanation more complimentary to their village, although we fear it will be regarded as apocryphal by every one but themselves. They say that in the time of the Kings there lived a very wise man at Freuchie, and that the King, when puzzled with any subject that was too much for him, would command some of his attendant courtiers " to go to Freuchie " and get the counsel of the Freuchie sage.—TAYLOR, p. 218, 219.

" Go to Freuchie and," as is sometimes added, " fry frogs." To get into disgrace and be banished from Court. It is Scotch for " To be sent to Coventry."—MACKAY, p. 277.

See *Falkland, supra*, p. 277.

Inchcolm.—To the west of the Chapter-house . . . are the ruins of the Church, of which the roof is said to have fallen in one Sunday during worship. Above the door these lines were carved :

" Stet domus haec, donec fluctus formica marinos
Ebitat, et totum testudo perumbulet orbem."

Their meaning may thus be given : " May this house stand until an ant shall drink up the waters of the sea, and a tortoise walk round the whole earth." This inscription has long since been removed.—BUCKNER, p. 10.

Isle of May.—" It has come from the Isle of May": said of an infant of doubtful parentage (JACK, *ante*, p. 15).

[1 Fifish—somewhat deranged.—JAM. DIC. SUP.]

[See] the legend of St. Adrian in the *Breviary of Aberdeen*,[1] where it is said that the stately monastery of stone which had been erected on the island at an early time had been destroyed by the ravages of the English, but that there yet remained a church, which was resorted to by the faithful on account of the frequent miracles there wrought, and where especially barren women, coming in the hope of thereby becoming fruitful, were not disappointed.[2] It is added that there is yet a cemetery where the bodies of many saints and martyrs repose. . . .

James IV. . . . within a fortnight of his fall on the fatal field of Flodden, granted to his favoured friend, Sir Andrew Wood of Largo, a charter . . . [on condition] that the grantee and his heirs should accompany the King and Queen, and their successors, on their pilgrimages to the Isle of May whenever they should be required. . . .

At an earlier period the island was visited by Mary of Gueldres, who, on her voyage to Scotland in June, 1449, to become the Queen of James II., anchored near the Isle of May, " where then stood a hermitage and chapel sacred to St. Andrew (*r.* Adrian). Having paid her devotion, the Queen proceeded to Leith."—*The History of Scotland* by Pinkerton, vol. i. p. 208.

STUART, pp. xli-xliii.

[1] Breviar. Aberden. Part, Hyemal, fol. lxi. See also *Camerarius de Scotorum Fortitudine*, p. 110.

[2] Robert Gordon of Straloch, in his description of the Isle of May, thus refers to its reputed gift of fertility to barren women : *Dicata olim fuit S. Adriano, ibique fuit sacellum, et monachorum conventus, ubi steriles feminæ annuatim D. Adrianum salutantes, inde redeuntes, puerperæ devenerunt,*" adding with allowable caution : " An sanctitas loci illud causaverit judicent sapientes " (Blaeu's *Atlas of Scotland*, p. 91).

Kinghorn.

" Here stands a kirk without a steeple,
A drucken priest and a graceless people."

—CHAMBERS (1826), p. 140 [1] (not in New Edition) ; MACKAY, p. 280.

[1] It ought to have been stated that the reproach of Kinghorn does not now apply.—CHAMBERS (1826), p. 306.

"They keep open house at Kinghorn" was said when its houses had fallen into decay and let in as guests the wind and the rain.—MACKAY, p. 280.

The fishers despised its bay for its poverty in fish, and said of it: "Kinghorn Blind" [*i.e.* an enclosed bay] "a muckle dish and little in it"; or "It's like Kinghorn, nae muckle worth."—MACKAY, p. 280.

"Kinghorn for cursing and swearing
Burntisland for curing herring."

MACKAY, p. 279.

"There's mony speir the road for Kinghorn and ken it a' the way to Pettycur." (Useless questions.)

MACKAY, p. 280.

Kirkcaldy.—"The lang toon."—MACKAY, p. 272. See *Place Legends*, p. 265. Cf. *Pathhead*, p. 287, and *Schoolboy Rhymes*, p. 305.

Leslie.—The origin of the name of Leslie, . . . a loose popular explanation:

"Between the less lea and the mere,
He slew a man and left him there."

TAYLOR, p. 231.

The peculiar and eminent position of this village, with waters on all sides, is indicated in the rhyme:

"When frae Leslie ye would gae,
Ye maun cross a brig and down a brae."

CHAMBERS, p. 259.

(Otherwise): "Out o' Leslie ye canna gae
But owre a burn or down a brae."

BLAIR, p. 21.

Leven.—

"Blithe ha'e I been in Maspie's Den
Blithe ha'e I been in Falkland Ha',

The bowers o' Kiel I lo'e them weel,
But Leven Links are best o' a'."

Edinburgh Evening Dispatch,
13th September, 1893.

Leuchars.—The use of proverbial devices was very common in the middle ages. . . . The architect placed them on the walls, chimney pieces, doors, and ceilings of houses, the painter on his pictures; and the carpenter on his furniture. . . . Some quaint ones from the house of Earls Hall, the seat of the Bruces in the parish of Leuchars. . . . They are on the wall of the gallery:

"A nice wyf and a back door oft maketh a rich man poor."

"Give liberalie to needful folk,
Deny nane of them al,
For little thou knowest now in this lyf quhat chance may befal."

"Try and then trust, after give assurance, but trust not or ye try for fear of repentance.

"Be merry, glad, honest, and virtuous, for that stoppeth the anger of the envious."—MACKAY, p. 293.

Lindores.—"The bells of the Abbey will aye be gotten rung." This warning, that every place can be easily filled up, is said to have originated as a reflection on a bumptious bellringer of Lindores who thought himself indispensable. It is remembered now in its transferred meaning when there are neither Abbey nor bells.—MACKAY, p. 284, 285.

[The story of the local proverb (*Newburgh-on-Tay*) "The Bells of the Abbey are aye gotten rung" (*i.e.* no one is indispensable—the world will always go on in its old way) is this. The monk who acted as bell-ringer at Lindores Abbey had on one occasion incurred the displeasure of the Abbot and been reproved. Leaving the Abbey in high dudgeon a short time before an hour when the bells should be rung, he climbed the hill behind Newburgh, from which a view of the building and its precincts can be got, and waited there beside a well still called the Monk's Well to

enjoy the confusion which he thought would result from his desertion of his post. To his surprise, the bells were rung at the usual hour, and the routine of the Abbey went on with its accustomed placidity; while he, penitent and humble, had to return to his superior and submit himself to discipline.—D. R.]

Little Tarvit.—"Say you so, Little Tarvit?" Sir David Sibbald [of Little Tarvit] is said to have been one of these pragmatically oracular persons whose opinions it is difficult to admit or deny. Hence arose the proverbial saying, which is not yet forgotten in Fife.—LAMONT, p. 109, *note.*

Moonzie.—The hill-top situation of Moonzie is . . . preserved in popular rhyme:

"Gae ye east or gae wast,
Or gae ye ony way ye will,
Ye winna get to Moonzie Kirk
Unless ye do gae up the hill."
TAYLOR, p. 56; MACKAY, p. 295.

Newport.—

"Take care what you say about neighbours at Newport,—
They are all Uncles and Aunties and Cousins."

A proverb which applies to other places.—MACKAY, p. 285.

Pathhead.—"You'll come down the hill yet, like Pathhead folk." (Reflecting on their local situation and failures in business.)—MACKAY, p. 274.

"You're like Pathhead folk, you look long afore you." They anticipated the Hansel Monday holiday before it came due.—MACKAY, p. 274.

"Pickle till him in Pathhead,
Ilka bailie burns another!"

Pathhead is a long rambling village, connected with Kirkcaldy. Its liability to this reproach is not of yesterday; for in a tract entitled, *Voyage of the Prince of Tartaria to Cowper*,[1] which from relative circumstances, may be con-

[1] Wodrow's *Pamphlets*, Adv. Lib. vol. 275.

fidently dated 1661, Pathhead is said to be "more renowned by the names Hirple-till-em or Pickle-till-em." The meaning of the reproach seems to be beyond reach; but, till a late period, its effect in irritating the good people of Pathhead was indubitable. It is said that a stranger, being made acquainted with the story, and told that it was dangerous to limb and life to whisper these mysterious expressions in the village, took a bet that he would proclaim them at the top of his voice, and yet come off uninjured. He set out, while his friends followed to witness the sport. But this was a more cunning loon than he of Tynninghame, for he gave the formula with a slight addition: "*They're coming behind me, crying*, Pickle till him in Pathhead;" whereupon the infuriated villagers fell upon his tail, who paid the piper in more ways than one.—CHAMBERS, pp. 291, 292.

"Pickletillem to Pathhead
Ilka Bailie burns anither"

. . . Applies to the Pathhead nailers, who could not make out their quota of work without getting a pickle added.

MACKAY, p. 274.

"Kirkcaldy poor people
Took down their cross to build up their steeple."

About eighty years ago a war was waged between the boys of Pathhead and Kirkcaldy, Pathhead shouting in defiance the above rhyme, while Kirkcaldy replied by:

"Pickle till 'em yet;—Pathhead kail runts
Saddle your horses and go to the hunts."

The war, which was carried on by the primitive mode of flinging stones, at last became so dangerous and bloody that the authorities had to interfere.—The *Fifeshire Advertiser*, 1862. Cf. *Schoolboy Rhymes*, p. 305.

Pittenweem.—

"Pittenweem 'll sink wi' sin;
But neither sword nor pestiience
Sall enter therein."

During the first two visitations of cholera, no case occurred in Pittenweem, though the disease was in the neighbouring towns of St. Monance and Anstruther.—CHAMBERS, p. 261.

Rivers.

"Lochtie, Lothrie, Leven, and Ore
Rin a' through Cameron Brig bore."

Of these four Fife streams, the Leven is the principal. It absorbs the waters and names of all the rest before passing under the bridge of Cameron, near the seaport village of Wemyss.—CHAMBERS, p. 258.

"Lochtie, Lothrie, Leven, and Ore,
Rin a' through Cameron Brig bore,"

or, as it has been altered to commemorate a local worthy, perhaps the miller at Cameron Bridge,

'A' meet at Johnny Wishart's door."

That worthy, . . . my friend Mr. William Christie informs me, refused to sell his napkin of land for a good price, because he did not wish to lose the proverb.—MACKAY, p. 287.

[Another form of the couplet is:

"The Lochtie, the Lothrie, the Leven, and the Ore
A' meet thegither at Johnny Thomson's door."—D. R.]

The Ore.—"Colquhally and the Sillertoun
Pitcairn and Bowhill,
Should clear their haughs ere Lammas spates
The Ore begin to fill."

A very salutary caution, as these four farms lie along the Ore immediately after its junction with the Lochtie and on a low alluvial tract, which is very easily flooded. "Clearing the haughs" alludes, it may be presumed, to the carrying off the meadow-hay, the only crop at that time grown upon these flats.—CHAMBERS, p. 259; MACKAY, p. 287.

Rosyth.—On the old castle of Rosyth in Fifeshire (a work

of the sixteenth century), near the door is the following inscription upon a stone, to which a bell rope had been fixed :

"In dey tyme dra yes cord ye bel to clink,
Quhas merry voce warns to meat and drink."

PRO. SOC. ANT. SCOT. vol. ii. p. 343.

Sailing Directions.—For a voyage from Queensferry to the Tay :

"Inchcolm, Inchkeith,
The twa Mickeries and Craigleith,
The lofty Bass and the Isle of May,
Round the Car and in the Tay."

MACKAY, p. 284.

"Inchgarvie, Mickery, Colm, Inchkeith,
Cramond, Fidra, Lamb, Craigleith :
Then round the Bass to the Isle of May,
And past the Car to St. Andrew's Bay."

DICKSON, p. v.

"'Tween the Isle o' May
And the Links o' Tay,
Many a ship's been cast away."

CHAMBERS, p. 260.

"Betwixt the Oxcar and the May,
Many a ship has been cast away,"

which is sometimes varied to the form :

"If a ship miss the Car this year, she'll hit twice the next."

MACKAY, p. 283.

St. Andrews.—St. Leonard's [College] was always a hotbed of heresy. To say that one had "Drunk of St. Leonard's Well" was to insinuate that he was tainted with Protestant opinions.—KILROUNIE, p. 75 ; FLEMING (2), p. 38.

St. Andrews Fair.

"That at auld St. Andrews fair,
A' the souters maun be there—

A' the souters, and souters' seed,
And a' them that birse the thread :
Souters out o' Mar,
Souters twice as far,
Souters out o' Gorty
Souters five-and-forty.
Souters out o' Peterhead,
Wi' deil a tooth in a' their head,
Riving at the auld bend leather," etc.

CHAMBERS, p. 393.

St. Monans.—There being no highway through the town, strangers were the subject of intense curiosity. It became a saying that : " If a stranger cam' in wice at the tae end o' the toun he'll gang oot daft at the ither."

CHAPMAN, p. 54 ; JACK, pp. 169, 170.

PERSONAL RHYMES.

The Hays [of Mugdrum].

" While the mistletoe bats on Errol's oak
And that oak stands fast,
The Hays shall flourish, and their good grey hawk
Shall not flinch before the blast.

" But when the root of the oak decays,
And the mistletoe dwines on its withered breast,
The grass shall grow on the Earl's hearthstone,
And the corbies craw on the falcon's nest."

BUTLER, p. 499.

The Robertsons of Anstruther.

" Here's Paul John, and Pamf John, [*sic*] and John
Aboon the braes,
And John Robertson, the dyester, that dyes
Thread to sew our claes."

GOURLAY, p. 63.

"The light Lindsays"; "Ask no questions of the Leslies"; "The Beatons' blue eyes and golden hair."

MACKAY, p. 296.

"Cariston and Pyetstone,
Kirkforthar and the Drum,
Are four o' the maist curst lairds
That ever spak wi' tongue."

Pyetstone and Kirkforthar were Lindsays; Cariston, a Seton; and Drum, a Lundie—now all among the things that were.—CHAMBERS, p. 291.

"Carriston and Preston,
Kirkforthar and the Drums,
Were four as crabbed gentlemen
As ever spak wi' tongues";

or, as it was sometimes altered:

"Were four as greedy farmers."

"Lundie Mill and Largo, the Kirton and the Keirs,
Pittenweem an' Anster are all big leears."

MACKAY, p. 289.

The dog is a favourite character in Scottish proverbs, and in the neighbourhood of Pittenweem it was a common remark: "You're a speering dog, like auld Sir Robert."

MACKAY, p. 280.

WEATHER RHYMES.

"If there's rain in the Mass
'Twill rain through the week either more or less."

A Fifeshire saying, meaning that the weather of Sunday will determine that of the rest of the week.

CHEVIOT, p. 197; CHAMBERS, p. 373.

Anstruther.—[The fisherman's barometer] the boom of the rising east wind on the islet skerries, when

"The Stell begins to knell
An' Pillie begins to rout,

The Mayman cries unto his boys
Turn the boat about."

Or, in the cry of the sea bird as in the rhyme :

" When you hear the burl cry,
Let you the boatie lie ;
Twa ebbs and a flude,
Be the weather ere so gude."—GOURLAY, p. 26.

North-easter.—The welcome " Lady Anst'er wind."
GOURLAY, p. 110.

" Mist on the hills, weather spills.
Mist in the howes, weather grows."
MACKAY, p. 286.

" When the mist comes to the hills,
Ye'll get water for your mills ;
When the mist comes from the sea,
Fair weather it will be." MACKAY, p. 286.

Kilconquhar.—When clouds rest on Largo Law, we expect soon to have rain. When the wind blows from the west or north-west we have our best weather. When the sea is heard making a noise towards Ardross, or St. Monance, we are sure soon to have bad weather from the east. When the same kind of noise is heard towards Kincraig, or up the Firth we expect the storm to abate. This noise is only heard when the wind is from the east.

The two following old distichs, which are in use among the people here, express the result of their observations ; Largo Law lies to the west, Kellie Law to the east ; our rains most frequently come from the west.

I.

" When Largo Law puts on his hat
Let Kellie Law beware of that."

II.

" When Kellie Law gets on his cap,
Largo Law may laugh at that."
N.S.A., vol. ix. p. 317.

East Coast.—

"When Largo Law the mist doth bear,
Let Kelly Law for storms prepare."

KILROUNIE, p. 38; MACKAY, p. 286.

In the middle of Fife, they say:

"When Falkland Hill puts on his cap,
The Howe o' Fife will get a drap
And when the Bishop draws his cowl,
Look out for wind and weather foul."

Falkland Hill and Bishop Hill are two prominent conical eminences in the Lomond range.

CHAMBERS, p. 374; MACKAY, p. 286.

Central Fife.—

"When Monimail Hill puts on its hat
The Buchan Howes will pay for that."

MACKAY, p. 286.

WIND.

Pitmilly.—

"Blaw the wind as it likes
There's beild about Pitmilly dikes."

The road from Crail to St. Andrews makes an unusually sharp turn at Pitmilly; the country-people remark that there is always shelter at one part of it or another, as there are walls presented to each of the cardinal points.

CHAMBERS, p. 261; MACKAY, p. 287.

XX. PROVERBS.

Early Proverbs.—The Stuart kings seem to have had a turn for proverb-making, perhaps derived from their residence in Fife. James III. died exclaiming—

"I was your King this mornin'."

James IV. was the author of the inconsistent saying—

"Do weil and set not by deeming,
For no man sall undeemit be."

James V. died at Falkland with a proverb in his mouth—

"It came with a lass, and it will go with a lass."

The lass who was to wear the Crown did not make any proverb in the vernacular, though she was to be the occasion, or give the occasion, for the application of more than one, as

"They never get luck who come to Lochleven,"

and "Better women weep than bearded men."

MACKAY, p. 291.

Wyntoun has preserved some proverbs which may be counted the earliest known sayings of Fife, of which the following may serve as a sample—

"Auld men in their proverbs sayis,
Pryde gays befor and schame alwayis
Folowys this on al sa fast,
And it owre-takis at the last."

MACKAY, p. 290.

A collier is born a fortnicht before his meat."

Alluding to the custom of buying provisions on a fortnight's credit till their wages were paid.—MACKAY, p. 295.

"**A reeky house** an' a girnin' man
Are sure to mak' a puir thing wan."

Women's proverb of marriage. *Newburgh on Tay.*—A. LAING in *Folklore Journal*, ii. 91.

"**A woman** suld na wed
Till she can win her man's bread."

Saying, more like a proverb, well describes the custom of the fisher-wives baiting the hooks and selling the fish.

MACKAY, p. 284.

"**Aye** let ye'r neebour's grist alane
Till ye ha'e siftit weel ye'r ain."

[The Miller's maxim. *St. Monans.*]—JACK, p. 8.

Bairn's Bargain.—A bargain that may be easily broken—a mutual engagement to overlook and exercise forbearance as to all that has passed, especially if of an unpleasant description. Fife; synonymous with the phrase—

"Let-abee for Let-abee."—JAM. DIC. SUP.

Barking and Fleeing. . . . This phrase is expressed in a fuller manner in Fife. "He's hunting and hawking, but he'll soon be barking and fleeing."

It has been said in explanation that the language being evidently meant to express the contrast produced by extravagance, it may intimate that the prodigal as it were takes the place of his hounds and hawks.—JAM. DIC. SUP.

"**Bawbees** are round and rin away,
A grip o' the grund is gude to ha'e."

"Uttered in the last [18th] century by a co-heiress when urged to sell her patrimonial property."—ALEX. LAING (*Newburgh-on-Tay*) in *Folklore Journal*, ii. 91.

"**Better** a waft o' wisdom at night, than enthusiastic jugglin' durin' the day." (*Glendookie*).—ROBERTSON, p. 128.

"**Blood** without suet mak's puir puddins"

and "**Better** half an egg than a toom doup"

are two proverbs of the kitchen which were current in Fife, and belong to the cottage, not to the palace.—MACKAY, p. 278.

"**Daylight** has mony een" (*Dunfermline*).
STEWART, p. 34.

"**De'il** stick pride! my doug deid o't,"

applied to foppish and conceited people (*Wemyss*).
MACKAY, p. 280.

"**Do,** do; what you do, do!"

[*i.e.*] Do well whatever you attempt (*Dunfermline*).
STEWART, p. 69.

"**Don't** wear your Sabbath day clo'es on your ilka day's back" (Thrift. *Dunfermline*).—STEWART, p. 10. See *Weavers*, p. 301.

"**Flee** laigh an' ye'll flee lang" (Modesty. *Dunfermline*).
MACKAY, p. 275.

"**Gie** your ain fish-guts to your ain sea-maws,"

(common all round the coast).—MACKAY, p. 284.

"**Haup** weel, rake weel."

Try every way rather than be disappointed; a phrase borrowed from ploughing, Fife. The literal meaning is, If the horse will not go to the right hand, let him take the opposite direction. . . .

Haup, *interj.* A word to make a horse turn to the right.
JAM. DIC. SUP.

Whenever any public official appears obviously swerving

from the straight line of rectitude, there is still a trite saying current in the East Nook: "**He** has gotten his loof cresht."
JACK (2), p. 107.

"**He** that can do no better must needs be a monk,"
is a saying ascribed by tradition to the ninth Earl of Douglas, and probably a proverb before his time, when sent to end his days as a prisoner in [Lindores] Abbey.—MACKAY, p. 285.

"**Hech!** hech! it's nae easy matter for the warl't when the grun' o' the gutter gets uppermost;" [said of one exalted beyond his sphere, who cuts his former acquaintances].—JACK (2), p. 107.

"**Hen's** care." A proverbial phrase, used in Fife, and perhaps in other counties, to denote the exercise of care without judgment.—JAM. DIC. SUP.

"**Here** and were." A phrase used to express contention or disagreement. They were like to come, or gang, *to here and were about it*; they were very near quarrelling. It is still used in Fife . . . but mostly by old people, the phrase being almost antiquated.—JAM. DIC. SUP.

Hettle codling, a species of codling, which receives its denomination from being caught on what is in Fife called the Hettle—

"Out of the hettle into the kettle,"
is an expression commonly used by old people in Kirkcaldy, when they wish to impress one with the idea that any kind of fish is perfectly *caller* or fresh.—JAM. DIC. SUP.

"**Hie'st** in Court, neist the widdie,"
—*i.e.* nearest the gallows.—MACKAY, p. 290.

"**I'll** no tak aff my breeks till I gang to my bed;" (*Dunfermline*).—MACKAY, p. 275.

"**I'll** keep my seat like Bessie May"
is a saying known only to the denizens of the "Auld Gray Toun" (*Dunfermline*).—THOMSON, p. 177.

"**I'll** tie mine ain hose wi' mine ain gartans"

and "Sell the coo to bury Tammie.". (Proud Poverty.)

MACKAY, p. 297.

"**I** like a' things weel, and guid things best, as auld Maggy Wud o' the Aily [Elie] said."

WOOD, p. 200; MACKAY, p. 293.

To Fife certainly belongs the well-known proverb—

"**Ilka** blade o' grass keps [1] its ain drap o' dew."

[1] Keps—catches.

. . . Its reverse has also found a proverbial form in the East Neuk.

"**Ilka** door-step has its ain slippy stane."

MACKAY, p. 297.

"**Like** draws to like"

is one of the proverbs which is the common property of many places and countries. But the addition

"Like an auld horse to a fail [feal] dyke"

gives it a peculiar Scottish, perhaps Fifish turn.

MACKAY, p. 278.

"**Like** is an ill mark."

Said to be a proverb of Falkland . . . because its natives did not care to be compared to those of any other place; but it is sometimes quoted,

"Like's an ill mark among ither folk's sheep,"

which makes it a saying of the shepherds of the Lomonds or the Ochils.—MACKAY, p. 277.

"**Lip** and Leggin."—To lip and leggin, is a phrase used in Fifeshire relating to drink in a cup or vessel. The person to whom the drink is offered holds the vessel obliquely, so as to try whether the liquid it contains will at the same time touch the "leggin" or angle at the bottom, and reach the "lip" or rim.

If it does not, he refuses to receive it, saying, "There's no drink there; it'll no lip and laggin."—HISLOP, p. 9.

"**May** the moose ne'er leave your awmrie wi' the tear in its e'e." (*Dunfermline*).—STEWART, p. 12; MACKAY, p. 297.

"**Nane** ever saw a prouder nettle than out o' a midden-head;" [said of one exalted beyond his sphere, who cuts his former acquaintances].—JACK (2), p. 107.

"**Seek** a hole for yoursel', like Tammas Young's bairns."

Tammas was a beadle in Cults, with a large family, who after the wife had undressed the bairns, was wont to pitch them into the box-bed saying, "Seek a hole for yoursel'."

MACKAY, p. 270.

"**Sell** the coo to bury Tammie," see **I'll**, above.

"**Tak** tent in time,
Ere time be tint."

Well known in Fife.—MACKAY, p. 297.

"**The** clergy are no craws to shoot at." (*Dunfermline*).

STEWART, p. 80.

"**The** King may come the cadger's gate." (Of Falkland origin, and may be taken in more than one sense.)

MACKAY, p. 277.

"**There's** aye water whaur the boatie rows." (*St. Monans.*)

The People's Journal, 20th June, 1908.

"**The** reek of Patrick Hamilton infects all it blows on" (*St. Andrews*).—MACKAY, p. 282.

"**The** time he's lickin' meal he's no delvin' heather."

Strenuous labour on the plainest of diets [?].

F. H. & J., Sept. 12, 1906.

In Fife there is a proverbial phrase denoting expedition,

although the meaning of the allusion seems to be lost among those who use it—

"**The** wark gaes on like yirdin." [*Yirdeu*, an earthquake.]
JAM. DIC. *s.v. Erddyn.*

"**We** are a' John Thomson's bairns."
. . . (Certainly John Thomson was a Fife man.)
MACKAY, p. 292.

"**We'll** try't on Rab and the cat." Tradition says that the minister's cow, having died from eating foliage, was handed over for burial to the beadle, who had a wife and a half-witted son called Rab. The beadle's better-half stoutly protested against such a waste of good meat, and insisted on putting it into her pork-barrel. "But," remonstrated John, "it'll maybe pushen's a'!" "Nae fear o' that," was the reply, "but we'll try't on Rab and the cat!" As it neither hurt Rab, nor the cat, it was duly consigned to the pork-barrel; and the cautious housewife's reply became a proverb in the district regarding anything doubtful. (*Forgan.*)
FLEMING (2), p. 125.

"**Wha** sits on a stane is twice fain,—fain to sit down and fain to rise up." (English—Look before you leap.)
MACKAY, pp. 275, 276.

"**When** the Bass and the Isle of May
Meet together on Mount Sinae." (Greek Kalends.)
MACKAY, p. 289.

"**Wo'** to the realm that has owre young ane King."
MACKAY, p. 290.

Weavers' Proverbs. *Dunfermline.*—Two proverbs of the weaving trade are remembered by old residents of Dunfermline—

"He'll neither hap nor wind,"

and "Keep a hasp in your ain hand."
MACKAY, p. 276.

"As coarse as Cupar harn, three threads to a pund, and each pund an oxterfull."—MACKAY, p. 270.

"The thrift o' you and a dog's woo' would mak a braw wab." (A thriftless housewife.)—MACKAY, p. 276.

"**Ye're** no aye gaun to the Kirk when ye gang doon the Kirkgate" (*Dunfermline*).—MACKAY, p. 276.

"**You'll** no' find that in Davy Lyndsay"

was a proverb of the time when the works of the Lyon King were the secular Bible of the people of Fife.

MACKAY, p. 290; TAYLOR, p. 90.

"**Your** wind shakes nae corn," said of a braggart or boaster.

MACKAY, p. 275.

XXI. NURSERY RHYMES AND JINGLES, ETC.

A Fifeshire Rhyme.

"Moses and Aaron gaed to ca' the kirn,
Aaron took a sowp, and Moses gae a girn."

RYMOUR CLUB, part ii. p. 55.

Culross Jingle.

"Samuel Colvill's gone to France,
Where he hath learnt to sing and dance,
And play upon a fiddle;
He is a man of great esteem,
His mother gat him in a dream,
At Culross, on a girdle."

It is to be noted that Culross was long celebrated for its manufacture of girdles, that is, circular plates of cast-iron, for toasting cakes over the fire.—KIRKTON, p. 181 (*note*).

Besom-sellers' Cry.—The following cry used to be well known [at Culross]:

"Buy broom besoms, better never grew;
Bonny heather reenges, wha'll hae them noo?
Besoms for a penny, reenges for a plack;
An ye winna hae them, tie them on my back!"

BEVERIDGE (2), vol. ii. p. 217.

Herd-boys' Scolding.

"Buckalee, buckalo, buckabonnie, buckabo,
A fine bait amang the corn—what for no?
A lippie or a peck, a firlot or a bow [boll];
Sorrow break the herd's neck owre a foggie knowe."

Cried at the top of the voice to inattentive herd-boys when they allow their charge to stray from their pastures.

CHAMBERS, p. 150.

Victuals in Season.

"A Januar' haddock,
A Februar' bannock,
And a March pint of ale."

Saying of the East Coast without specific locality.

MACKAY, p. 283.

Jenny's Bawbee.

"And a' that e'er my Jenny had,
My Jenny had, my Jenny had,
And a' that e'er my Jenny had,
Was ae bawbee

"There's your plack and my plack,
And your plack and my plack,
And my plack and your plack,
And Jenny's bawbee.

"We'll put it in the pint stoup,
The pint stoup, the pint stoup,
We'll put it in the pint stoup,
And birl't a' three."

We have given it at length, as the words seem to prove it referred to a children's game with small coins, of which Jenny's was the smallest.—MACKAY, p. 318.

On a Tale-bearer. *Dunfermline.*—

"Claik-pie, claik-pie,
Sits in the midden;
Licks up my dirt,
And daes my biddin'."

RYMOUR CLUB, part iv. p. 135.

Tale-pyet, see *Magpie*, p. 27.

Children's Rhymes.—In Fife, children thus address the

stalk and flower of the *scabious* or devil's-bit, which they call the *curly doddy*:

"Curly doddy, do my biddin',
Soop my house, and shool my midden."

CHAMBERS, p. 204; MACKAY, p. 295.

Certain Fifeshire children have the following standard of value:

"Ane's nane,
Twa's some,
Three's a Curly Andrew."

The "Curly Andrew" is a rough kind of sweetmeat common at Fifeshire fairs. It is usually made up in a thin, gilt paper bag. . . .—S. N. & Q., p. 140, March 1902.

"Ane's nane, twa's some,
Three's a pistol, four's a gun,
Five's the laird o' Bougie's son,
An' six is curlie dougie."

Purely local, *Bogie* being a considerable farm situated about two miles northward of the town [*Kirkcaldy*].

RYMOUR CLUB, part iv. p. 134.

"As I gaed up an apple-tree
A' the apples fell on me;
Mak a puddin', mak a pie,
Send it up to John Mackay;
John Mackay's no' in,
Send it up to the man in the mune;
The man in the mune's makkin' shune,
Tuppence a pair, an' they're a' dune."

Newburgh (D. R.).

My mother had a nursery rhyme [on "Leerie" the lamplighter]:

"Leerie, Leerie, broke a lamp,
And said it was a laddie;

Break a stick across his back,
And send him to Kirkcaldy!" [1]

[1] For other versions see *Scottish Notes and Queries*, vol. ii. p. 112.

Another she repeated, when rubbing our fingers to warm them, was:

"My father gies me milk and bread,
My mither gies me claes,
To sit about the fireside
And knap people's taes."

These rhymes may be peculiar to Fife. I have not heard them for fifty years.—*W. S.*, Jan. 30th, 1897.

Schoolboys' Rhymes. I mind weel that in the last half of the "twenties" mysel' and ither laddies often ran after "Leerie" when he began to licht the lamps (whale oil brewed on the sands) as the nichts grew lang. 'Twas in Pickletillem [Pathhead], dear to the famous "lang toun." [Kirkcaldy].

Leerie, Leerie, licht the lamps,
Lang tails an' crookit shanks;
Tak' a stick an' break his back,
An' send him to Kirkcaldy."

W.S., 6th Feb. 1897.

Cf. *Kirkcaldy and Pathhead, Place-rhymes*, p. 280.

"Marry now, maidens,
Maidens, marry now;
For stickit is your Cardinal,
And sautit like a sow."

I am informed that the boys of St. Andrews, and also of other towns in the east of Fife, are in the habit of singing this stanza to an air, as they perambulate the streets in bands at night. It is evident, in my opinion, that it must have been composed in 1546, immediately after the assassination of the Cardinal, while he was still lying pickled in the dungeons

of the castle. . . . The meaning of the verse . . . is . . . obvious.—CHAMBERS (3), pp. xix, xx.

Cf. CHAMBERS, p. 384.

"Maids be merry now, maids be merry now,
For stickit is our Cardinal, and saltit like ane sow."

KIRKTON, p. 407.

It is customary for youngsters at school to scribble their names under the boards of their books, in the following fashion:

"[Andrew Thomson] is my name;
Scotland is my nation;
[Dunfermline] is my dwelling-place,
A pleasant habitation."

CHAMBERS, pp. 393, 394.

Newburgh.—The schoolboys still cry "Gey [? gae] to Hackle Birnie!" from Haeckel-bärend, the Norse spirit of the storm.

MACKAY, p. 284; cf. LAING, p. 378.

Riddles.

"As I gaed to Falkland to a feast,
I met wi' an ugly beast—
Ten tails, a hunder nails,
And no a fit but ane."—A ship.

CHAMBERS, p. 110.

"Hey Jock, my cuddy,
My cuddy's owre the dyke,
An' if ye touch my cuddy,
My cuddy 'll gie ye a bite."—A nettle.

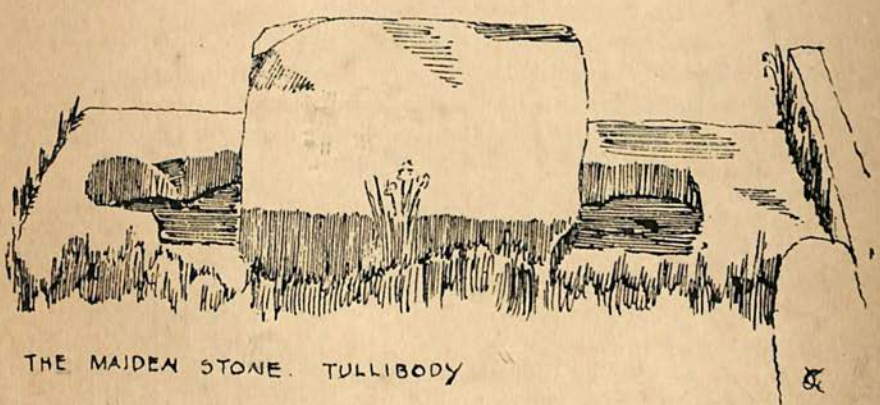
Newburgh (D. R.).

COUNTY FOLK-LORE

VOL. VII.

PRINTED EXTRACTS No. 10

CLACKMANNANSHIRE



THE MAIDEN STONE. TULLIBODY

COLLECTED BY J. E. SIMPKINS

Published for the Folk-Lore Society by
SIDGWICK & JACKSON, 3 ADAM STREET, LONDON
1914

CLACKMANNANSHIRE.

I. SUPERSTITIOUS BELIEF AND PRACTICE.

STONES.

The Deil's Cradle. *Dollar.*—On the confines of the Parish of Dollar, not far from Hillfoot, the seat of John M'Arthur Moir, Esq., lies a glen, called Burngrens. . . . In this glen there is a large stone of peculiar formation, in every way like a cradle. It is currently believed by the superstitious in the vicinity, that the stone, every Hallowe'en night, is raised from its place, and suspended in the air by some unseen agency, while "Old Sandy," snugly seated upon it, is swung backwards and forwards by his adherents, the witches, until daylight warns them to decamp. . . . We stood upon the stone about a week ago. Ivy and moss are slowly mantling over it, a proof that it is some considerable time since the Devil has been rocked on it.—J. C. vol. i. p. 364.

See **Clackmannan**, p. 343.

WELLS.

The Maiden Well. *Dollar.*—A little to the north of the castle [Gloom or Campbell] is situated the glen, or pass, of Glenqueich. Hills rising on both sides give it a very gloomy appearance. A few stunted hazel bushes, and sometimes a solitary "rantle tree," are the only objects to cheer the eye

of the traveller as he makes his way through the narrow and difficult defile, rendered doubly difficult from the great quantities of *debris* which fall from the rocks above. Near the middle of it is the "Maiden Well." As to how it obtained this appellation, tradition is silent. It is a natural basin of the purest water, rising from beneath a huge fragment of rock. Grass of a very peculiar nature grows around its margin. It keeps green throughout the whole year, and for this reason it is supposed to have been a favourite rendezvous of the fairies. The well was the haunt of a genie, or spirit, who, when invoked, rose from it in a thin vapour, which, on dispersing, a lady of the most ravishing beauty was revealed to view. Many an attempt was made to carry her off, but they invariably proved abortive. . . .

[About] the fourteenth century . . . Castle Gloom . . . was in the possession of Ronald, one of the chieftains of the M'Callum line. . . . On Edwin [his son] attaining his twenty-first year, his father gave a splendid feast, at which attended knight, baron and serf. . . . Over the wine cup the conversation happening to turn upon the spirit [of the well]; Edwin flushed with wine, in an unguarded moment, said he feared no danger, and would bring away the spirit, or perish in the attempt. This unwary boast was immediately caught hold of. His father tried to dissuade him from it, but his word of honour being pledged, there remained no other alternative but to put into execution what he had said. Hastily bidding them all good night, he left the castle, and began his toilsome journey [reached the well, and thrice called upon the spirit to appear. At his third summons the lady obeyed, gripped hold of her rash devotee, and dragged him with her into the depths. The story is given in modern verse by our authority. It is not clear how far it represents a genuine tradition.].—J. C. vol. ii. pp. 62, 63.

Holy Wells. Our Lady's Well, Clackmannan. The Abbot's Well, Tulliebody.—*Proc. Soc. Ant. Scot.*, vol. xvii. pp. 186-210.

Tides, see p. 17.

PLANTS.

Globeflower. *Dollar.*—The "bonnie lucken gowan" of Hogg was formerly in great repute as a charm.

BEVERIDGE, p. 290.

BIRDS.

The Robin and Wren.

"Harry not the robin,
Harry not the wren;
For, if you harry their nests,
You'll never thrive again."

J. C. vol. ii. p. 275.

The Magpie.

"Ane's joy,
Twa's grief,
Three's a wadin,
Four's death."

The magpie was (and is?) considered by the superstitious an ominous bird—a messenger of good or evil. . . . In our boyish days, when we went a fishing, should two of them cross our path, we not infrequently turned home, for, if we persisted in going, we were quite sure to be unsuccessful.

J. C. vol. ii. p. 275.

Cf. *Folk-Lore*, vol. ix. p. 286.

GOBLINDOM.

Fairies. *Craiginnin Farm.*—Nearly seventy years ago, David Wright rented the farm of Craiginnin. His servants

on cutting the grass of the meadow, were in the custom of leaving it to the management of the fairies. These aerial beings came from Blackford, Gleneagles, Buckieburn, etc., and assembling on the summit of the "Saddlehill" descended to their work among the hay. From morning till evening they toiled assiduously. After spreading it out before the sun, they put it into *coils*, then into *ricks*, when it was conveyed into the adjacent farm-yard, where they built it into stacks. This kindness of the fairies David Wright never forgot to repay, for, when the sheep-shearing came round, he always gave them a few of the best fleeces of his flock. He flourished wonderfully, but finding his health daily declining, and seeing death would soon overtake him, he imparted to his eldest son the secret of his success, and told him ever to be in friendship with the "gude neebors." The old man died, and was succeeded by his son, who was at once hard, grasping, and inhospitable. The kind advices and injunctions given him by his father were either forgotten or unattended to. Hay-making came round, but young Wright, instead of allowing the "green-goons" to perform what they had so long done (thinking thereby to save a few fleeces), ordered his servants to the work. Things went on very pleasantly the first day, but on going next morning to resume their labour, what was their surprise to find the hay scattered in every direction. Morning after morning this was continued, until the hay was unfit for use. In revenge for this, he destroyed the whole of their rings, ploughed up their green knolls, and committed a thousand other offences. He had soon reason, however, to repent of these ongoings.

One day the dairymaid having completed the operation of churning, carried the butter, as was her wont, to the "butter well," on the east side of the house, to undergo the process of washing, preparatory to its being sent away to the market. No sooner had she thrown it into the well, than a small hand was laid upon it, and in a second the bright golden treasure disappeared beneath the crystal waters! The servant tried

to snatch it; but alas! it was lost—irrecoverably lost for ever! and as she left the place a voice said:

"Your butter's awa'
To feast our band
In the fairy ha'."

The horses, cows, and sheep, sickened and died; and to complete all, Wright, on returning from a Glendevon market, night overtook him in the wild pass of Glenqueich. He wandered here and there, and at last sunk into a "well-e'e," in which he perished. After his death the farm-house went gradually to demolition, and its bare walls are now only to be seen.—J. C. vol. ii. p. 276.

Muckhart.—The Holeburn, an insignificant stream in the parish of Muckhart, takes its rise among the Ochils, and after a somewhat rugged course . . . runs down the centre of the Gowan Dell, and well does this place merit such a pretty cognomen, for a more beautiful spot cannot well be found. One or two cottages, with gardens attached, stand at the bottom of it; and during a visit last year we had the pleasure of hearing an old woman, one of the inmates, relate the following tradition:

"Its mony years since an awfu' drooth happened in this kintra, which turned a' oor bonnie green fields and hills as broon as a docken, and as dry as poother. Everything was quite withered, and really the thing appeared sae judgment-like, that some fasted, some prayed, and ithers were thrown into a state bordering on despair. The vera streams and wells were nearly a' dried up. This drouth continued for twa months, in which time a great mony fine kye dee'd, and likewise sheep; and by the loss, sma' farmers were reduced to a state o' perfect poverty. The fairies, puir bodies, did a' in their poor [*sic*] to assist the distressed, and it was strange that their rings and hillocks never suffered in the least frae the heat, but on the contrary, remained fresh and green as ever.

"In this sad time, there was a man o' the name o' Crawfurd, wha had obleeged the fairies on several occasions; and weel can thae folk repay a benefit, and weel can they revenge

an injury. He was the best man (I have heard it said) that ever lived, for he could never bear to see his fellow creatures want, and as lang as he had a bawbee to spare he never held in his hand. His three kye had perished, and they being the principal thing he depended upon for the support o' his wife and family, it was no wonder that he became sae dooncast. As he was sitting ae night by the side o' the fire, after a' the family had been bedded, planning a thousand schemes, nae doot, how he might be enabled to keep in his ain life and the lives o' them that were depending upon him, a "hugger" [purse] cam doon the lum and fell at his feet. He lifted it up, and finding it very heavy, opened it. His astonishment was great when he fand it fu' o' goud pieces, and at the bottom was a sma' bit o' paper, wi' the inscription—

"Tak' the goud and buy a koo,
You minded us, we've minded you."

"Next morning, Crawfurd trudged away, without tellin' his wife ony thing about it, to a rich farmer about Kinross, whaur he laid out part o' his siller in buying twa fine kye, which he brocht hame. But in buyin' them, he hadna considered hoo they were to be kept, and he fand himsel' as far back as ever. But the fairies sune settled that matter, for they tauld him to drive them here—which at that time was a' covered wi' rashes, whins, and briers. Crawfurd kent the place fu' weel, and was gaun to laugh at the proposal, but hafflins afraid lest he should offend those wha had been sae gude to him, he drave his twa kye awa to the Dell. If he was surprised at his present o' goud, he was quite dumfoondered at the changed appearance o' the place. Every bush and weed had disappeared, and in their stead sprung up a beautiful crop o' the richest and finest grass. The twa kye gaed here, week after week, and month after month, and still there was nae sign o' the grass either withering or growing bare. Each o' the kye yielded atween saxteen and auchteen pints o' milk a day, and the butter made frae it surpassed ony thing o' its kind. The fame o't spread far and wide, and folk cam frae a' airts to get it. The neighbours began

to grow jealous o' Sandy, and in a short time he had mony enemies, wha, thinking they wou'd get on as weel as him, turned their kye into the Dell. But what did it matter? Not a single koo but Sandy's ga'e a drap o' milk! The drooth, hooever, ended, and show'rs again fell in great abundance, sae that the kintra began to recover what it had lost. Sandy gaed on prosperously in the warl', never fa'en back a-day, and after layin' up a gude wheen bawbees, and leavin' his family in easy circumstances, he was gathered to his fathers, and lamented by a' wha had tasted o' his gudeness. His wife sune followed him, and the bairns were left weel provided for. As for the Gowan Dell, it has jist the self and same appearance enoo as it had that morning on which the twa kye o' Sandy's first set fit within it!"

J. C., Edinburgh, pp. 40, 41.

Menstrie.—The beautiful district of Menstrie was formerly honoured by the presence and presidency of a fairy, which, within the recollection of people still alive, was expelled from her favourite haunts by the intrusion of a very different spirit—the genius of agriculture and commercial enterprise. In peculiarly dark and stilly nights, however, it is believed, that, "like a ghost revisiting the pale glimpses of the moon," this delicate spirit occasionally returns to her abandoned territory, and laments the devastations which have been committed in her absence by stone-fences, cotton-mills, and the copse-destroying plough. Many, moreover, assert that she has been heard to vent her sorrows in the following affecting stanza:

> "Oh, Alva woods are bonnie,
> Tilliecoultry hills are fair;
> But when I think o' the bonnie braes o' Menstrie,
> It maks my heart ay sair."

But there happen to be twa stories to this rhyme.

CHAMBERS, 1826 Ed. pp. 5, 6. [Cf. p. 316.]

"An honest miller once dwelt in Menstrie. He had a very bonnie wife, and the fairies takin' a notion o' her, carried her awa'. The puir man was much cast doon at the loss o' his

wife, mair especially as he heard her every morning, chanting aboon his head (but he could na see her) :

"O ! Alva woods are bonnie,
Tillicoultry hills are fair ;
But when I think on the braes o' Menstrie
It maks my heart aye sair."

" Riddlin' caff (chaff) ae day at the mooth o' his mill door. he chanced to stand upon ae fit, as the hens do in rainy weather —the enchantment which bound his wife was immediately broken, and lo ! she stood beside him. The Miller o' Menstrie had a brither in misfortune—the drucken *Sautman* o' Tullibody. His wife was continually flyting upon him for his misconduct, but a' she said fell like rain in a desert, and produced nae effect. Seeing she could na be happy wi' him, she prayed that the fairies might tak' her awa'. The fairies took hold of her in a twinklin', and up the lum they flew singin'—

" Deedle linkum dodie,
We're aff wi' drucken Davie's wife,
The *Sautman* o' Tullibody."

They carried her to Cauldhame—the palace o' the fairies—whaur she lived like a queen. " Blude," they say, " is aye thicker than water," and the wife asked permission to live wi' her husband again. This was granted, and as she left the fairies, one of them presented her wi' a sma' stick, saying, " as lang as ye keep this, your gudeman will drink nae mair." The charm was successful. Davie becam' a sober man, and the gudewife never forgot the kindness o' the fairies.

J. C. vol. ii. p. 275.

Cf. CHAMBERS, pp. 258 and 322.

The Black Laird of Dunblane returning late one night from Alloa, met in Menstrie Glen with the Fairies, who invited him to go with them. They mounted bundles of windlestrae, and he a plough-beam left in a furrow. Crying " Brechin to the Bridal " they flew thither through the air on white horses, entered a mansion where a banquet was prepared, and ate and drank, invisible to the guests. Then crying " Cruinan

to the dance!" they passed out again through the key-holes "like a sough of wind" and went in the same way to Cruinan. At length, the Laird could not help exclaiming, "Weel dune, Watson's auld plough-beam!" and at once he found himself alone, astride of the plough in the furrow whence he started.

Abridged from FERGUSSON (2), pp. 34-40.

Brownies. *Boghall Farm, Dollar.*

"There were aucht sturdy ploomen
On the farm o' Bogha';
But Brownie in ae nicht,
Wrought mair than them a'."

The Brownie was very like a man in shape. All his body was covered with brown hairs, hence his name. He possessed great strength; slept all day and worked all night, when the whole farmhouse was hushed in slumber. He was very harmless, and had more of a forgiving than a revengeful turn of mind. His meat was sowans and sweet milk, while his bed consisted of straw made up in some cozie corner of the barn. To the Farm of Boghall, near Dollar, Brownie rendered essential services; but it happened one very severe winter, when the snow lay deep upon the ground, and the frost was so intense as to freeze every running stream and well, that the "gudewife," afraid that her friend the Brownie would die, and quite ignorant that she was doing wrong, laid down some warm blankets upon his couch of straw. On seeing this, he straightway departed from the place, saying:

"To leave my old haunts, oh! my heart it is sair,
But the wife gae me blankets—she'll see me nae mair;
I've work'd in her barn, frae evening till day,
My curse on the blankets that drove me away,
All the boon that I asked were my sowans and strae,
But success to Bogha' although Brownie's away."

Whether owing to Brownie's departure, or "Fortune's wayward freaks," Boghall, it is well known, was never the same again, and even at the present day, it is little better than a wilderness.—J. C. vol. ii. p. 275.

Glendevon.—The goodman of a farmhouse in the parish of Glendevon left out some clothes one night for the brownie, who was heard during the night to depart, saying, in a highly offended tone:

"Gie brownie coat, gie brownie sark,
Ye'se get nae mair o' brownie's wark!

CHAMBERS, p. 325.

Water-kelpy. *Rumbling Bridge.*—The spirit of the waters, who, as is vulgarly believed, gives previous intimation of the destruction of those who perish within his jurisdiction, by preternatural lights and noises, and even assists in drowning them.—KENNEDY, vol. i. p. 271.

GHOSTS.

A Murderer's Ghost. *Pitfairen.*—

"Frae the auld elm tree,
On the tap o' the knowe,
A seed shall fa' aff,
Whilk a tree shall grow;
And a craddle it shall mak,
To rock the wee bairn,
Wha'll conjure the ghaist
That haunts Pitfairen."

Pitfairen is situated on the south bank of the river Devon, and consists of a few miserable tiled houses, inhabited by colliers, miners, and others. Two or three hundred years ago, the inhabitants of this place, as well as those of the surrounding districts, were thrown into much alarm and consternation by the nightly appearance of a ghost, or apparition, as if newly risen, with its cerements, from the grave, going round and round an old elm tree repeating, in a low but audible voice, the above lines. It came to pass at last that an elm tree did grow near the one mentioned; but whether it had

sprung from the seed, or had been planted there by the hand of some superstitious person, was never fully understood. After attaining considerable magnitude, the proprietor upon whose ground it grew ordered it to be cut down and given to a wright in the neighbourhood, who after it had lain a long time in his wood-yard, received an order to make a cradle. Putting implicit confidence in the veracity of the prophecy, and thinking the fulfilment of it at hand, he, unknown to any one, made the cradle from the identical elm tree. The child who had been rocked in it gave proofs of great knowledge at an early age, and when he had reached his fourteenth year entered a religious house to study for the church. Paying a visit to his parents, after a long absence, the wright, who was now an old man, let "the cat oot o' the pock," telling what he had done. Naturally of a bold disposition, the young man, providing himself with "book and candle," repaired after nightfall to the spot, where he received the following revelation:

"For the sake of gold I became a murderer. Wealth could not procure me happiness. I died, and since that time my restless spirit is compelled to wander here—the scene of my crime—until my guilt be made known to the world. When morning comes, dig downwards to the root of this tree, and you will find the bones of the murdered person. Remove them from hence, and then I shall have peace." Saying this the ghost began its weary rounds again. As directed the young man, with a few of the inhabitants of the hamlet, dug around the tree. A great number of bones were discovered. These were carefully collected, and carried to the adjoining churchyard, where they were buried. The ghost was never seen afterwards.—J. C. vol. ii. p. 273.

Witchcraft.

Witch-burning. *Dollar.*—Towards the end of the last

[17th] century, a man was burnt for a wizard, at the foot of the Gloom Hill, not many yards from the town of Dollar.

O.S.A., vol. xv. p. 167.

Witches' Trysts. *Dollar.*—

"In Quarrel burn
The witches meet,
Syne through the air
They scour fu' fleet.
They flee! and they flee!
Till they reach 'Lochy Faulds,'
Whaur auld Nick in person
His tribunal haulds."

Sixty years ago, "Quarrel-burn" was a famous rendezvous of the witches of Dollar. They met in the evening, and when the necessary preliminaries had been entered into, they mounted their broomsticks and rode through the air until they reached "Lochy Faulds," situated at the foot of Gloom-hill. An oak tree whose twisted and moss-grown trunk has stood the blasts of many winters still marks the spot where these hags held their midnight revels. Beneath its spreading branches there is a round circle of brown earth, upon which neither grass nor any vegetation ever grows. People said some "black deed" had been committed there. Others said that fire had been the cause of it. Tradition, however, tells a different story. The witches having been informed that a farmer had spoken rather disrespectfully of them, on account of the death of some of his cattle, they determined on vengeance. An opportunity soon offered, and the farmer was carried away to "Lochy Faulds," to stand his trial before the tribunal over which his Black Majesty presided in person. On reaching the place, he was told to disprove what had been reported of him, or, if he failed in doing so, they would deal with him as they thought proper. The farmer stood up and protested his innocence; but his accusers, not being at all satisfied, told him that he must give them some proof before they could believe him. Scarcely able to speak, the poor

man in a fit of desperation said, "May a round ring encompass me, and may grass never grow upon it any more, if I am not innocent of the crime laid to my charge." Wonderful! The thing happened! We are not told what became of the farmer.

. . . "In a small cottage, on the summit of Sheardale Braes, lived a man named Patie M'Nicol. He was a wee booly-backit body, and wore aye a blue coat, plush waistcoat and knee-breeks, and a "Tam o' Shanter" bonnet, wi' a red tap. It was darkly hinted that he was in league with the witches. He never wrought ony, but yet he always had plenty. The Bible he would not read, nor allow a religious book to enter his door. The minister (Mr. Couples) hearing this, went to him, and endeavoured to show him the errors of his ways; and so far succeeded as to get Patie to tak' the present o' a *Bible*! Every Sunday after this saw Patie at the kirk; and although the distance he had to walk was about three miles, yet he was never absent, unless sickness prevented him. He was quite a changed man. But mark his punishment. He had ga'en awa' oot, in the gray o' the gloamin', to tak' a walk. Suddenly a soughin' soun' cam ower his head, and immediately he felt himself lifted from the grun', and carried thro' the air wi' an awfu' velocity. Neist mornin' he was found, half dead wi' cauld and hunger, on the very tap o' 'Sea Mab,' among the very highest o' the Ochils. He was ta'en hame, but he never got the better of his unmercifu' treatment. He had na a day to thrive, and he dwined awa' like snaw aff a dyke, until he sunk into the grave.

"The next object of their machinations was the worthie divine wha had been instrumental in bringin' Patie to a knowledge of the richt. Noises and lood screams were heard in a' the corners o' his house, and when he gaed to see what was the matter, he could see naething! Ae time, in particular, the noises were heard to such a degree that the minister was obliged to leave his hoose in the Middle Bank, wi' naething but his sark on. He ran doon to a sma' cot, ca'd the Willow Wands, a muckle black boar following him a' the way. Mat-

ters, however, did na end here, for on the Sunday following, as he was gaun awa' to the kirk, things like planks o' wood rowed doon afore him a great part o' his way; but he being a God-fearin' man, withstood a' thae demonstrations and baffled Satan completely."—J. C. vol. ii. pp. 273, 274.

Trial for Witchcraft. *Alloa*, 1658.—At Alloway, the elevint day of May 1658 yeires,—Margaret Duchill, indweller in Alloway, for syndrie delationes agaynst her to the minister be severall eldars, of her scandalous cariage in the sinne of witchcraft, was cited before the Sessioun the said day, and efter the delationes was read to her before the Sessioun, sche denyat ym, except that sche confessed that sche had said to William Moresone, elder, that if they sould tak and burne her there sould better wyves in Alloway nor her be burnt with her. Upon wch confessioun, with many presumptiones agaynst her, the minister and eldars sends ane letter to the justices of the peace, with ane of the eldars and clerk of the Sessioun, who returned ane order direct to the constables of Alloway to secure her person in close prison, and ane guard night and day attending her, and eftir several visits maid be the minister and some eldars with many gude exhortacions and pithie prayers, with several demands concerning yt sinne of witchcraft, sche did at last confess as follows:

First,—That sche hes beine in the devill's service thir twentie yeire by gane, and being askit qr she mett first with him, who answert, in Isobell Jamesone's little house, qr sche dwelt herself all alone, and who came into me to the said house in the likeness of a man with broune cloathes and ane little blak hatt, who asked hir what ailleth you, sche ansrit, I am ane poore bodie and cannot get qron to live. He said ye sall not want if you will doe my bidding, and he gave me fyve shilling and bade me goe buy ane pek of meill with it, and I went to the tron and bought ane pek of peis meill with it, and it was gude money. I brought it home and bakit bannoks, and he sent me for ane chapine of aill and wee did eate and drink together, and yreftir I went to the causey

and span on my rok till night. And qn I came in he was in the house and bade me close the doore. . . . Thereafter he said to me Maggie will yee be my servant? And I said I wold be his servant. Then he said ye must quyte God and yor baptisme, which I did and he gave me his mark on my eyebrie by ane nip and bade me qnsoevir ye wold have me, call upon me by my name Johne and I sall nevir leave you, but doe anything to you that ye bide me, therefter in the . . . of the morning I convoyed him doune the cow-rig where he vanished from me.

Secondlie.—Sche being asked what evil sche haid done in the said service the said 20 yeires, sche anserit, the first wrong yt ever sche did was to Bessie Vertue, and being askit qt wrong she did to her, sche ansrit sche took her lyfe, and being asked what way she took her lyfe and for qt cause, sche ansrit that sche and I discordit at the pow [pool] of Alloway bearing coallies, and I went to the divell and sought amends of her, and he said to me qu will you have your will of her, and I said her lyfe. Then said he goe to her house and tak her be the hand and sche sall nevir doe any more gude; which I did, and sche presentlie took sickness qrof sche died.

Thirdlie.—Sche confessed she wes the death of Janet Houston, spous to Johne Duthie, wabster, and being asked qrfore sche did yt to her, she ansert, sche wes auchtand [owing] me ten merks and wold not pay me, and qn I craved her sche said sche cared not for me. I went and complained to the divell and sought her lyfe, who bade me go to her the morne and crave her agayne and if sche pay you not, take her a dunse [slap] upon the back and sche sall nevir doe any more gude which I did and sche pyned away . . . sche died.

Fourthlie.—Sche confessed sche wes the death of Johne Demperstone's daughter, who was about twelf yeires of age or yrby, who being asked what ailed her at yt young lass, sche ansert, I going allong the bridge of Alloway sche running by me touched me, and I said what ailleth the lass to touch me, and sche ansrit, away witch thieff. I went to the divell and sought amends. He bade me the first tyme I saw her

to tak ane tug of her arms and sche sould bleed to death, which I did and the lass went home and presentlie bled to death. And she being asked be the minister how could ane tug of ane arme or ane dunse on the back or shaking of hands be the death of any bodie, sche ansrit that after she gatt the word from Johne, her master, she wold have done it to the greatest man or woman in the world.

Fyftlie,—Sche being asket what were the women yt sche said if sche were burnt sould be burnt with her, sche ansrit that sche had beine at severall meittings with the divell and syndrie women with her, and being asked who they were sche ansrit that one night at twelf a clock at night Elspeth Clark came to her house and took her out to the crofts of Alloway qr they mett the divell.

She did likewyse declare that Jonet Black came one day to William Moresone's house desyring two pennyworth of snuff, and because sche haid no money to pay for it he wold not give her the same, and for wch cause the same night sche conveined with herself, Bessie Paton and Margaret Talzeor, Catherine Rainy, and me the said Margart Duchill, and wee all being togither found the said William Moresone at his owne baksyde, whom we did violentlie draw by arms and shoulders through yce and snow to Walter Murray's barne, where we thought to have drowned him in ane hole, but he crying God be merciful to me, they all fled from him but myself, who came home at his back like a black dog. But he saw me not. All which the said William Moresone did diverse tymes long before this, declair that he was mightlie fearit but never knew till this confession.

Sixtlie—Sche did likewyse declair sche was at ane meitting with Jonet Black, Bessie Paton, Margaret Talzeor, Catherine Rainy, Margaret Demperston, and Elspit Black warnit them ay to meittings in the crofts of Alloway with the divell, qr they dancit in others hands with the divell present going up and downe among them, some of them singing, some of them dancing, and Bessie Paton leading the ring. . . . And the last meitting was at Andrew Erskyne's brewhouse doore

within this ten days, and being chased be ane James —— about elevine o'clock in the night we went . . . all home. Sche confest ane meiting in the Cuningar of all the sevine with the divell in the likeness of catts, who went to the —— and destroyed ane kow to Edward Burnes. Ane other meitting one night and they went to Tullibodie and killed ane bairne. Anoyr meitting and went to bow house and killed ane horse and ane kow to William Monteath. Ane other meitting and they went to Clakmannan and killed ane child to Thomas Bruce. Ane other meitting and they went to Caldone's and was the death of two bairnes of his.

Subscryvit, J. Meldrum, Sess. Clerk of Alloway.

The leaves of our parish record, containing the end of this queer concern, have unfortunately been destroyed or stolen, or lost.—CRAWFORD, pp. 137-141.

Alloa, 1658.—Another paper was presented to the Presbytery by Mr. John Craigengelt, younger, minister of Dollar, bearing the confession and examination of Margaret Talzeor, Bessie Paton, Jonet Black, and Kathrine Rainy, all in the parish of Alloway, who were apprehended by order of the Justices of the Peace, partly on the deposition of the said deceased Margaret Duchill, and partly on presumptions, and partly upon *mala fama*. "At Alloway the third day of June, 1658. Present, the Laird of Clackmannan and the Laird of Kennett, justices of peace, Mr. Harie Guthrie, minister at Clackmannan, Mr. Johne Craigingelt, Minister at Dollar, wreitar heir of, Mr. James Cunningham and Thomas Mitchell of Coldon eldars of the Kirk Sessioun of Alloway, and Johne Kerrie, Elder of the said Sessioun."

Margaret Talzeor, on being asked whether she was guilty of the sin of witchcraft, "Ansorit yes. And it wes about three yeires since in the winter tyme in the day tyme, without the house in the way to the heuch Margaret Duchall being with her at Bagrie burne, the divell appeired in the likeness of ane young man in blak cloathes, and bade her renounce her baptisme, which she condiscendit to doe, whereupon he promised that she sould nevir want, and bade her call upon him when she

stood in neid, by the name of Johne." She acknowledged that she renounced her baptism upon her knees, after which he gave her his mark. The devill appeared another time, in the presence of the other women already named, and that Margaret Duchall " came to her in the likeness of ane catt," and afterwards appeared in her own shape. The next meeting was at midnight in Bodsmeadow, about a quarter of a year since, when . . . the witches danced, " and that James Kirk at the back of the greine wes present and played on ane whistle, and that their language wes not our ordinarie language." Along with Jonet Black and Bessie Paton, Margaret Talzeor went to the Bowhouse and " went in at ane holl in the byre door, and that the nixt day ane horse and ane cow died, and that she was in the Cuningar (yaird) this winter, in the time of snow, the divell being present in his former likeness as ane man, and there wes present Bessie Paton, Jonet Black, Kathrine Rainy, and Margaret Duchall. Jonet Black, she affirms, said that she wes the death of ane bairne in Tullibodie of Marie Moreis and that Margaret Duchall told her that they were at Clackmannan and killed ane bairn to Thomas Bruce. And that when they mett, Sathan calls the roll, and her name wes Jonet, given to her at the first when she renouncit her baptisme and interest in Jesus Chryst. And that Satan mett with her in the likeness of ane rouch dog that night when Jonet Grott died, and Margaret Duchall, Kathrine Rainy, and Jonet Grott wes with him, and they came to her in the night in the last where she lay, and they went in to Androw Thomsons house at his back door, and they took out the fusson (strength) out of his wheat bread, and that Jonet Groatt, who died that night, took the bread and gave evrie one of them ane peice bread, which she took with her and did not eat nor ken what came of it, and that she was at the head of Thomas Mitchells yeard eftir that they haid comed from the burne, [. . .] and that the divell went first up in the likeness of ane little man, Bessie Paton nixt, and Kathrine Rainy and Jonet Black in at ane holl of the back door, and that she and Margaret Duchall stayed doune the stair and went not in; and

that also there wes ane gentlewoman with ane black pok whom she knew not and wes nixt the divell, and that Bessie Paton knew her; and that the divell appeired lyke ane bissome to her since she came to this house, and that he promised that she sould not be burnt. That she wes there but once, and that Jonet Blak haid the meall to be casten first on the dog then on the bairnes. And that Jonet Millar in Tullibodie told her that the divell haid appeired to her, yet the said Jonet knew not that she was ane witch. And being furder prest concerning that gentlewoman that haid the black pok, greine waistcoatt and gray tailles, ansorit that she could not tell what she wes, because her face wes covered, but that Bessie Paton knew her, because she wes nixt to her." Being again pressed to tell the name of this mysterious gentlewoman and if she was afraid to tell it out publicly to whisper it " in the Laird of Clackmannan's ear and the Laird of Kennett's, she ansorit that she could tell nothing but what others said to her, and that she would whisper, which she did."

Bessie Paton denied that she was a witch, and repudiated what had formerly been written. Jonet Black denied using charms, but told of certain meetings referred to by the others, at Bodsmeadow and Dickie's land. The third time of meeting was before the Kirk door, " and danced throuch the zealt " (gate). [. . .] Kathrine Rainy confessed she met with Bessie Paton, Jonet Black, and Margaret Duchall, and " they went to Thomas Mitchell's house and returned to Bodsmeadow, and there saw ane man in gray cloathes, with ane blew bonnett, and that she saw ane woman with ane blak pok and gray gowne, and ane greine waist coatt, [. . .]. She confessit that the man with gray cloathes and the blew bonnett took her by the hand and asked her if she wold be fied [feed]. She said that she cared not. This wes at that meeting up in bodsmeadow, and that his hand wes cold, and when she fand it cold that she wes fearid and took out her hand agayne. She thought he wes not righteous. She thought that it wes the divell, and she said that she sained herself. This is the truth of what wes confessid by the saids persones before the

foirnamit judges and persones present, which I, Mr. Johne Craigingelt, Minister at Dollar, appoyntit by this meeting to write, doe testifie by this my subscriptioun. Subscryvit thus Johne Craigingelt."

The four women mentioned were re-examined by the Presbytery. Margaret Talzeor repeats her former statements, and admitted that she renounced her baptism "by putting her one hand on her head and the other on her foote and renuncit her baptisme from God to that man which she knew not at first to be the divell, but she knew him to be the divell before they partit at that tyme." Bessie Paton denied having "made any pactioun with the devill." She admitted having gone to a certain "Sybie Drummond and desyrit her to come and helpe Elspett Bryce, who wes then travelling in chyld birth about 19 zeires since, and that the said Sybie refusit to goe with her because, said she, the said seik woman wold doe no gude. But bade putt a look (?) salt in her mouth and a sowp south running water, and a look of a mole hill on tilled land, and give her. And that the deponer told this cure to Jonet Baxter, servant to the said seik woman, and David Carron her husband, and that the seik woman forsaid died shortlie there aftir." Bessie Paton and Margaret Talzeor were confronted with one another, and the latter asserted "in the said Bessie her face" that she had been at certain meetings with other witches, but Bessie maintained "she was never at any of these meetings bodilie." [. . .].

Kathrine Rainy tells her story, mentioning the woman with "the black poke," and the "gross round woman" who was dressed in a white coat, and how the man in grey clothes asked if she would be feed. On being brought face to face with Bessie Paton, Kathrine Rainy affirmed she was one of them, which the other as stoutly denied. [. . .].

Jonet Black confessed to having meetings with the other witches, and details the circumstances. [. . .]. Furder she said that Bessie Paton trystit her to all the said meetings, and being confrontit with her averred the same in her face. Yet the said Bessie denyes the same [. . .]. Furder the said Bessie

Paton declaired that David Ventie, James Maknair and James Nicoll did torture her by putting stones on her bak and feete and burnt her legs with fyre (which she sayes ar not yet whole) and that they did it to mak her confess" [. . .].

The judges, before whom the case was tried, were the Rev. Matthias Symson, Minister of the Second Charge, Stirling; Major-General James Holburne of Menstrie, who had been Governor of Stirling Castle, and fought against Oliver Cromwell; Sir Charles Erskine, 4th son of the seventh Earl of Mar by his second wife, Lady Marie Stewart, daughter of Esme, Duke of Lennox; Mr. Robert Bruce of Kennet, and David Bruce of Clackmannan, all Justices of the Peace for the County of Clackmannan. The trial took place in June, 1658, and it is incidentally disclosed that one of the witches died in prison, while three were burned.

FERGUSSON, pp. 94-104.

Accusation of Witchcraft. *Alloa.*—1651, Nov. 29th. The quhilk day compeirit John Pratice who was complained of by Helen Morice for sclandering her mother's name by calling her a witch and that the divel rode on her. . . . Ordained to make repentance on a stool before the pulpit the next Lord's day.—CRAWFORD, p. 118.

Discovery of Witchcraft. *Alloa*, 1651.—One instance however, of the power and potency of the charms of the last of the Tullibodian witches is fresh in the memory of a number of people. . . . That salt being discovered at a stable door in which a horse had died, the heart was taken out of the dead body and fried, in order to discover the person who was supposed to have occasioned the animal's death.

1651, March 16th.—The quhilk day compeirit John Thomsone elder, who was delated by David Anderson for coming to his door in the morning and casting down some salt there, which he alledged was for a charm or witchcraft. The said John Thomsone confessed that he went by his door that day, but dennies that he came neer his door. David Anderson sayed that Helen Kerr saw it. Ordained to be summoned.

March 23rd.—The quhilk day compeirit Helen Kerr who being sworn declares that she was standing in the door, and when she saw John Thomsone coming towards the door she told her master, and he cam to the door and fand salt there. John Thomsone still denies that he cam neir the door neither cauld this witness say that he threw down any salt, and she being servant to the complainer, it is delayed to see if there can be any further lyght gotten on it.

CRAWFORD, pp. 117, 118.

Discovery of Thieves. *Alloa*, 1649.—The superstitious observance recorded in the following minute has by no means become extinct amongst us, and it is only within the last year or two that a well-known fortune-teller died in Alloa who partly lived upon the credulity and ignorance of her compeers in humble life.

October 14th, 1649. The said day John Gibsone and Agnes Hamiltoune being summoned compeirit who being accused for consulting with a dumb man in Stirling for some yarn stolen from him,—and the theft of a web of cloth stolen from her—Agnes Hamiltoune confessed her fault and was sorry for it, but John Gibson denied that he consulted therefore, witnesses ordained to be summoned against next day.

October 28th.—The said day it was proven that John Gibsone did consult with the dumb man Christie in Stirling and ordained both him and Agnes Hamiltoun to make their public repentance.—CRAWFORD, p. 116. [Cf. *ante*, p. 118.]

Healing by Magic Art. *Clackmannan*, 16th July, 1700.—John Scobie, younger, in Clackmannan, was called, who being of age thirty-eight, was sworn and interrogated if he went up with his uncle to a south-running well at Grassmainston. Deponed that he did go up with him, alone, the first night, and as his uncle was casting off his clothes at the well, the deponent saw a black man . . . coming from Kersemill; and when he came to the head of Robert Stupart's folds there was a great squealing among the cattle. Also, when deponent had his uncle down to sprinkle him, he saw a brindled cat

come out from among the corn within a little distance from him. He put magic powders upon his uncle when he was naked, which he had received from his said uncle's wife, Margaret Bruce, who remarked to the deponent that the woman who directed [them] "would get a flee before he came back"; and that, at his return, at Goldney, he heard a terrible noise as of coaches, and that he was dripping of sweat when he came into the house. The said Margaret had forbidden them to speak in going or coming, which injunction they observed. When they came to call the deponent to go the second night he refused, till the deceased Robert Reid came and took him, and they both went with him, and saw the black man and the cat, and heard the cattle squeal as aforesaid; and, when they were coming back again, there came a great wind upon the trees on the side of the Devon; and, when he was crossing the Cartechy Burn his uncle's foot slipped and he fell in the burn. Thereupon Robert Reid said, "The cure is lost. There is no helping of you now!" And so they spoke from thenceforth till they came home; for Margaret Bruce, the said James Scobie's wife, told them that if he fell into the water he would not be cured.

The witness further added that when they told Margaret that her husband had fallen into the water, she wept.—Lauchlan MacLean Watt, *The Scotsman*, Edinburgh, Feb. 16th, 1907.

II. CUSTOMS.

May-day. *Tillicoultry.*—The old superstition about the virtues of May dew as an enhancer of feminine beauty has not quite died out in Tillicoultry. Gloomy and cold as the weather was several young lassies went up the hill on Sunday morning to bathe their faces in the dew.[1]

The Alloa Journal, May 7th, 1904.

Baptism; Gift of Scone and Cheese. *Alloa.*—A few years ago, when I was on my way to a schoolroom in Alloa where I held Sunday afternoon service, I met a young married couple taking their infant to the Parish Church to be baptised. I was not acquainted with them, but they stopped me and put a piece of scone (plain flour cake) and some cheese in my hand. Suspecting it was a custom, I thanked them, and was going on my way, but they requested me to turn back and walk a few steps with them, which I did taking my leave with expressions of good wishes for the child. On after inquiry I found that this custom had been very general in the district; it is now, however, fast dying out.

S.A. or N. N. & Q. vols. i. and ii. p. 141.

Marriage Customs: Proclamation of Banns. *Alloa.*—"Sept. 4th 1681.—The quhilk day it was ordained that none have the benefit of proclamation till they first pay half-a-crown for the use of the poor, and till those who are not

[1 Great virtue is ascribed to *May-dew*. Some, who have tender children, particularly on Rude-day, spread out a cloth to catch the dew, and wet them in.—JAM. DIC., *Rude-day*.]

parishioners produce a sufficient testificat."—CRAWFORD, p. 143.

Alloa.—1711, January 1st.—This day compeared Andrew Miller, and insisted that he had a solemn promise of Isabella Paterson, that she would never marry another man while he lived, and the said Isabella being cited to this dyet, being called, compeared, and being interrogate if she had given any such promise to Andrew Miller as is aledged by him, absolutely refused and denyed the same. Whereupon the said Andrew Miller was interrogate anent the nature of the promise made by her unto him; said that sometime in the last spring, when he came to her father's house about ten or eleven o'clock at night, he met her as she was coming out of her father's barn, and took hold of her by the hand and said he would never marry another while she lived and was unmarried, and desyred that she would promise the same to him, but she refusing to make any such promise, he desyred her to kiss him upon the head, which he looked upon as equivalent to an express promise, and that he received the promise, and that thereupon she kissed him, and the same Isabella being interrogate upon the same, answered that at the time she was coming out of her father's barn, the said Andrew took hold of her and grasped her in his arms, and said that he and she would never go out of that place till she would promise to marry him, and she refusing, and saying that although she should do so it was not in her power to perform, whereupon he said he would never marry while she remained unmarried, and desyred her to say the lyke again, and she continuing to refuse, he desyred her to kiss him which, whether she did or not, she does not well remember, but that if she did it was to get herself free of his trouble and gripes at that time, and immediately thereafter he said he would free her of her obligation if she would give him a choppin of ale. And he being further interrogate whether he had a desyre to marry the said woman, answered, he had no inclination that way, which the Session taking into consideration that though what is said by the said Andrew were true, and that it is doubtful and cannot be proven, yet

it is not sufficient to stop her marriage with another man, and the Session considering that there has been incivilities upon both hands and things unbecoming their professions, ordered them to be rebuked for their sin, and to exhort them to live soberly and Christianly for the future as becoming the gospel, and orders her proclamation with James Dickie to go on.

CRAWFORD, pp. 148-149.

Irregular Marriages. *Alloa.*—May 12th, 1710. . . . This day compearit John Miller before the Session, and judicially confessed his illegal marriage with Mary M'Lachlan, and being judically examined concerning his wife's being brought to bed a month and two days before the time, and exhorted to confess if he was guilty of antenuptial fornication, he denied the same, but acknowledged the child to be his. They being married Sept. 6th, 1709, and she brought to bed May 5th, 1710. The Session therefore appoint him to be cited to compear before the Presbytery of Stirling, against Wednesday come fortnight, which accordingly was done, he being first removed and afterwards called in, and the mind of the Session intimate to him. The Session delay the baptism of the child till the Presbytery determine.

No further notice of this case.—CRAWFORD, pp. 146-147.

Alloa.—15th Sept. 1727.—The Session having received a petition from James Virtue demanding back forty shillings scots which was retained out of his pan-money, as due to the poor for his being married privately, the Session taking this to their consideration, they do find that it is the constant custom of this place, conform to old standing act of session for all those that are married in any other place than the *church* to pay forty shillings scots to the poor, they do therefore discharge their Treasurer to deliver back the same.

CRAWFORD, p. 151.

Funeral Custom. *Alloa.*—About eighty years ago when any person died belonging to the working class, the Established Kirk bellman went through the town, and at regular stations announced the death in the following words: "All

Brethren and Sisters, I let you know, there is a Brother, Sister, or Child [as the case might be], departed at the pleasure of the Lord, called ——. The corpse lies at —— and the Burial is to be on ——, at —— o'clock afternoon." On the day of the funeral, and an hour before interment, the sexton with his bell went to the same stations, and made the following announcement: "All friends and neighbours gang to ——, to the burial of ——." It may be remarked that when this public functionary pronounced the words "departed at the pleasure of the Lord," he took off his hat and repeated them with a reverent and subdued tone.

CRAWFORD, p. 124.

Hiring Customs. *Alloa.*—Servants and tradesmen are allowed no meat or beer; sometimes in harvest they get a dram. Few or no servants are hired by the month, or harvest time, although many farmers engage women to shear [reap] for them in harvest; but then they are engaged by the day, or half day, according as they are employed. Almost any number can be got, at a short notice, from the town of Alloa; and it is no uncommon sight to see 60, 80, or 100 reapers in one field. Of late, there have been undertakers for cutting down a farmer's crop, at 5s., 5s. 6d., or 6s. per acre, according to the apparent ease or difficulty of the work.

O.S.A., vol. viii. pp. 626, 627.

Alloa.—Town in Clackmannanshire. Pop. of police burgh, 8,812; of town and suburbs, 10,591.

Charter by James VI. to John, Earl of Mar, dated 27th January 1620, erecting and creating the town of Alloa, and the crofts thereof, called the burgh crofts, with the port and harbour of Alloa, and the pow thereof into a free burgh of barony and regality, with the privilege of free markets, etc.

Charter by King James VII., dated 1st June 1677, to Charles Earl of Mar, of the lands and earldom of Mar, with the liberty and privilege of a burgh of barony and regality thereto; and two yearly fairs (1) on 25th July called [*sic*] and (2) on 29th October, called St. Mungo's fair. . . .

The *O.S.A.* [*Old Statistical Account*] (1793) states that there were two weekly markets, on Wednesday and Saturday, and four annual fairs on the second Wednesday of February, May, August, and November respectively.

The *N.S.A.* [*New Statistical Account*] (1845) gives four annual fairs as above, adding that at three of these, cattle were sold, but that the fairs were little more than nominal. That held in August was the great fair, where servants were hired, and reapers for the harvest. It was attended by immense multitudes of people from all the surrounding district. [The existing markets and fairs are]

Weekly market on Saturday.

Fair on the second Wednesday of August.

Hiring servants on second Wednesday of August, and on second Saturday of October.

MARWICK, *List of Markets and Fairs*, 1890.

The Alloa Feeing Fair.—Alloa, 12.35 p.m. The Alloa Feeing Fair for the hire of agricultural servants was held to-day in excellent weather. There was a large turn-out of farmers and ploughmen, but few female servants. Men were asking more money than last year, but in many cases did not succeed. Fees ranged from 18s. to 20s. per week without perquisites; second hands, 17s. to 19s. a week; halflins, £11 to £13 a year; women, £6 to £8 a half year.

Edinburgh Dispatch, 8th Oct. 1892.

Local Dues. *Dollar.*—A brewery was carried on at one time at Gateside, but had ceased operations just before my day. . . . One of the stipulations, tradition says, in the charter of the land in connection with this old brewery, and on the fulfilment of which alone, it is said, it could be retained, was, that when the King passed, the brewer should be able to present him with five gallons of old brewed ale, five gallons of new, and five from what was in the process of brewing.

GIBSON, p. 81.

Game of "Bullets." *Alloa.*—As this game has long since become obsolete, it is necessary to state that in its perform-

ance a leathern strap was firmly buckled to the right wrist, and the loose part being wound over an iron ball, the projectile on escaping from the hand, gained a degree of velocity which often endangered the locomotives of biped or quadruped that it might encounter.—CRAWFORD, p. 121.

Counting out Rhyme. *Dollar.*—

"Zeeny, Meeny,
Feg, tae, feg
Deil's dirt
Dimmy-neg.
Zan-pan
Spin-a-rock,
Zan-pan
Toosh."

The object of repeating the rhyme was to determine which of a gang of boys was to be chosen to begin a particular game. As the reciter went over this rhyme, apportioning to each boy a several word, the boy to whom the word toosh fell was set aside from the rest, and pronounced out. And then the reciter began again, and went over the lines until only one boy was left in, and he was responsible for starting the game.—*S. N. & Q.*, vol. viii. p. 77.

III. PLACE-LEGENDS AND TRADITIONS.

Alloa. The King o' the Muirs.—There was a small farm in the upper barony of Alloa, possessed by a man named Donaldson, of whose ancestors the following traditional tale is told: "That King James V., when out a hunting, being once benighted, and thrown out from his attendants, took shelter in this poor cottage, where he was hospitably received and entertained; the *goodman* (*i.e.* the farmer or landlord), calling to his wife to bring the hen that sat nearest the cock (which is always reckoned the best one), and make a supper. The King, delighted with the frank, hospitable manner of his landlord, desired, that the next time he was at Stirling, he would call at the castle, for the Goodman of Ballinguiach.[1] Donaldson did as he was desired, and was astonished to find that the King had been his guest. He was on this dignified with the name of *King o' the Muirs*; and this title has descended from father to son ever since.

O.S.A., vol. viii. p. 608.

[1] Ballinguiach is a narrow path, leading down the north-west side of the rock at Stirling; and the King is said to have taken this title when in disguise.

Alloa. Prophecies.—The grave of Saint Mungo, being opened some centuries ago, the body was found entire, along with a copy of Thomas the Rhymer's prophecies containing this singular prediction:

"When Alloa town twa bailies has
Or nine comisinaers.

A flude neir hand the fayrie's burn [1]
Will fricht baith bores and bears." [2]

CRAWFORD, p. 41.

[2] Singular to relate this prediction was verified in the year 1865, a water tub at the head of the town having burst and nearly frightened a magistrate and a commissioner to death.—CRAWFORD, p. 41.

The original mansion-house of Alloa was built to the east wall of the Tower, and destroyed by fire about two hundred years ago; the modern building was likewise burned to the ground in the year 1800; and if old saws hold true, is to be re-erected and swept away with water—a prediction by no means likely to come to pass. One singular prophecy, however, which can be ascribed to natural causes, was actually verified during the last century:

"A lady from afar
Shall have three blind children
To the house of Mar."

CRAWFORD, p. 80.

Alloa. Folk-Etymology.—It is alleged that shortly after a beginning had been made of the building of the town, a meeting was held to determine the name. A long discussion arose, and nothing satisfactory having been proposed or agreed on, one of the company rose in high dudgeon, exclaiming, "A'll awa' then"—*i.e.* Alloa.—BEVERIDGE, p. 267.

Castle Campbell, Legends of. This interesting ruin was originally denominated the castle of Gloom, situated by the town of Dolour, bounded by the Glens of Care and washed by the burns of Sorrow. . . . In the east side of the stupendous rock which overhangs the ravine in front of Castle Campbell, there is a yawning chasm from the top to the margin of the burn in the bottom of the dell. This passage is more than 100 feet deep and 6 wide; and its design, says tradition, was to secure the conveyance of water to the castle, from the rivulet below, in time of a siege. . . . This place is

[1] The Fairies' Burn, a streamlet in the vicinity of Alloa.—CRAWFORD, in *Doric Lays*. Alloa, 1850, p. 13 *n.*]

denominated Kemp's Score or Cut, from its having been made by one of that name, who, says the legend, was a man of gigantic stature and strength, and, at the same time, of a very resolute and audacious mind. . . .

By tradition a daughter of one of the Kings of Scotland, who then resided at Dunfermline, is said to have incurred her father's displeasure on account of an improper or disapproved attachment. For this reason, or perhaps, to prevent the designs of the young lovers, the fair lady was sent a prisoner to Castle Campbell, and there confined in a solitary cell. Her ladyship did not relish the situation, and said it was a gloomy prison indeed. Hence, says the legend, the name of the Castle of Gloom.

Kemp, the gigantic freebooter, noticed above, is reported to have carried his depredations to such a height, as to enter the royal palace at Dunfermline and to carry off the King's dinner. This bold action coming to the ears of the young nobleman, who was in disgrace on account of the princess, he immediately set out in pursuit of the bravo ; and, having come up with him, fought and conquered him, cut off his head and threw the body into the Devon. Having carried the trophy of his victory with him to court, he obtained a pardon, was received into favour, and made happy in a union with the object of his love. The place on the Devon into which Kemp's body was thrown, is a little above the back mill of Dollar, and, from the name of the heroic lover is called Willie's Pool to this day.—KENNEDY, vol. i. pp. 162-169; O.S.A., vol. xv. pp. 167, 168.

"The Castle o' Campbell,
The Burn o' Care,
And the bonnie toun o' Dollar
I'll never see mair."

These words have been popular in Dollar for many years, and are reported to have been spoken by a female, who, when Montrose applied the torch to the castle in 1646, rather than fall alive into the hands of his soldiers, exhibited a heroic

contempt of death, by ascending to one of the highest towers, and throwing herself down upon the pikes of the besiegers.

J. C., vol. ii. p. 274.

See *ante*, p. 339.

In connection with the destruction of Castle Campbell, I may here allude to a ballad which is said to have been formerly very popular in its neighbourhood, and which professes to describe an incident of the siege . . . and sung by the people of Dollar between 70 and 100 years ago. . . . From the lips of an old woman, now many years ago.

"It fell aboot the Martinmas time,
When the weather was chill and cauld,
Said Adam o' Gordon to his merry men
'Where shall we draw to some fauld?

"'I think we'll go over to Castle Campbell
The good lord's far awa';
I think we'll go over to Castle Campbell
And ye my merry men a'.'

"Lady Campbell look'd over her window
All in a dress of black,
And there she spied Adam o' Gordon
And all his merry men at his back.

"'Go lock the doors, go bar the gates,
Go bring the keys to me.'
They've lock'd the doors, they've barr'd the gates
And brought the keys to she (*sic*).

"The dinner was na' weel set doon,
The grace was hardly weel said,
When Adam o' Gordon and a' his merry men
Stood at Lady Campbell's gate.

"'Come doon the stairs, Lady Campbell,' he cried,
'Come even to my hand:
For to-night ye shall serve my body,
Ye shall serve at my command.'

"'I winna come doon, I'll no' come doon;
For neither lord nor loon,
I winna come doon for ony sheep-stealer
That ever rode thro' lan'ward toon.'

" ' We neither meddled your sheep, madam,
Nor did we yet your horse,
But ere to-morrow at twelve o'clock,
Ye'll be burnt as sma' as dross.

" ' O ! Johnnie the mason ye'll gang up,
That kens the key o' the stane,
O ! Johnnie the mason ye'll gang up,
And ken'le the flames on them.'

" ' O ! woe be to ye, Johnnie the mason,
An ill death may ye dee,
For I got ye a false young child,
I nurs'd ye on my knee.'

" ' O ! weel do I mind o' your kindness, madam,
When your good lord paid my fee,
But noo I'm ane o' Gordon's men,
I maun either do or dee.'

" The flames were kindl'd on every side,
The sparks flew wondrous high.
Up spak the auld daughter to her mother,
' It's here where we must die.'

" ' I once was contrac' to an English lord,
But wedded I never shall be ;
I once was contrac' to an English lord,
But a wedding I never shall see '

" ' Gae row me in a pair o' clean sheets,
And tow me owre the wa',
That a' my frien's may see and hear
That I hae gotten a fa' "

" They've row'd her in a pair o' clean sheets,
And tow'd her owre the wa'
When ane o' Adam o' Gordon's men
Kep't her on a spear sae sma'.

" They've separated her heid frae her fair bodye
And the tates o' her yellow hair,
And they threw it up to her mother again,
And oh ! but her heart it was sair.

" Then up bespake the eldest son
As he stood by his mother's side,
' If I were in yonder field, mother,
Wi' a bent bow in my hand,

It's I would fight for you, mother,
As long as I'd life to stand.'

" Then up bespake the wily nurse,
With the young babe on her knee,
' It's throw them doon the keys, madam,
Or the bonnie bairn will dee.' "

S.N.H. & A.S., 1884-1885. (Variant not given by CHILD, vol. iii. pp. 428-438.)

The King's Seat. Castle-Campbell, except on the south, is surrounded by lofty hills. The White Wisp, a high ridge behind it, overtops the rest, and furnishes a rich and extensive prospect, where, according to tradition, the Kings of Scotland used to sit and view the hunting of the wild boars, which, in these times, haunted among the neighbouring hills. Several names of places, in this vicinity, contain allusions to that exercise, viz. the Boar's Den, the Boar's Knowe, etc.—KENNEDY, vol. i. pp. 270, 271 ; O.S.A., vol. xv. p. 171.

Clackmannan. Folk-Etymology.—In the village there is a large stone, which having been broken, is girded with iron, and preserved with devout reverence as a palladium of the village. On this stone, the King Robert the Bruce, when residing at the Castle, accidentally left his glove ; and sending one of his knights to fetch it, he used the two words, *Clack*, a stone, and *mannan*, a glove ; from which the town, village, and county derive their name.

BARBIERI, p. 113. [See Introduction, p. xiv.]

Tillicoultry. Botchy Cairn.—The last time the plague was in Scotland, it did not reach Tillicoultry, though a good many persons died of it at Alva. One man, however, having died suddingly in the Wester-town, the people were afraid to touch the corpse, or even to enter the house. It was pulled down, and the small eminence, which this occasioned, was called Botchy Cairn.—O.S.A., vol. xv. p. 201.

Tillicoultry Old Churchyard, Apparition. A curious legend is told about the old churchyard of Tillicoultry, which is situated at the back of the mansion house. A wicked laird

quarrelled with one of the monks of Cambuskenneth, and in the heat and excitement of the moment actually knocked the holy father down. Dying shortly after this, it was discovered next morning after the funeral, that the wicked clenched fist that dealt the sacrilegious blow was projecting out of the grave, and it was looked upon as a punishment sent upon him from heaven for his wicked conduct. However, as this couldn't be allowed to remain, the grave was opened and the hand replaced in it, and an end it was thought, put to the dreadful apparition. What, then, was the good folks' surprise, on paying a visit to the grave on the following morning, to find the terrible hand up again. This was repeated day after day for a whole week, till the people were getting into an alarming state of excitement and terror. As a last resource, however, an immense stone was brought and placed over the grave, and now the hand no longer appeared, . . . This legend give rise to the old Scottish saying, when any one had given a blow. "Your hand 'll wag abune the grave for this yet." This big stone . . . is still pointed out in the old churchyard.—GIBSON, pp. 155, 156.

Tillicoultry. Folk-Etymology. As with other places, an absurd story has been invented to explain the etymology. According to this veracious legend, a Highlander was driving a herd of cattle along the foot of the Ochils, and fully expected that when they were passing through the Tillicoultry burn the animals would stop and slake their thirst. To his surprise, not one of them did so—an omission that made the astonished Celt exclaim with his peculiar enunciation, "There's teil a coo try!". . . NOTE.—There's deil a cow dry—*i.e.* "There's Tillicoultry."—BEVERIDGE, p. 267.

Tullibody. The Maiden Stone.—There is still a large burying ground round this church; and on the north side of it, where there had formerly been an entry, there is a stone coffin, with a niche for the head, and two for the arms, covered with a thick hollowed lid, like a tureen. The lid is a good deal broken; but a curious tradition is preserved

of the coffin, viz. "That a certain young lady of the neighbourhood had declared her affection for the minister, who, either from his station, or want of inclination, made no returns; that the lady sickened and died; but gave orders not to bury her in the ground, but to put her body in the stone coffin, and place it at the entry to the church." Thus was the poor vicar punished; and the stone retains the name of the *Maiden Stone*.—O.S.A., vol. viii. p. 607. [See illustration, Title-page.]

Tullibody. The muckle-mou'ed Murrays.— . . . At a place called Tullibody, somewhere in the western parts of Fife, there was a tradition, that the mouth originally came into the family [of the Murrays] by marriage. . . . A paternal ancestor of the speaker [a Murray] wooed, and was going to marry, a lady of great beauty, but no fortune, when his design was knocked in the head by the interference of his father, who very kindly told him, one morning, that if he married that tocherless dame he would cut him off with a shilling; whereas, if he took to wife a certain lady of his appointment, he would be so good as—not do that. The youth was somewhat staggered by his father's declaration, and asked time to consider. The result was that he married the lady of his father's choice, who was the heiress to a large fortune and a large mouth,—both bequeathed to her by her father, one of the celebrated kail-suppers of Fife.[1]—When this was told to the slighted lady of his love, she was so highly offended, that she wished the mouth of her fortunate rival might descend, in all latitude, to the latest generation of her faithless swain's posterity. . . . The country people, who pay great attention to the sayings and doings of ladies condemned to wear the willow, waited anxiously for the fulfilment of her malediction, and, accordingly, shook their heads, and had their own thoughts, when the kail-supper's daughter brought forth a son, with a mouth reflecting back credit on her own. The triumph of the ill-wisher was considered complete, when the second, the third, and all the other children

[1] See Fife, *ante*, p. 281.

were found to be equally distinguished by this feature, and, what gave the triumph still more piquancy, was, that the daughters were found to be no more excepted than the sons from the family doom. In the second generation, moreover, instead of being softened or diluted away, the mouth rather increased; and so it had done in every successive generation since that time. The race having been very prolific, it was now spread so much, that there was scarcely a face in Tullibody altogether free from the contagion.

CHAMBERS (2), pp. 217-238.

Saint Servanus, see *ante*, p. 244.

IV. LOCAL RHYMES AND SAYINGS.

"Up by Culross
And doon by Colmain
Roond aboot the Saddlehill
And come awa' hame."

Culross, Colmain, and the Saddlehill form part of the Ochil range. The sheep farmer to whom these belonged, before engaging a shepherd, gave him the above task to perform (no very easy matter) in a limited time. If he succeeded he was immediately engaged.—J. C. vol. ii. p. 276.

"Easter Heugh-head, and Waster Heugh-head,
The nettle and foxglove shall grow whaur ye stood."

Between forty and fifty years ago these places were extensive farms. The Banks of Dollar, upon which they are situated, were then almost all under cultivation, and heavy crops of oats, barley, and potatoes were the rewards of the husbandman's toils. But where these articles grew, the whin and broom are only to be seen, and among the ruins of the farm-houses, the nettle, foxglove, and other wild weeds grow luxuriantly.—J. C. vol. ii. p. 274.

"Like the dam o' Devon,
Lang gathered and sune gane."

. . . A proverb is current with regard to how a son frequently spends the carefully gathered money which his father has accumulated, and the saying quoted may be the local form of such expression.

HARVEY, S.N.H. & A.Soc. 1899-1900, p. 39.

Rumbling Bridge.—The locality has from time immemorial been an object of attraction, as recited in the following couplet :

"'The Rumblin' Brigg and the Cauldron Linn,
And the Links o' Devon water."

BEVERIDGE, p. 296.

When the deil's mill has ceased to grind, and the Rumbling Brig rumbles no more, there will be sorrow in the Vale of Devon.—CHEVIOT, p. 197.

"There's Alva, and Dollar,
And Tillicoultry,
But the bonnie braes o' Menstrie
Bear awa' the gree."

In the vale of Devon, the slopes of Menstrie are acknowledged to be the most beautiful. [Cf. *ante*, p. 315.]

J. C. vol. ii. p. 274 ; CHAMBERS, p. 258.

"The links o' the Forth
Are worth an earldom in the north,"

from their number and fertility. The Forth . . . on reaching Stirling, . . . begins those celebrated meanderings which have given rise to the above rhyme. . . . From Stirling to Alloa the distance by water is twenty-four miles, while by land it is only six. It is said that "there are as many links in the Forth as in a young man's heart."—J. C. vol. ii. p. 275.

Weather Sayings.

"A rainbow in the north,
Will fill the links o' Forth."

The following was applied to the Ochils by natives of the parish of *Logie* :

"When the mist tak's the hills,
Guid weather spills ;
When the mist tak's the howes,
Guid weather grows."

The appearance of a cloud on Dumyat's top invariably

precedes rain, while a low mist may often be seen creeping over the flat fields of the hillfoots in the still of a summer evening.—HARVEY, p. 10.

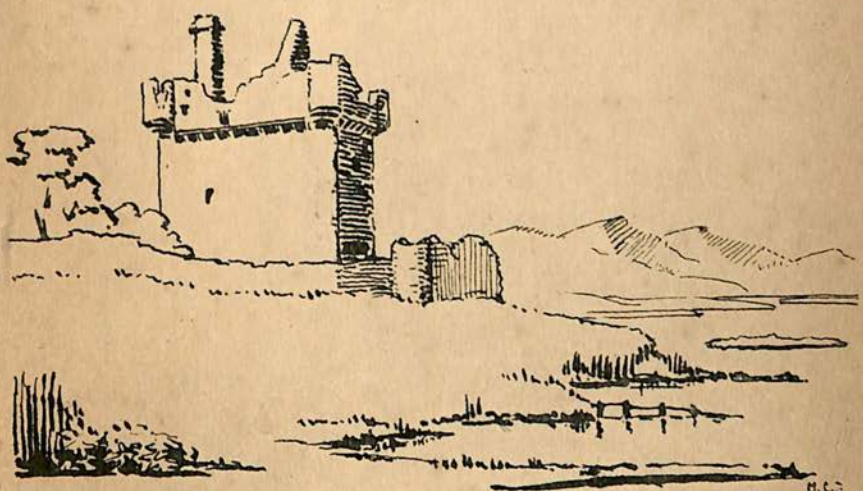
Lady Alva's Web.—In a hollow, near the summit of Bencleuch the snow lies until the summer is far advanced, and the common people have given this speck of snow the elegant designation of "Lady Alva's Web" from its resemblance to the pieces of linen which the noble dame was in the custom of bleaching.—J. C. vol. i. p. 334; O.S.A. vol. xviii. p. 134.

COUNTY FOLK-LORE

VOL. VII.

PRINTED EXTRACTS No. 11

KINROSS-SHIRE



LOCH LEVEN CASTLE.

COLLECTED BY J. E. SIMPKINS

Published for the Folk-Lore Society by
SIDGWICK & JACKSON, 3 ADAM STREET, LONDON
1914

KINROSS-SHIRE.

I. SUPERSTITIOUS BELIEF AND PRACTICE.

STONES.

The Lecture Stone. *Cleish.*—About a quarter of a mile east from the church, in a stone dike opposite Nivingstone House, stands a large rock, . . . It is called *The Lecture Stane*, and was used it seems before the Reformation at funerals, as a support for the coffin at the time that the burial service was read. There is a large hole in it, which was made many years ago with the view of bursting it with powder. Thrice this was tried, and as many times it failed —which led to the belief that it was charmed, and no similar attempt has since been made.[1]

N.S.A., vol. ix. Kinross-shire, p. 41.

WELLS.

Paran Well. *Benarty.*—At the west end of Benarty is the Paran well, a spring of excellent water. . . . Its qualities or situation must have drawn the attention of a primitive people. On this account, it has been represented as the scene of a druidical ceremony.—KENNEDY, vol. i. p. 171, *note.*

[1 This rock has been removed.]

St. Mary's Well. *Cleish.*—See WALKER, *Proc. Soc. Ant. Scot.*, vol. xvii. pp. 186-210.

Holy-Well. *Dunmyat.*[1]—In the plain, north from Dunmaithill, on the banks of the Forth, is a very fine well, the waters of which issue from upwards of sixty springs. It is called the Holy-Well, and is said to have been much resorted to by the Roman Catholics in ancient times.—KENNEDY, vol. i. p. 189, *note*; see O.S.A., vol. iii. p. 288.

ANIMALS.

Crossbill. *Lochleven.*—Referring to the birds that repair to Lochleven, it is deserving of notice that a new one made its appearance about thirty years ago. It became very tame, and was called the Swedish crossbill. It comes in autumn, and its coming was thought to prognosticate bad weather.

N.S.A., vol. ix. p. 8.

Eels. *Lochleven.*—Eels are said to be sent from Loch Leven to London to cure cases of deafness.

See W. G. BLACK, *Folk Medicine*, p. 161.

GOBLINDOM.

Haunted Manse. *Kinross.*—Endorism, or a Strange Relation of Dreamers or Spirits that trouble the Minister's House of Kinross (June 1718).

Many deny that there are any such as Witches, though we have it expressly contain'd in the Word of God, that there was a Witch at Endor, that Saul in his distress resorted to, and communed with; but call them Dreamers, these I say Argument not so learnedly as politically; or for fear they or their relations should be sentenced for such. As,

[1 Clackmannanshire: inadvertently omitted on p. 310.]

for instance, *Bettie Laing* who was reckoned, and confessed herself a Witch in the town of *Pittenweem* before a whole congregation of People on the Sabbath day, was brought off as a Dreamer; for, said she, "*If they burn me, both Ladies in Coaches and Sedans, who are equally Guilty, must burn also*"; and accordingly she and many others of her accomplices were set at liberty [cf. p. 104].

However, tho' people should deny both spirit and angel, to be sure there are both spirits and angels, good and bad, and according to scripture there may be witches, seeing there was a Witch at Endor; let people say as they list: But what is the Essence of Spirits, or what the Devil makes use of these deluded creatures, or changes them into various shapes on occasion, it's hard to determine; but without further Prefacing, to declare unto the world how the House and Family of Mr. *M'Gill*, Minister in *Kinross*, hath been for a considerable time troubled by Spirits or such beings, as the more Politick and Refined sort of Highflyers called Dreamers; it's hoped will neither be offensive to this Minister, or any of his relations, or disparagement; seeing the Godly are the only objects of the Devil's fury, for such as the Devil is sure of, he does not heed them until he has them at once.

The first occasion then of this Gentleman's House and Family being troubled was, that there was some Silver Spoons (then) and Knives amissing, (as is reported), which were found in the barn among the straw sometime afterwards, stuck up in the floor, with a big dish all nipped to pieces; after that time they could eat no meat, but what was full of pins: As one day, as the Minister was eating of an egg, he found a pin in the egg; and mostly what meat they eat, they had still abundance of Pins: Wherefore the Minister's wife would make ready a piece of meat herself, that she might be sure, there was no deseit in the matter; but behold when it was presented to the table, there were several Pins in it; particularly a big Pin the Minister used for his gown. Another day, there was a pair of sheets put to the green, among other peoples, which were all nipped to pieces, and

none of the linnings belonging to others troubled. A certain night several went to watch the house, and as one was praying, down falls the Press, wherein was abundance of lime vessels, all broke to pieces; also at one other time, the Dreamers or Spirits, as they call them, not only tore and destroyed the clothes that were locked up in a coffer to pieces, but the very laps of a Gentlewoman's Hood as she was walking along the floor were clipt away, as also a Woman's Gown-Tail, and many other things not proper to mention. Moreover, a certain girl eating some meat, turned so very sick, that being necessitate to vomet, cast up five pins: also a stone thrown down the chimney wambled a space on the floor, and then took a flight out at the window: Also there was thrown in the fire the Minister's Bible, which would not burn, but a plate and two silver spoons thrown in, melted immediately; also what Bread is fired, were the meal never so fine, it's all made useless, and many other things which are both needless and sinful to mention. Now, is it not very sad that such a good and godly family should be so molested, that employ their time no other way but by praying, reading, and serious meditation, while others, who are wicked livers all their lifetime, and in a manner avowedly serve that wicked one, are never troubled?

It's true, these bad spirits or Dreamers have no power of their bodies, but they exceedingly disquiet the family, which, that the event may redound to God's glory, and this honest families good, ought to be the serious prayer of all good people.—SINCLAR, pp. xcii-xciv; *Analecta*, vol. i. pp. 195-197.

THE MAGIC ART.

Stopping Plough. *Orwel*, 1756.—Peter Pairny, servant to Mr. Thomas Mair, minister of the seceding congregation at Orwel, who worked his wheel-plough, was lately accused before their session of using pranks somewhat like inchant-

ments, pretending to stop, or render unfit for service, a wheel-plough, by touching the beam with a rod, and bidding the plough stop till he should loose it. The session agreed to declare him under scandal, to debar him from sealing ordinances, till the offence be purged, and to ordain him to appear and be publicly rebuked; at the same time leaving room for further inquiry into the matter, and for inflicting what further censure may be judged necessary. This sentence was intimated from his pulpit by Mr. Mair on Sunday Sept. 12; and the man appeared and was rebuked.

The Scots Magazine, vol. xviii. p. 464.

WITCHCRAFT.

Muckle Meg—or the Witch o' Aldie.—Before the reformation there lived in the small village of Aldie, . . . an old woman known by the name of "Muckle Meg, or the Witch o' Aldie." None knew from whence she came, and her origin was involved in obscurity. She was what they called a "skilly" body. She wrought cures on horses, cows, and sheep, and even man himself, which caused her to be looked upon by the simple natives as a woman "no chancy." Her fame spread far and wide, and many an amorous swain and young maiden frequented her cottage, to hear her tell the evil and the good of their future destiny. Every herb she knew the vertue of; and she had in her possession a stone, about the size of a pigeon's egg, which was obtained from the head of a toad. This stone had the miraculous power of healing all sorts of venomous bites and sores upon the human body. The surface of it, previous to being used, was as smooth as glass, but after having been put into boiling water, it became as rough as sandstone. It was then applied to the diseased part, and a cure followed. It was called the "Tade's Stane" [cf. p. 113]. The cottage in which she resided stood apart from the rest. About half a mile from it,

on the summit of a "broomie knowe," grew a gigantic ash tree, hollow in the centre, and full of large holes. Standing upon a conspicuous place, this tree was observed at night in flames, as if a fire had been within it. . . . No one would pass near it after nightfall, and all were afraid of it. It was agreed at last that "Muckle Meg" should be consulted upon the subject, and a deputation of her own sex called at her cottage for that purpose. They found her at home, but to their astonishment, she refused to give any definite answer to their questions; and when they threatened her with punishment, she said, nothing daunted, "Ye daurna for your vera lives lay a single finger-neb upon me, for I'll gang ower to room (Rome) in a jiffey, and get protection frae the laird." They wondered more and more at this, as "Meg" was a poor woman, and to all appearance unable to defray the expenses attending the voyage, if she foolishly attempted such a thing. But their wonder turned to terror, when they asked her by what means she could get there. "O," says she, "just gi'e me the half o' an egg shell, and I'll be there by some time the morn." Without hearing any more the deputation rushed from the house. The news fled like "spunkie" through the village, and "Meg *maun* be a witch!" was in every one's mouth. Towards evening of the same day her house was surrounded, but she was not to be found. Days, weeks, and months passed on, and still she was missing. At the end of a year, she returned again, with a paper signed by the laird, (so says tradition), which put a final stop to the people molesting her. She had not been many weeks back when she died, and was buried; but she did not lie long, for a "big touzie man wi' horns and a long tail gaed to the kirkyard, houkit her up, and vanished in a blench o' fire."—J. C., vol. i. p. 379.

Another tradition connected with Aldie is that of a famous witch, known as "Meg of Aldie," but of whose history, whether real or mythical, almost nothing seems to be preserved. She is said to have taken a great interest in a Laird

of Aldie, who made an expedition to the Holy Land with the special purpose of effecting in addition the ascent of Mount Sinai. . . . Meg is said, according to some accounts, to have accompanied her chief, but used her powers to prevent the fulfilment of his vow as regarded the ascent of the holy mount. Awaking one morning—so says the tale—the Laird of Aldie found written on his arm :

> "The Laird of Aldie you may be,
> But the top of Mount Sinai you'll never see."

and so he never did, though he returned safe and sound to his native land.—BEVERIDGE, pp. 302, 303.

WITCHCRAFT TRIALS.

The special proceedings to which attention is here drawn do not present to us circumstances materially differing from those which are disclosed by other trials of a similar character, but to some extent they may probably be entitled to be regarded as unique, as they furnish us with a full copy of the formal Minutes of Court from the "Dittay" or Indictment against the accused down to the final doom, and they thus shed not a little light on the judicial forms of procedure of two centuries ago. . . .

The persons put on trial . . . were thirteen in number, consisting of one warlock, Robert Wilson, and twelve witches ; . . . as thirteen formed the orthodox number of which a "covin" or organised company of witches consisted.

1662, *Proceedings against* AGNES MURIE, *indweller in Kilduff*; BESSIE HENDERSON, *indweller in Pitfar*; ISABEL RUTHERFORD, *in Crook of Devon.*

Ye all three are indytit and accusit forsamuckle as by the Divine Law of the Almighty God set down in his sacred word, especially in the 18 chap. of Deut. and 20 chap. of Levit. made against the users and practisers of witchcraft, sorcery, charming, soothsaying, and against the seekers of

help or responses of them, and in the 22 chap. of Exodus, the 18 verse, " Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live," threatening and denouncing to the committers of such devilish practices the punishment of death. According to the whilk law of Almighty God it is statute and ordained by divers Acts of the Parliament of this Kingdom specially by the 73rd Act of the Ninth Parliament of our Sovereign Lord's dearest great grandmother, Queen Mary of good memory, it is statute that no manner of person or persons of whatsomever estate, degree, or condition they be of, presume nor take upon hand at any time thereafter to use or practise any manner or witchcraft, sorcery, necromancie, nor give themselves forth to have any craft or knowledge thereof thereby to abuse the people, neither that no person nor persons seek any help, response or consultation, at ony such abusers foresaid or users of sorcerie, witchcraft, or necromancie, under the pain and punishment of death, to be execute als well against the users and abusers as the seekers of the said help responce or consultation as in the said laws of Almighty God and Acts of Parliament at more length is contained. Notwithstanding whereof ye the said Agnes Murie (for evil and sinful ends) having received instructions and devilish information from the Devil, your covenanted master, how to practise and put in execution that devilish trade of witchcraft and sorcerie. Lykeas for clearing of your said sorcerie and witchcraft that ye, being coming from the Crook Mill, about Martinmas last, 1661, Sathan did appear to you at the back of Tullibole yards, being on Monday, and said to you, " Will you be my servant and I will give you als much silver as will buy you as many corn as will serve you before Lammas," whilk you granted. Likeways he desired you to renounce and forsake your baptism whilk ye did, and he gave to you a new name calling you Rossina, whilk ye yourself did freely confess, and likeways at the same time Sathan had the use of your body at the foot of the round knowe at the back of the yards of Tulliebole, and knew not whether his body was hot or cold, whilk ye did also freely confess. Likewise

ye confessed that ye was at the meeting with Sathan at Gibsons Craig at Andersmas last, and that there was with you whom ye knew, Robert Wilson in the Crook of Devon, and his spouse, Gilles Hutton, in Gartquheneane, Margaret Duncan in Broome, in the Parish of Dollar, and Agnes Allene in the Crook of Devon, whilk ye freely confessed and promised to confess and delate some others. This ye did before Mr. Alexander Ireland, minister, and Mr. Robert Alexander, bailie, and thereafter being interrogated be the said minister what was the reason that hindered you to do the same presently, ye desired the said Mr. Robert Alexander to lay his hand upon your breast to find how the lump troubled you, and to put his hand behind your back and he would find als much trouble you there.

Likeways ye confesst that Sathan desired you to go to the (*sic*) of the moss betwixt the Walkers and Hairlaw, and ye would get some women there that would go with you to Gibson's Craig. This he desired you to do on Wednesday next thereafter whilk freely ye promised to do. Ye confessed that ye came to the aforesaid place at the aforesaid time, and that Robert Wilson, Agnes Pittendreich, Agnes Alleine in Cruick of Devon, Margaret Duncan in Broome, Agnes Brugh in Gooselands, were at the aforesaid place when ye came, and that the forenamed persons did go with you to Gibson's Craig where ye saw three women with black heads, and Sathan with them, and that ye saw there the said Gilles Hutton with her coat about her head, and Margaret Duncan with a rachan grey plaid about her, and that ye came altogether to the Powmiln back again leaving the devil at the head of Gibson's Craig, with the three women with the black heads, and likewise at your returning from the meeting you saw Robert Wilson sitting at Robert Whyte's fauld dyke, having a grey plaid about him, and that you had the same clothes that are now upon you, this ye all freely confessed in the presence of the Minister and Mr. Robert Alexander.

Likeways upon the 28th day of March, 1662, ye confessed

that Agnes Sharp, in Peatrig, and Janet Paton spouse to James Sinclair at the new Mill of Glendevon, were also guilty of sorcerie and witchcraft as ye yourself were, and that Janet Paton, termed "the Nun" was a great one, and that she might have been taken and burnt seven years since, and that Janet Paton, in Kilduff, was also guilty as ye yourself. This ye did confess before the minister, Mr. Robert Alexander, and Mr. James Forsyth, minister of Muckhart, and Mr. William Hutson, schoolmaster.

And likeways ye confesst that ye was at the meeting at Turfhills with the rest, and likeways ye confesst that the first time the devil had to do with you he gave you a mark in your craig.

Sworn Dittays given in be JANET MILLAR, *spouse to* HENRY ANDERSON *in Craigton, against the said* AGNES MURIE.

Ye, the said Agnes Murie, are indited and accused for coming to Henry Anderson, he being coming from his sawing of Bear, and Janet Millar his spouse, and the said Agnes being in company with them. Ye, the said Agnes, said to the said Henry, "My Bear land would have been better had ye laid a loak of lime upon it as ye did the rest," and the said Henry said, "it needed none"; and ye said, "what reak, it matters not, go in with me and get an snuff." Lykeways ye said, "I would he had sown my lint seed, it is sown in an drownit holl in Kilduff." As also in the summer before, and divers times, since ye said that there was never one that angered you but you got your heart syth of them, and having gotten an snuff, the said Henry said he would go and turn the oxen out of the corn. The said Janet Millar said, to the said Henry, "ye are tyred enough else, I will go turn them." Ye said, "come again Henry and get another snuff, for devil an pickle more ye will get of it," and upon the morn thereafter ye said to Isobel Wilson, servant to the said Henry that the said Henry shuik the sheet well enough yesterday, but he could not do it this day, and immediately after he got the said snuff coming to his own house he was strucken

speechless, and lost the power of ane of his sides, and thus he continued fourteen days speechless, and ane year thereafter or thereby the said Henry and his spouse went to one Robert Small at Newtyll, hearing that he was ane man of skill to seek remedy for his distress and after the said Henry had told him the nature of his disease he answered and said, "Ye liked snuff over well."

Ye, the said Agnes are lykeways indited and accusit for coming to Robert Futt to Adam Keltie's in Gelvin and speiring at the said Robert Futt where they watered their cattle in the storm in February last, 1662, and thereafter the said Adam Keltie had ane grey meir that took an shaking and an great sickness, and when the meir began to mend one of his master's best ewes died, and when the meir was well ane of his plow oxen grew sick upon the last day of February, being Friday, and continued to Wednesday thereafter, and when he began to mend another ewe died.

The Confession and Dittays of the said ISABEL RUTHERFORD. . . . [The confession in this case is much the same as that of the former—that the devil gave her the name of Viceroy, and that his name was Samuel.]

Sworn Dittays given in by JANET HUTTON *Crook of Devon against the said* ISABEL RUTHERFORD.

Ye the said Isabel Rutherford, are indyted and accusit of the sin and crime of witchcraft. That ten years since or thereby James Wilson, husband to the said Janet Hutton, being diseased, and Janet Hutton, his spouse, being from home in the Common of Fossoway; and the said James Wilson being lying upon ane knowehead above the stack, ye, the said Isabel Rutherford came to him and said, "What now, James, I think ye are not well, and ye are not well;" and ye desired him to go into the house, whilk he did, and losit his coat and gropit his breast and back and said he was melt-grown, and spake some words he understood not, and he was aye the worse thereafter, and so far as ye touched

was aye the worse thereafter, and was all drawn together as it were with sea cords, and the morn thereafter the aforesaid James Wilson and his said spouse being lying in their bed togeddar, the said James said to Janet, his spouse, he wished he had been quartened quick when she went from home yesterday, and she said, "Why I did nothing but went to the Common." And he said there came a common thief to him whilk was the said Isabel Rutherford, and shew[ed] all things aforesaid, and said he would take his meir and ride to the Cruik and seek his health from the said Isabel Rutherford, altho' they sould rife him at horse's tails an seek it for God's sake, and the said Janet bade him seek it from God, and she said he should never see her if he did so, and in the moneth of October the said Janet said, I will go to her in fair ways to see gif she will do him ony good and she would pay her for it, and she met her accordingly in the Kirkyard at Tullybole, and the said Isabel asked her how the said James did, and the said Janet answered and said that he had ane sore summer, and the said Isabel promised to come to him the morn thereafter, whilk she did, and gropit the same James, his hail boddie and legs, and said he was all oergane in that disease, and the said Isabel went home and said she would come again the morn at even, whilk she did, and how soon she came in his sight he bade her swithe away, God gif he had never seen her, and the said Janet gave her an loak meal and she went away, and thereafter the said James never stirred in his bed unlifted, but became clean distracted so that he would never thereafter look to the said Janet, his said spouse, nor suffer her to make his bed, nor come near him thereafter, whereas before there was never an evil word between them for the space of saxteen years.

And likeways twelve years since or thereby ye, the said Isabel Rutherford, came "and charmed ane young man named Alexander Kid in Muirhauch for melt-growing, as also four years since or thereby James Kid of Muirhauch being diseased with the trembling feavers the space of twenty-

two weeks, ye, the said Isabel, came to him and said, ye will never be well till ye be charmed, for ye are melt-grown as your brother was, and he answered, will you do it presently or not, and ye said, not until the morn, when ye shall meet me at the head of the Black Craig before the sun rising, and the said James went there, and it was more nor an hour and an half after the sun rising before ye, the said Isabel, came there, being in the month of May, and when ye came ye desired him to loose his breast, whilk he did, and ye stracked his side three several times with your luif, and immediately thereafter upon the yeard with some mumbling words that he wist not what, and the said James declared that he was not the better nor was never well sin syne."

The Confession and Dittays of the said BESSIE HENDERSON.

Ye, the said Bessie Henderson are indited and accused of the sin and crime of witchcraft. Ye confessed ye had been forty years in the Devil's service since the time ye milked the Old Baillie of Kinross his kye before the calfing.

Likeways ye confessed that half ane year since ye was at a meeting in an fauld with Isabel Gibson and many mae, and that ye was taken out of your bed to that meeting in an flight, at whilk meeting the Devil appeared to you, and promised to you that you should want nothing, and ye being asked by the minister gif ye would confess . . . (*sic*) Ye answered not. Likeways ye confessed that the Devil keeped up your heart fra confessing. This ye confesst in the presence of the Laird of Tullybole, Mr. Alex. Ireland, Minister, Mr. R. Alexander, Baillie, Robert Livingstone and Henry Mercer, Elders.

And likeways ye, the said Bessie Henderson in presence of the Minister, Robert Livingstone of Cruik Miln; John Livingstone of Rantrieknow, Elders; John White, in Cruik of Devon; James Rutherford, in Earnyside, and Andrew Kirk in Carnbo, freely confessed that the Devil appeared to you in the likeness of ane bonnie young lad at Turfhills, aboon

Kinross, with ane blue bonnet and asked you gif you would be his servant, promising that ye should want nothing, whilk ye freely and instantly accepted and granted thereto.

Likeways he desired you to renounce and forsake your baptism whilk you freely did, as also confessed that the Devil gave you a new name, and like a man's name immediately after the renunciation of your baptism, but ye had forgotten what it was.

Likeways ye freely confessed that Agnes Murie and Isabel Rutherford were with you in the foresaid place.

Likeways after the Minister had prayed for you, ye desiring the same, ye confessed that Janet Paton, in Cruik of Devon; Janet Brugh there; Janet Hird and Isabel Condie in Meikletown of Aldie; Christian Crieff and Margaret Young, in Quhorlawhill; Margaret Huggon and Bessie Neil, in Geloan; Janet Paton and Margaret Litster, in Kilduff; Margaret M'Nish, in Tilyochie, that all these forenamed persons were also guilty of witchcraft as ye yourself is, as ye desired the foresaid persons to be put to trial.

Likeways in presence of the Laird of Tullybole, Mr. Geo. Colden, minister of Kinross; Mr. Alex. Ireland, minister of Fossaquhy; James Dempster, baillie of Kinross; Mr. Robert Alexander baillie of Tullybole; James Alexander of Downhill; ye the said Bessie confessed and declared as of before that ye renounced your baptism to Sathan, and immediately thereafter got a new name whilk ye had forgotten, and ye being posit what ground ye had to delate the foresaid persons ye answer because they were also guilty as ye, and ye being interrogate gif ye saw the foresaid persons at ony of your meetings answered not, save the above mentioned two that are in Prison, and ye being interrogate gif the minister spake to you of ony of the foresaid persons ye answered not, but that ye did the same without ony compulsion.

Likeways ye confessed and declared that Janet Paton in Cruik of Devon was with you at ane meeting when they trampit down Thos. White's rie in the beginning of harvest, 1661,

and that she had broad soals and trampit down more nor any of the rest.

Likeways ye confessed that ye was at a meeting with Sathan at the (*sic*). . . .

Likeways thereafter ye confessed and declared in presence of the Minister, Mr. Robert Alexander, baillie, Robert Livingstone and William Hutson, schoolmaster, that all the forenamed persons were with you at the meeting when ye trampit down Thos. White's rie, and said ye heard all their voices but did not see them in regard of weakness of sight, saying that ye saw not well in the night this mony a year.

Likeways ye confessed that the Devil had carnal copulation with you, and declared that Sathan's name upon whom ye was ordained to call was Charles, and the name he gave to you was Bessie Iswall, and the time he gave it to you was in the night in your bed, being bodie like to ane man, and that his body was cald and his seed likewis, but did not remember what night it was. This ye confessed in the presence of Mr. Robert Alexander, baillie, John Livingstone of Rantrieknow, William Christie, Pitfar, James Hird, and James Donaldson in Lamhill.

Ane Court of Justiciary holden at the Crook of Devon the 3rd day of April, the year of God sixteen hundred and sixty-two years, be Mr. Alexander Colville of Blair, his Majestie's Justice Depute General over Scotland.

Nomina Assize.—Robert Angus, in Bogside; Patrick Livingstone, at the Kirk of Cleish; John Hutton, in Borland; James Livingstone; Robert Livingstone; George Barclay; William Pearson of Morlat; Robert Brown, in Meadowhead; David Carmichael, in Linbanks; Robert Hutton, in Wester Ballilisk; Andrew Paton; James Alexander, in Balriddrie; Edmond Mercer, there; Henry Mercer, in Aldie; James Thomson, portioner in Maw.

It is found and declared be the haill Assize all in ane voice that the forenamed Agnes Murie is guilty and convict in six several points of witchcraft and sorcerie, and that according

to her own free confession, as also the said Bessie Henderson is guilty and convict in seven points of sorcerie and witchcraft, and that according to her own free confession, in manner above.

In like manner the above Isabel Rutherford is guilty and convict in six several points of witchcraft and sorcerie according to her own confession and probation, and all the three convict as common sorcerers and notorious witches by the mouth of George Barclay as chancellor of the said assize.

Sic Subscribiter, George Barclay.

For the whilk causes the above named Justice General Depute gives sentence and ordains, that the said Agnes Murie, Bessie Henderson, and Isabel Rutherford, sall be all three taken away to the place called the Lamlaires bewest the Cruick Miln the place of their execution to-morrow, being the fourth day of this instant month of April, betwixt one and two in the afternoon, and there to be stranglit to the death by the hand of the hangman, and thereafter their bodies to be burnt to ashes for their trespass, and ordains all their moveable goods and gear to be escheit and inbrought to his Majesty's use for the causes foresaids. Whereupon William Donaldson dempster gave doom.

Sic Subscribitur, J. Alexander.

Proceedings against ROBERT WILSON, *indweller in Crook of Devon*; BESSIE NEIL, *indweller in Golvin*; MARGARET LITSTER, *indweller in Kilduff*; JONET PATON, *indweller in Crook of Devon*; AGNES BRUGH, *indweller in Gooselands*. [. . .]

Ye the said Robert Wilson, for evil and sinful ends, having received instruction and Devilish information from the Devil, your covenanted master, how to practise and put in execution that Devilish trade of witchcraft and sorcerie; Lykeas [. . .] ye confessed that when ye was brought from the East Blair twenty years since or thereby be Robert Livingston of Cruik Miln, . . . and others mae, that ye cried there three several times to the Devil to come and . . . (*sic*), and that the

Devil appeared to you and gave you ane sair stroke on the right shoulder, but nane of the foresaid men saw him.

Lykeways that ye confessed ye had ane meeting with the Devil . . . [Renouncement of baptism, becomes his servant, attending meetings with witches (names given) at various places.] . . . and Sathan's name [was] Lucifer, and that he caused you lay your hand to the crown of your head and sole of your feet, and deliver you to his service (whilk ye lykeways did)! Lykeways ye said that Sathan promised you both silver and gold, whilk ye said ye never got, and also said that Sathan gave you both meat and drink sundry times, but it did you never good. And sin syne ye was Sathan's servant, that ye was never able to buy yourself a pair of shoone, and ye said that ye came hame over Devon, the water being very great. This ye confessed and declared in the presence of the Laird of Tullybole; [. . .] Lykeways ye, the said Robert, declared that ye was not well of an pain in the side of melt-growing, and ye went to Isobel Black . . . and desired her to charm you of the same, whilk she did, but you was not the better, and she desired you to go to the deceased Isobel Rutherford, who did charm you, and ye found yourself the better.

The Confession and Dittays of the said BESSIE NEIL.

Ye the said Bessie Neil, are indyted and accused of the sin and crime of witchcraft; ye confessed . . . [meeting with the Devil, renouncement of baptism, attending meetings with other witches, etc., that her new name was Sarah and Sathan's name was Simon;]

Likeways ye confessed that four years since, in the month of January, that ye yourself, Janet Paton, in Kilduff; and Robert Wilson, in Cruik of Devon, came to Adam Keltie, his house in Gelvin, where the said Adam's wife was lying in her bed with her child with her, and ye, the said Bessie, laid your hand upon the child's hand; the said Robert Wilson laid his hand upon the child's throat, and the said

Janet Paton laid her hand upon the child's heart and killed the child. . . .

The Confession and Dittays of the said MARGARET LITSTER.

Ye the said Margaret Litster . . . confessed in presence of the Minister, the Laird of Tullyboal . . . that ye was a witch, a charmer, and a libber.

Likeways ye confessed that the first time ye saw Sathan [ye renounced your baptism, etc., same as the other witches] . . . Janet Graham spouse of John Marshall, being solemnly sworn, declared upon her great oath, that six years since or thereby her son James Robertson being diseased of the falling sickness, occasionally met with Helen Livingstone daughter to Thomas Livingston at Cruick Miln, who desired her to go to Margaret Litster who had declared to her that the said Margaret had cured William Anderson in Kirkaldie of the same disease; and according to the said Helen, her desire, she went to the said Margaret and asked whether or not she could cure her sick son of the said disease, who answered, she could both cure beast and bodie, and said her said son did gif her ane stand of cloathes, whilk the said Marget her husband did wear thereafter, and the said Janet gave her meal and groats at several times, and thereafter the lad was in health two years and more and during the whilk space they had ane cow that never wanted the said disease, and two years thereafter the said James being at John Mailers brydale, in Cruick of Devon, at Andrew Hutton's house the said Margaret Litster desired him to go home and he said to her, what have ye to do with me, I will not go while I be ready, and upon the morn thereafter he took the said disease far worse than ever he had before and continues so as yet, and thereafter the said Janet went to the said Margaret Lister . . . and told her the lad was not well enough, and shortly thereafter the lad continuing in the said disease the said Janet went to her house beside Thomas White's and said to her, God forgive you and I might have gone to ane doctor who might have cured my bairn, and

the said Margaret answered that all the doctors upon the earth would not cure him after the things she had given him.

The same day, likeways in presence of the said Court, James Paton, elder, being solemnly sworn, declared upon his *great oath* that two years since or thereby, the said Margaret Litster being seeking her meat and selling leiks, came to James Paton, younger, his house in Aldie, his wife and sister being in the house at the time and he having an man child of 30 weeks of age, free of ony disease for aught they knew, the said James his wife went ben to fetch her some meat, in the meantime, the said Marget Litster put an bunch of leiks in the said bairn's hand and streaked down his head twice or thrice and said, this is not for your father's sake, not for your mother's sake, but for your own sake, and the morn before the sun rose the bairn took the falling sickness whilk continued with him the space of five quarters of an year or thereby.

Quhilk day the above written Agnes Pittendriech being convened before Mr. Alexander Colville, General Justice Depute, and he enquiring of her whether she was with child or not, she declared she knew not, therefore the said Justice Depute, calling Janet Wallace, . . . and Janet Graham, famous and honest women, to go apart with her, and being solemnly sworn, declared that there was more in the said Agnes' womb nor was ordinarily in any woman's womb that was not with child, therefore the said Justice Depute ordains her to be put to libertie for the present an that she should answer whenever she was called upon within fifteen days under the pain of death.[1]

The Confession and Dittays of the said JANET PATON.

[The confession is similar to the others, her name was Annas, and Sathan's name, Thomas Roy,] . . . In an Court holden at the Cruik of Devon . . . April, 1662, Thomas White in Cruik of Devon being solemnly sworn declared

[1 Nothing more of this case recorded.]

upon his great oath that sixteen years since or thereby Janet Paton in Cruik of Devon came to his house and desired some draffe to her fowls frae his mother, his mother said she had none of her own, and said she would deal none of others, and thereafter she presently going away his ale presently being in the fatt it would not work nor bear the bells, and said that honest men being presently at that time drinking of the ale, being good, it presently . . . (*sic*) back and did no good thereafter, while nine bolls and an half was brewn, and thereafter James Thomson in Maw desired him to change his brew-house to the other side of the house and said he and his father lost threttie two hundred merks worth of cattle while he changed his byre, and thereafter said that he had three firlots of the same malt did him more good nor all the rest.

The same day, in the same Court, Andrew Hutson, son of Andrew Hutson in Cruick of Devon, being solemnly sworn, declared upon his great oath that three years since he, being leading his father's peats, the said Andrew's horse cart . . . (*sic*) throo an heap of the said Janet Paton's muck, the said Janet said she should gar him alse good, and he said, I defy you, witch thief, and the horse brought home that load but was never able to draw another, but dwined and died, and likeways declared that Robert Wilson and Marget Litster said that death was ordained for himself and not for the horse.

The same day, in the said Court, Janet Mailor, spouse to Andrew Hutson in Cruick of Devon, being solemnly sworn declared upon her great oath that sixteen years since or thereby Janet Paton in Cruick of Devon, having an lippy of lintseed sawn in the deceased Lawrence Keltie, his yard, in the Cruick of Devon, two travellers having laid down their loads to bait themselves and their horses, two of the said horses went in and weltered on the said lint, the said Janet Paton and the said Andrew Hutson scolded and flett, and immediately thereafter the said Janet Mailer' ale . . . (*sic*) clean back that no man nor woman was able to drink

the same the space of half an year thereafter, notwithstanding, the said Janet Mailor got firlot about of malt with her neighbours who had alse good thereof as men needed to drink. [. . .]

The Confession and Dittays of the said AGNES BRUGH.

[The confession is the same as the others, no "Dittays" given.]

It is found and declared by the hail assize all in one voice that . . . all the five are convict by brute and fame as common sorcerers and notorious witches by the mouth of Edmond Mercer, as Chancellor to the said Assize.

. . . whereupon William Donaldson gave doom being Dempster. . . .

[Margaret Huggon, Jonet Paton, Janet Brugh, and Christian Grieve, other four delated witches, were convicted solely on their own confessions, which were similar to the confessions given in the former witch trials.

On Christian Grieve "the hail assize in one voice declared they will not convict her in no point of witchcraft nor clenze her of no point." Yet in less than three months she is brought before the same Judge and jury when "It is found and declared by the hail assize all in one voice that the forenamed Christian Grieve is guilty and convict of three several points of witchcraft and sorcerie, and that according to her own confession."]—*Pro. Soc. Ant. Scot.*, vol xxii. pp. 211-241.

II. LOCAL CUSTOMS.

Local Dues. *Cleish.*—Personal services are only performed by one tenant in the parish. He is bound to assist his landlord in making and stacking his meadow hay, and to carry 90 loads of coals (18 stones each) to his house.

O.S.A., vol. iii. p. 561.

Fairs. *Kinross.*—Fair on St. Luke's Day, 18th October, granted by charter of James V. 1540-1. Kept by O.S., 1845, chiefly as a cattle-market.

Hiring fair on Thursday after second Tuesday in October.

MARWICK, p. 77.

Social Evenings—Conclusion. *Tullybole.*—

> "'Tis 'Keltie's mends'—drink aff your drap,
> Before you daur to move a stap."

It was the general custom . . . for the Lairds of Tullybole, at the conclusion of an entertainment, to order in "Keltie's Mends" or parting cup, which was drained by each guest before he left.—*J. C.*, vol. ii. p. 275.

See p. 45, where Tullybole has been inadvertently assigned to Fifeshire.

III. PLACE LEGENDS AND TRADITIONS.

Buried Treasure. Castle Law and Carney Venn.—There is a tradition that, upon a pretty high hill about a mile to the south-west of that town [Abernethy] called the Castle Law, in one of the three lochs or small round lakes upon the top of it; there is a golden cradle hid, in which the [Pictish] king's children were wont to be rocked. . . .

Carney-venn, which obviously appears to have had connection with this Castle Law, and is supposed to have been the place where the treasures or things of the greatest value were kept. . . . The tradition in the immediate neighbourhood is that there were at some remote period, some golden keys found in a small rivulet or stream that runs past this place, which were supposed to have belonged to this Carney-venn; and the popular tradition of the country in general is very lavish respecting some treasure concealed

> "Betwixt Castle Law and Carney Vane
> As would enrich a' Scotland ane by ane."
>
> SMALL, pp. 142, 143.

There is a legend which attaches to the small loch on the top of the Castle Law; and well do I recollect of having in my schoolboy days, an undefined feeling of terror in approaching too near its dreaded waters. . . .

Note.—The tradition is, that if you run nine times round the loch, muttering a spell—the words of which, however, are too modern to be genuine—a hand will arise from a golden cradle, and pull you in.—LAING (2), p. 20.

Upon the top of the branch of the Ochils which bounds

the parish [Orwell] on the north, stands Cairn-a-vain, once an immense collection of stones, though now much reduced in size, . . . An old rhyme, still remembered, alluded to a treasure supposed to be contained in it—

> "In the Dryburn well, beneath a stane,
> You'll find the key of Cairn-a-vain
> That will mak' a' Scotland rich ane by ane."

However, no treasure was found, although eagerly expected by the workmen. There was a rude stone coffin in the centre of the cairn, containing an urn full of bones and charcoal, and amongst these was found a small ornament of bone about four inches long resembling the figure of a cricket-bat, and notched in the edges; this was in much better preservation than the other bones. Clay urns full of burnt bones have also been found in the farm of Holeton, and in other places along the skirts of the Ochil hills.

N.S.A., vol. ix. (Kinross-shire), p. 60.

Prophecy, Aldie.—A little to the east on the castle green, is a holly-tree, regarding which an old legend states that a groom was hanged on it for the comparatively venial offence of "stealing a caup [measure] of corn." Before being turned off he invoked a malison on the Mercer family that they should never have a son to inherit the property—a prophecy which has certainly held good for several generations.

BEVERIDGE, p. 302.

The Monk's Grave, Fossoway.—An expanse of moorland interspersed with hillocks and scrub, and termed by the country-people "the Monk's Grove," which is, however, a corruption from "the Monk's Grave," a locality now obliterated and forgotten, but connected with a curious legend. In consequence of an act of sacrilege on the part of a chieftain of the Murrays in setting fire to a church in which a hostile clan had taken refuge, he had been compelled to make over the lands of Pethiver, or Pitfar, with others, to the monks of Culross. In after-times a dispute arose with this convent as to the boundary of the lands which they thus held. A

meeting of the opposing parties took place, when one of the Culross ecclesiastics gave oath that he was at that moment standing on soil belonging to Culross Abbey. One of the Murrays exasperated at what he considered to be perjury, struck down and slew the monk, on pulling off whose shoes they were found filled with earth from Culross. The fraudulent churchman was buried where he fell, and his grave was long shown as a memorial of the occurrence.

BEVERIDGE, pp. 302, 303.

Loch Leven, Origin of.—Tradition describes Lochleven as having proceeded from a Well of Destiny, which existed in the centre of the green islet, now occupied by the venerable ruins of its castle. The Legend of Lochaw is from the same origin.—KENNEDY, vol. ii. p. 151, *note*.

See Garnet's *Tour in Scotland*, i. p. 125; also O.S.A., vol. iv. pp. 559-560.

Loch Leven, Folk-etymology.—"Loch Eleven."—A popular name for Loch Leven. Because it is eleven miles round, is surrounded by eleven hills, is fed or drained by eleven streams, has eleven islands, is tenanted by eleven kinds of fish, and Queen Mary resided eleven months as a prisoner in the castle.—CHEVIOT, p. 240.

"And [it was alleged to] be surrounded by the estates of eleven lairds."—BEVERIDGE, p. 72.

Loch Leven, "Lady Burleigh's Jointure."—About a mile north from Lochleven are several remarkable hollows, which, from their shape, have been denominated the Ships of Burleigh. One of these is distinguished by a peculiar designation, and while curiosity is pointed to the scene, tradition delights to relate its story. A Lord Burleigh, it seems had obtained in marriage a lady less enamoured than provident. Her applications for an ample settlement becoming somewhat teasing, his lordship, in rather an angry mood, desired her to attend him early next day, when he would take her to a field not half a mile distant from the castle

and there settle upon her all the lands within her view. Avarice is often credulous, and it was so in this instance. The prudent woman accepted the promised boon, and the flatness of the ambient region elated her expectations. They went; and, from a level road, descending a gentle slope, the expectant eye of the fair one beheld, with disappointed emotion, a verdant circle of about fifty yards in diameter, and finely horizoned with a lofty cope of azure. Hence this spot has obtained the appellation of Lady Burleigh's Jointure.

KENNEDY, vol. ii. pp. 147, 148.

James V. Milnathort.—Being taken prisoner by three . . . [tinkers] and compelled to stay with them several days, so that his nobles lost all trace of him; and being also forced not only to lead their ass, but likewise to assist it in carrying part of its panniers! At length he got an opportunity, when they were in a house bousing at the east end of the village of Milnathort, . . . when he was left on the green with the ass. He contrived to write some way on a slip of paper, and gave a boy half a crown to run with it to Falkland, and give it to his nobles, intimating that the Gudeman of Ballengeigh was in a state of captivity. After they got it, and knew where he was, they were not long of being with him, although it was fully ten miles they had to ride. Whenever he got assistance, he caused two of the tinkers that were most harsh and severe to him to be hanged immediately, and let the third one that was most favourable to him go free. They were hanged a little south-west of the village, at a place, from the circumstance, is called the Gallow Hill to this day. . . . He also after this time made a law, that whenever three men tinkers or gipsies were found together, two of them should be hanged, and the third set at liberty.—SMALL, pp. 185, 186.

IV. LOCAL RHYMES AND SAYINGS.

"Cutlers' Poetry." *Kinross.*—The most trustworthy steel blades came from Kinross. They were in every packman's box and bundle; were sought for at every Scottish fair. The Kinross guild of knife-grinders, proud of their pre-eminence, had even the hardihood to challenge that ancient English home of cutlery, Sheffield itself. They circulated their challenge with their wares. For example:

"In Kinross was I made,
Horn-haft and blade;
Sheffield, for thy life.
Show me such a knife."

The cutler has cut his last stick, and travelled away from Kinross for ever.—S.A. or N.N. & Q., vol. vii. p. 26.

Farms and Farmers. *Kinross.*—The ploughmen at the hiring fairs had rhymes to denote their likes and dislikes for particular farms or farmers, and the fare they got from their masters, as in the jingle, which had many alterations to suit the case, of which the best known form describes the fares of the Kinross district:

"Witches in the Watergate,
Fairies in the Mill,
Brosy lads o' Neviston,
Can never get their fill.
Sma' drink in the Punful,
Crowdie in the Kirk,

Grey meal in Boreland
Waur than ony dirt.
Bread and cheese in the Easter Mains,
Cauld sowens in the Wester Mains,
Hard heads in Hardeston
Quakers in the Pow;
The braw lasses o' Abdie [Aldie]
Canna spin their ain tow."

MACKAY, p. 294; CHAMBERS, p. 260.

"Lochornie and Lochornie Moss,
The Loutenstane and Dodgell's Cross,
Craigencat and Craigencrow,
Craigaveril, King's Seat, and Drumglow."

All these places but one (the last) are upon the Blair-adam estate.—CHAMBERS, p. 261; MACKAY, p. 288.

In Kinross-shire, the "browst" which the gudewife o' Lochrin produced from a peck o' maut, is commemorated thus:

"Twenty pints o' strong ale,
Twenty pints o' sma',
Twenty pints o' hinkię-pinkie,
Twenty pints o' plooman's drinkie,
Twenty pints o' splitter-splatter,
And twenty pints wes waur than water."

ROGERS, vol. i. pp. 401, 202.

"There are more kale in Kinross than ever came out of it."—MACKAY, p. 285.

"Helpin' Tam Broon."—A neighbouring laird in the estate of Kinneston, . . . on one occasion called out to one of his young lads, who was passing somewhat smartly, "Whaur noo, Jock?" "Od maister, I'm gaun to my supper; it's sax o'clock isn't?" "Maybe it is, Jock," says the laird, "but what hae ye been daein' the day?" "O," says Jock, "I was helpin' Tam Broon." "Just so," says the laird, "but what was Tam Broon daein'?" "Weel," says

Jock, . . . "he was daein' naething." . . . It is to this day a proverb in the district to say of anyone who is lazy and doing little, that he has been "helpin' Tam Broon."

BEATH, p. 41.

View from the Lomond Hills.

"On Easter Lomond I made my bed,
On Wester Lomond I lay;
I lookit down to bonnie Loch Leven,
And saw three perches play."

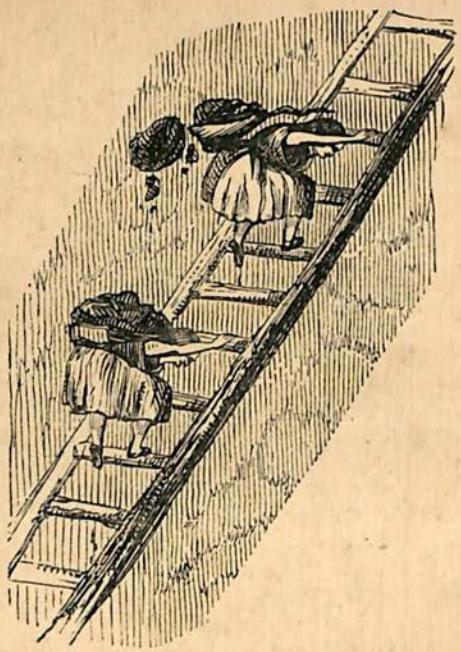
J. W. JACK, p. 54.

Lochore and Benarty, (a hill on the confines of Fife and Kinross.)

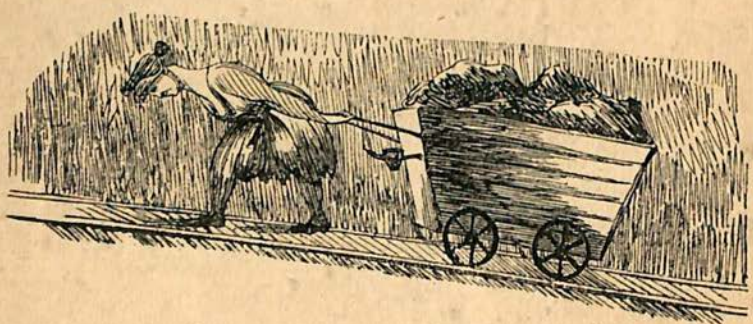
"Happy the man who belongs to no party,
But sits in his ain house, and looks at Benarty."

Sir Michael Malcolm of Lochore, an eccentric baronet, pronounced this oracular couplet in his old age, when troubled with the talk about the French Revolution. As a picture of meditative serenity in an old Scotch country-gentleman, it seems worthy of preservation.—CHAMBERS, p. 259.

THE END.

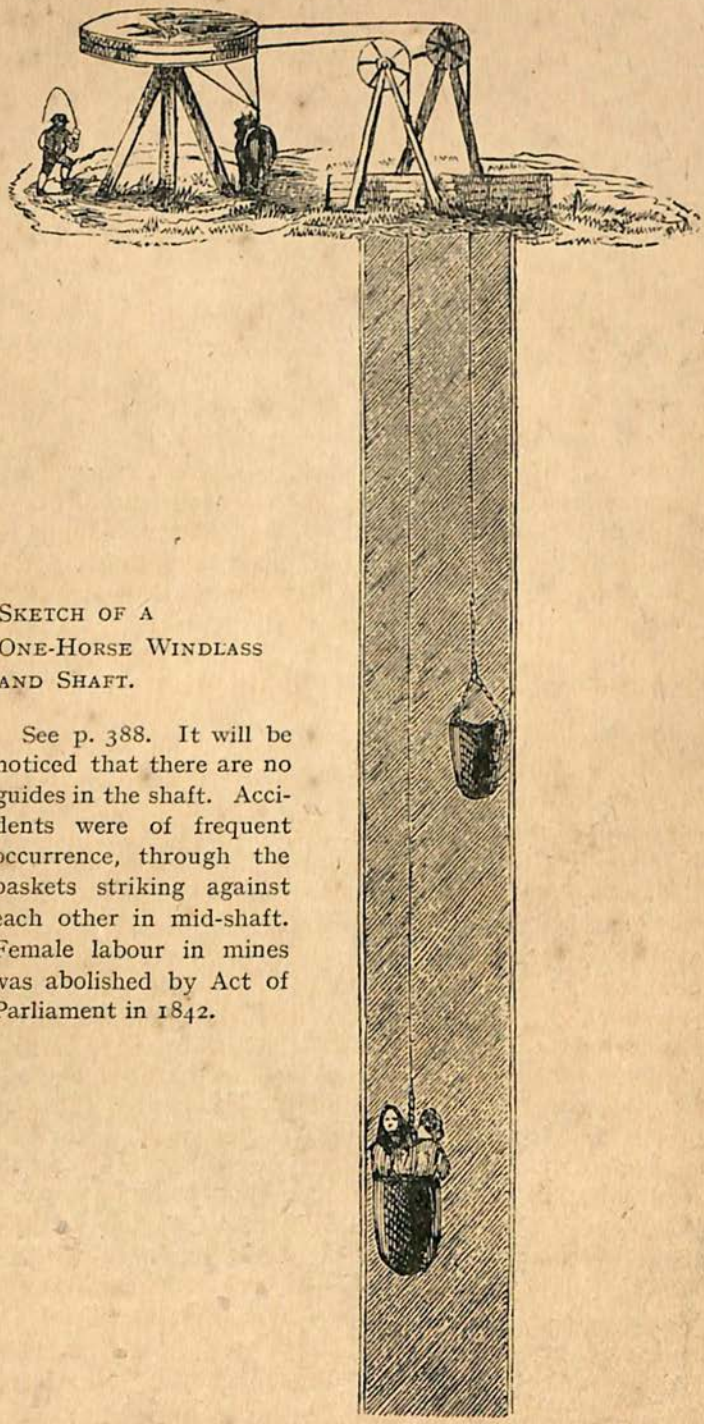


Coal Bearing and its Dangers.



Woman Dragging Truck on Rails in Fife. 1841.

SKETCH OF THE SPIRAL STAIRCASE.



SKETCH OF A
ONE-HORSE WINDLASS
AND SHAFT.

See p. 388. It will be noticed that there are no guides in the shaft. Accidents were of frequent occurrence, through the baskets striking against each other in mid-shaft. Female labour in mines was abolished by Act of Parliament in 1842.

APPENDIX

THE MINING FOLK OF FIFE.

By David Rorie, M.D., D.P.H.

All the folk-lore notes given here were gathered by me at first hand during a twelve years' residence in Fife, ten years of which were spent in the parish of Auchterderran, an agricultural and mining district. It is not pretended that all the customs, etc., mentioned were universal. Many of them were dying out, and many more were referred to jestingly, often with the semi-apologetic remarks, " that's an old freit, that's what the auld folk used to say, or do." But everything I have set down I have tested as having been at one time or another common in the district.

The Fifer, whether he deserves it or not, has the reputation of being more full of " freits " than the dweller in perhaps any other county in Scotland. He owes much to his isolated situation. The deep inlet of the Firth of Tay to the north, and the equally deep inlet of the Forth to the south, made communication with the outer world difficult and dangerous in these directions for many a long century. Eastwards the North Sea was an effective barrier, while going westward took the Fifer amongst the hills and the Highlanders. The genuine old-fashioned Fife miner has three great divisions of " incomers " of whom, when occasion arises, he speaks with contempt. These are—(1) Loudoners or natives of the Lothians, (2) Hielanters, who include all from Forfarshire to John o' Groats, and (3) Wast-Country Folk. And these last in his opinion, and not without reason, are perhaps the worst of all. Although present day facilities for travelling, and especially the Forth and Tay bridges, have done much to remove this clannishness amongst the folk, there is no doubt that here and there a considerable amount of it remains. Some time ago a man died in a Fifeshire mining village. He had been continuously resident there for twenty years, but he was not what the Fifer calls a " hereaboots " man—he was an " incomer." And so when he passed away the news went round the village that " the stranger " was dead.

When I went to Auchterderran in 1894 the great bulk of the mining population was composed of the old Fifeshire mining families, who were an industrious, intelligent, and markedly independent class. They worked in various small privately-owned mines, the proprietors of which in most cases had themselves sprung from the mining class, many of them being relatives of their employés; and a certain family feeling and friendship nearly always existed. With the advent of large Limited Liability Companies there was a corresponding extension of the workings, and a huge influx of a lower class of workman from the Lothians and the West country (involving an Irish element), while the small private concerns went inevitably to the wall.

Most of the old Fifeshire miners had dwelt for generations in the same hamlets, being born, brought up and married, and often dying in the same spot. Many of them were descendants of the old "adscripti glebae," the workers who were practically serfs, "thirled" to pit-work for life, and sold with the pit as it changed hands. It is strange to think that this extraordinary method of controlling labour prevailed in Scotland till 1775, so that an old miner of eighty years of age at the present day might quite well be the grandson of a man who had worked as a serf in the pit. During the earlier part of the nineteenth century the different hamlets naturally kept markedly to themselves. Within living memory all merchandise required for domestic use had to be purchased at the hamlet shop, usually kept by a relation of the colliery owner; any debts incurred to him being deducted from the men's wages. To keep such a shop was therefore a very safe speculation. There were other "off-takes," *e.g.* for medical attendance, pick-sharpening, etc.; and as wages ruled low the total sum received every fortnight on "pay-Saturday" was often small enough. The good type of miner always handed over his wages intact to his wife, who bought his tobacco for him along with her household purchases, and returned him a sum for pocket-money, usually spent on a "dram." An occasional excess in this line was not harshly judged, and good comradeship prevailed. An interesting comment was once made by an old Fifer after the influx into Auchterderran of "Loudoners" and "wast-country folk" occurred—"Ay, this is no' the place it used to be: ye canna lie fou' at the roadside noo wi'oot gettin' your pooches ripit!"

In the parish of Auchterderran the collieries in the days gone by were small, and only the more easily-got-at surface seams of coal were worked. The first seams to be worked out were those which cropped out to the surface, and the seam was simply followed in as far as it could be got at (an "ingaun e'e"), and

when it got too deep for this method a shaft was driven. It was the custom for both man and wife to work in the pit. The man dug the coal and the woman (before winding machinery was introduced) carried it to the surface in her creel, either up the " in-gaun e'e " or up the side of the shaft by a circular ladder, as in the accompanying illustrations.

That this work of coal-bearing was coarse and degrading work for women, and that it attracted to it or caused to be forced into it the unfortunate and friendless, is shown by the following extract from " The Last Speech and dying Words of *Margaret Millar*, coal-bearer at *Coldencleugh* who was execute 10. *February* 1726 at the Gibbet of *Dalkeith*, for Murdering her own Child."

" The place of my birth was at *Dysert* in *Fife*. My Father *John Millar* was a Salter under my Lord *Sinclar* there, and I being in my Nonage left to the care of an Uncle, who put me to the Fostering, and after being wean'd from the Breast, was turn'd from Hand to Hand amongst other relations, when my Friends being wearied and neglecting me, I was obliged to engage with my Lord *Sinclar's* Coalliers to be a Bearer in his Lordship's Coalheughs ; So being unaccustomed with that Yoke of Bondage, I endeavoured to make my Escape from such a World of Slavery, expecting to have made some better thereof : But in place of that I fell into a greater Snare."

Ventilation in the earlier part of last century was a negligible quantity, and the air was often too foul for the naked-light lamps to burn in. One old man, the husband of Mrs. H. mentioned later, told me that he remembered some sixty years ago working below ground by the phosphorescent light of decaying fish-heads, in a part of the mine where the air was too foul to allow his tallow lamp to burn. He said they gave enough light to show him where to " howk " his coal.

The following interesting account of mining life in bye-gone days was written in 1896 by an old miner, A.C., Lochgelly, then aged about seventy years :

" I will now give you my little essay on the rise and progress of the mining industry in Lochgelly for a hundred and fifty years back. You will find it both interesting and amusing, and at same time all truth. Their work and mode of living was the constant fire-side talk. We are the oldest race of miners that belongs to Lochgelly, and have been all born in that little old row of houses called Launcherhead, and the mines where they wrought were round about it. It was the custom at that time for the man and his wife to work both. The man digged the coals, and his wife carried them to the pit bank on her back. They were called Bearers, and if anything went wrong with the

man she had to be both miner and Bearer both. Such was the case with my Grandmother. She was left a widow with five of a family, three girls and two boys. My Father was six months old, and my uncle B. was two years, there being no other way for her to support her family but to make herself a general miner. So she put her two boys in her coal creel, carried them down the pit and laid them at the stoop side until she digged her coals and carried them to the pit bank on her back. When she rested she gave my father a drink and my uncle a spoonful of cold stoved potatoes. Potatoes formed the greatest part of their living at that time. That was in about 1725.[1] There was only nine miners in Lochgelly at that time, and at the end of the year my grandmother had the highest out-put of coal on Lochgelly work. Their daily output was little over ten tons. Last time the mining industry of Lochgelly was brought up she was the leading character. After her family grew up she drove both coal mines and stone ones. She drove a great part of the day-level leading from Water Orr. The air was sometimes that bad that a light of no description would burn: the only light she had was the reflection from Fish Heads,[2] and her family carried the rade[3] to the bank. The name of this remarkable female miner was Hannah Hodge. Sir Gilbert Elliot was the laird of Lochgelly at that time. He had them all up to Lochgelly House two or three [times] every year and had a proper spree with them. There was two Englishmen, father and son, the name of Chisholm, took Lochgelly work and keept it as long as they lived and their sons after them. They invented the first machine here for raising coal and that was a windlass and they raised the output from ten to fifteen tons. The only machine for raising coal before that was the miners' wives. As time rolled on the Father and Son got married on my two aunts. Such a marriage has not taken place in Lochgelly for one hundred and fifteen years [before that]. William Stewart carried on the work after their father's death. They introduced a Gin and brought the output up to 25 tons. Mr. Henderson and company got the work next and they raised the output up to 30 tons. And it has increased every year since that time. When the Nellie workings got up through on the old workings that I heard them talk so much about I travelled [walked] a whole day to see where my Father and Mother wrought, and I saw my Uncle B.'s mind ['mind' = mine, Fifeshire] where he made such a narrow escape

[1] *Sic*, but the date is obviously wrong. Probably it should be 1795.

[2] Cf. old H.'s description, Auchterderran.

[3] "Redd," refuse, material not coal.

of his life. He was driving à mind from the parrot seam to the splent to let off a great quantity of water that was lying there. It blew the side out of his mind. It knocked him up to the high side which saved his life. If he had gone out the day level with the water he [had] never been seen [again]. He was very jocular and about as good of walking on his hands as feet. He got himself rightly arranged with his lamp hanging on his back-side and walked up and down past Launcherhead doors and every one that looked out thought they were no use of them going to work that day after seeing a man walking about the place wanting the head. All the miners in Lochgelly lived in Cooperhall and Launcherhead and was full of superstition." After dealing with Lochgelly in recent times the old man says: "For every holing a miner takes off he can sit down and say to himself 'I sit here where human foot has never trod nor human voice has rung,' and that is more than Stanley could say after his travels through Africa."

Miners' Freits. The old-fashioned miner had a strong objection to meeting a black cat or a woman, especially an "old wife," and more so one with a white mutch on, while on his way to work. Many colliers even yet will turn back and lose a day's work rather than proceed in face of the possible ill-luck involved. It is supposed to mean accident, either to the man or to the place he is in. The cases are cited of a man who, in spite of the meeting, went to work and got his leg broken, and of another who went to work and found his "place" fallen in.

When an accident happened in the pit, all who heard of it used to "lowse," *i.e.* cease from work. In these days of large collieries the news does not always reach the working places; but in the event of any serious accident, involving say, two or three deaths, the whole of the men employed usually come to the pit bank and cease work for the day.

The following are common freits noted at Auchterderran:

It is unlucky to begin work or start on a journey on a Friday.

It is unlucky to turn back after you have started out from the house.

It is unlucky to shake hands twice on saying good-bye.

It is unlucky to dream of eggs; eggs mean "clashes" (evil-speaking: disputes).

To dream of rats is unlucky; rats mean enemies.

To dream of a washing means a "flitting" (removal).

To dream of the loss of teeth means a death.

To dream of the loss of fingers means the same.

To rub the nose when you rise in the morning means that you will hear of a death before night.

It is unlucky to meet a woman with untidy shoes or stockings.

If a man's (or woman's) bootlace comes undone, his (or her) sweetheart (or wife or husband) is thinking of him (or her). (Evil wishing ties knots; good wishing looses them.)

It is unlucky to put your shoes on the table, it will cause "strife." Ill luck can be averted by spitting on the soles.

If two people wash their hands together in a basin, the sign of the cross should be made in the water.

It is unlucky to go under a ladder.

It is unlucky to spill salt. If done some salt should be thrown over the left shoulder.

Breaking a mirror means ill-luck for seven years.

It is unlucky to give a present of a knife or scissors. It "cuts love."

Sudden silence means that an angel is passing through the room.

It is unlucky to look at the new moon through glass.

On first seeing the new moon you should turn a piece of silver in your pocket.

It is unlucky to give undue praise to horses, cattle, etc., or children. If this is done it constitutes "fore-speaking" and evil will follow. Hence probably the Scots invalid on being asked how he is says he "is no ony waur"—he avoids fore-speaking himself.

A cat will "suck" a child's breath and so cause death.

A horse "sees things" invisible to the driver. "What are ye seein' noo?" is a common remark when a horse shies without apparent cause.

It is lucky to have a horseshoe in the house.

A woman whose child had died, said to me: "This comes o' laughin' at freits." On enquiry I found that she had always condemned those who kept a horse-shoe at the fire-side (a common custom). She immediately procured one.

A pig sees the wind.

The "hole" in the forefoot of a pig is where the devils entered the Gadarene swine.

A man who has killed a lot of pigs in his day has a good chance of seeing the Devil.

It is unlucky to "harry" a swallow's nest.

If a swallow flies below your arm that arm will become paralysed.

Swallows or crows building near a house are lucky.

It is unlucky to have peacocks' feathers in the house.

Games.

"*Hainchin' the bool.*" A game played in the earlier half of the nineteenth century amongst the Fifeshire miners was called "hainchin' the bool." The "bool," which weighed about 4 lbs., and was somewhat larger than a cricket ball, was chipped round from a piece of whin-stone with a specially made small iron hammer. The game was played on the high-road where a suitably level piece could be got. The ball was held in the hand, and the arm brought up sharply against the haunch, when the ball was let go. Experts are said to have been able to throw it over 200 yards. The game was ultimately stopped by the authorities. This form of throwing is very frequently practised by boys to throw stones over a river or out to sea from the beach. How long "hainchin' the bool" had been practised in Fife it is hard to say, but the stone ball was of the same type as the "prehistoric" stone-balls fairly common in Scotland, some of which at least may have been used for a similar purpose.

"*Shinty*" formerly took the place of the present-day universally popular football.

"*The dulls*" or "*Dully*" (Rounders) was also formerly popular.

Cock-fighting was formerly very common amongst the Fifeshire miners. Even yet, in spite of legal repression, many game-cocks are bred and matches held on the quiet. A disused quarry in the parish (*Auchterderran*) was a favourite amphitheatre for large matches (*e.g.* an inter-parish or inter-county combat), and Sunday a favourite day. Quite a large crowd of men would collect, often driving long distances, to view the combat. In Fife the cocks were always fought with the natural spur.

Quoits is an old game still played with great interest and skill.

Cf. *Hogmanay*, p. 146; *Handsel Monday*, p. 150; *Games*, pp. 175-187.

Marriage.

"Marry for love and wark for siller" runs the Fife proverb, setting forth the principles on which matrimony should be undertaken.

On hearing of an intended marriage, the customary enquiry is, as to the man, "Wha's he takkin'?" but in the case of a woman, "Wha's she gettin'?" Other common sayings are: "She's ower mony werrocks[1] (bunions) to get a man": and, "Mim-mou'ed maidens never get a man; muckle-mou'ed maids

[1] *Wyrock*, a sort of hard excrescence.—Jamieson.

get twa." "When ye tak' a man, ye tak' a maister," is a woman's proverb. But when once the wedding-ring was on, it was unlucky to take it off again. "Loss the ring, loss the man."

"Change the name and no' the letter,
Change for the waur and no' the better."

It was quite common in the parish for a married woman to be referred to by her maiden name in preference to the surname she was entitled to use by marriage.

The following account of old-time marriage customs among the mining folk was taken down in 1903 from the description of Mrs. H., of Auchterderran, aged seventy-five. She had been born, brought up, and had lived all her life, in one hamlet in the parish, and had never been further than ten miles away from it.

When the "coortin'" had been successfully accomplished, the custom was to celebrate "the Contrack night." This was the night that "the cries" had been given in (*i.e.* the notification to the minister to proclaim the banns of marriage) and a convivial meeting was held in the house of the bride. The food was plain (perhaps "dried fish and tatties"), and there was much innocent merriment; one outstanding part of the programme being the "feet-washing" of the bridegroom. This performance varied in severity from plain water and soap to a mixture of black lead, treacle, etc., and the victim always struggled against the attentions of the operators. In spite of his efforts at self-defence the process was always very thoroughly carried out. As regards the "cries," the proper thing was to be "cried" three Sundays running, for which the fee was 5s. But if you hurried matters up, and were cried twice, you had to pay 7s. 6d., while if your haste was more extreme and you were only cried once, you were mulcted in the sum of 10s. 6d.

The marriage usually took place in church. On the marriage-day the bridegroom and bride with best-man and bridesmaids set out in procession for the Kirk, the bride and groom sometimes being "bowered," *i.e.* having an arch of green boughs held over their heads. All the couples went "traivlin' linkit" (walking arm in arm) sometimes to the number of thirty-two couples, while guns and pistols were fired on the march, and all sorts of noise and joking kept up. In the parish of Auchterderran it was the rule (owing to damage having been done on one occasion to the sacred edifice), that all this had to cease when the procession came in sight of the kirk at the top of Bowhill Brae, about two hundred yards from the building. Money was dispensed by the bridegroom, which was called the "ba' siller." All this is done away with now, with the exception of the ba' siller, which is always looked for.

On returning home, the bride had a cake of shortbread broken over her head while crossing the threshold. This is still sometimes done. In the evening a dance would be held and "the green-garters" (which had been knitted in anticipation by the best maid) were pinned surreptitiously on to the clothing of the elder unmarried brother or sister of the bride. When discovered they were removed and tied round the left arm and worn for the rest of the evening. The green garters are still in evidence. The unmarried women present would be told to rub against the bride "for luck," as that would ensure their own early marriage. The proceedings terminated with the "bed-din' o' the bride." When the bride got into bed her left leg stocking was taken off and she had to throw it over her shoulder, when it was fought for by those in the room, the one who secured it being held as safe to be married next.[1] The bride had to sit up in bed until the bridegroom came and "laid her doon."[2] Sometimes the roughest of horseplay went on. In one case mentioned by an old resident in the parish, practically "a' the company" got on to the bed, which broke and fell on the ground.

"The Kirkin'" took place the following Sunday, when three couples sat in one seat; viz. the bride and bridegroom, the best maid and best man, and "anither lad and his lass."

On the first appearance of the newly-married man at his work he had to "pay aff" or "stand his hand," (stand treat). Failing this he was rubbed all over with dust and grime. This was called "creelin."

This "creelin'" (cf. *ante*, p. 165) is a very attenuated survival of the custom mentioned by Allan Ramsay in his second supplemental canto to "Christ's Kirk on the Green," where the day after the marriage the bridegroom has "for merriment, a creel or basket bound, full of stones, upon his back; and, if he has acted a manly part, his young wife with all imaginable speed cuts the cords, and relieves him of his burden."

[1] "The bride was now laid in her bed,
Her left leg ho' was flung,
And Geordie Gib was fidging glad,
Because it hit Jean Gunn."

ALLAN RAMSAY, first supplemental canto to "Christ's Kirk on the Green."

[2] "... The bride she made a fen',
To sit in wylicoat sae braw, upon her nether en'." *Idem.*

[3] *The Works of Allan Ramsay*, vol. i. p. 328. A. Fullarton & Co., London, Edinburgh, and Dublin. 1851.

Birth and Infancy.

Of the three stages of life round which old customs and beliefs cluster,—namely, marriage, birth, and death,—the second has perhaps the greatest amount of folklore connected with it. Some part of what is here set down has already appeared in the *Caledonian Medical Journal*, vol. v.,[1] but all of it is the fruit of many years' personal experience as a medical practitioner among the folk of Fife, more especially among those who daily go down into the coalpits of the county to earn their bread.

Pregnancy. There is a popular belief that when pregnancy commences the husband is afflicted with toothache or some other minor ailment, and that he is liable to this complaint until the birth of the child. On one occasion a man came to me to have a troublesome molar extracted. When the operation was over he remarked, in all earnestness, "I'm feared she's bye wi' it again, doctor. That tooth's been yarkin' awa' the last fourteen days, an it's aye been the way wi' me a' the time she's carryin' them." Another patient assured me that her husband "aye bred alang wi' her," and that it was the persistence of toothache in her adult unmarried son which led her to the (correct) suspicion that he had broken the seventh commandment, and made her a grandmother.

Pregnancy is frequently dated from taking a "scunner" (disgust) at certain articles of food—tea, fish, etc. If the confinement is misdated, the woman whose calculations have gone wrong is said to "have lost her nick-stick," a reference to the old-fashioned tally.

While the woman is pregnant she must not sit with one leg crossed over the other, as she may thereby cause a cross-birth; nor, for the same reason, may she sit with folded arms. If she is much troubled with heartburn, her future offspring will have a good head of hair; while a dietary including too much oatmeal will cause trouble to those washing the child, as it produces a copious coating of *vernix caseosa*.

Many mothers believe that the tastes (likes and dislikes) of the child are dependent on the mother's diet while pregnant; *e.g.* a woman who has eaten much syrup will have a syrup-loving child. If a woman while pregnant has been "greenin'" (longing

[1] *The Scottish Bone-setter, The Obstetric Folk-Lore of Fife*, and *Popular Pathology*; also "Some Fifeshire Folk-Medicine" in the *Edinburgh Medical Journal*, 1904.

for) any article of diet which has been denied to her, the child when born will keep shooting out its tongue until its lips have been touched with the article in question.

The belief in maternal impressions is of course fixed and certain; and wonderful are the tales told of children born with a "snap" on the cheek (through that favourite piece of confectionery having been playfully thrown at the mother), or with a mouse on the leg. *E.g.* a woman who was slapped in the face with a red handkerchief while pregnant, had a child with a red mark on the forehead; another woman had a "red hand" on her own abdomen because, before her birth, her mother's night-gown caught fire, and she laid her hand violently on her body to extinguish the flames.

It is always considered among the folk a most reprehensible thing to throw anything, even in jest, at a pregnant woman, on account of thereby causing a birthmark, or even a marked deformity, to the future offspring. Should something be thrown, however, and the part hit be an uncovered part of the body, such as the face, neck, or hand, the probable birthmark may be transferred to a part covered with clothes, if the woman touches with her hand the spot where she has been struck, and then touches a clothed part of her person. A young married woman is always so advised by her elders. The transference is only effectual before the fourth month of pregnancy. Any start or fright to a pregnant woman is considered dangerous, as the child may "put up its hand and grip the mother's heart." I have heard sudden deaths in pregnancy attributed to this. Each pregnancy is supposed to cost the woman a tooth.

A barren woman is often told chaffingly to "tak' a rub" against a pregnant woman and "get some o' her luck."

If a woman is presented with a bunch of lilies before her child's birth, the child will be a girl. This is believed to be of French origin, as it was narrated by a daughter of a Frenchman who was taken prisoner at Waterloo. She lived in Ceres, Fife.

Children (generally illegitimate) "gotten oot o' doors" were expected to be boys. "It couldna but be a laddie, it was gotten amang the green girss (grass)"; (cf. "The Birth of Robin Hood," in Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, 1806).

Childbed. When labour was in progress, various proverbs, consolatory and otherwise, were always used; such as, "Ye'll be waur afore ye're better"; "The hetter war, the suner peace"; "Ye dinna ken ye're livin' yet," etc.

In a prolonged or tedious labour an older woman would often open the door and leave it slightly ajar.

It was not uncommon for some women to desire to be confined kneeling in front of a chair, on the ground that " a' their bairns had come hame that way." This position must have been very common at one time.

The placenta was usually burned, sometimes buried.

After the birth the mother had to be very careful till the " ninth day " was past. Till then, she was not allowed to " redd " her hair, or to lift her hands " abune the breath," *i.e.* higher than her mouth.[1] Nor, if she " tak' a grewsin'," (*rigor*), must she touch her mammae, or a " beelin' " (suppurating) breast will be the consequence. " I maun ha' gruppit it," is often given as the cause of an abscess. And if, while " grewsin' " she were to grip her child, it would take the illness which caused the rigor.

" Nurse weel the first year, ye'll no nurse twa," was the advice given by experienced elders to young mothers.

" A woman was in seeing a neighbour who had had a ' little body.' The patient got up while the caller was in. The caller was going out again, but she was brought back until the mother got into bed again. Before leaving, the caller got ' the fitale dram.' " (*Cowdenbeath*).

The Newborn Infant. When the child was born, it was frequently greeted with the words, " Ye've come into a cauld warl' noo."

The child may be born with a caul (" coolie," " happie-hoo," " sillie-hoo," or " hallie-hoo ") [2] over its face. This is a sign of good luck, and is still frequently preserved. I was once shown a specimen fifty years old, by its owner, who as it happens has been a peculiarly unfortunate woman. Some held that if given to a friend the caul will serve as a barometer of the donor's health. If in good health, it keeps dry, but if the giver turns ill, the hood becomes moist.

A child born feet first was held to be either possessed of the gift of second sight, or to be born " a wanderer in foreign countries."

A premature child will live if born at the seventh month, but not if born at the eighth.

If the child's first cry can be twisted into " dey " (father), the next comer will be a male.

The umbilical cord must be cut short in the case of a girl, but the boy whose umbilical cord is cut too short will, when his time comes, run the risk of either being a childless man, or a bed-wetter.[3]

[1] Cf. Neuburger, *History of Medicine*, vol. i. p. 74.

[2] *Coolie*, a nightcap ; *happie*, a wrap ; *hallie*, holy ; *sillie*, fairy.

[3] *Vide* article " The Folk-Lore of the Umbilical Cord," by present writer, *British Medical Journal*, Jan. 6, 1912.

The child at birth used in the old days to be wrapped, if a male, in the mother's petticoat; if a female, in the father's shirt. If this was not done the child was thought to run the risk either of not being married at all, or if married, of being childless.

If the child micturates freely at birth, it is considered a sign of good luck to it and to all who may participate in the benefit.

The nurse examines the child to see that it is "wice and warl' like," and that there are no signs of its being an "objeck," or a "natural." Should the child have "hare-shaw" (hare-lip), or "whummle-bore" (cleft-palate), there will naturally be much chagrin, but a "bramble-mark" or "rasp" (*naevus*) is not objected to—unless on the face—as it is supposed to indicate future wealth. Such marks are held to increase in size and darken in colour as the fruits in question ripen, and to become more marked and prominent on the child's birthday. A child with two whorls on its head will be a wanderer, or, otherwise, will live to see two monarchs crowned.

It occasionally happens that a child is born with one or more of its teeth cut. This is considered very lucky; but the teeth should be "howkit out" (dug out) to avoid disheartening the mother, for "sune teeth, sune anither."

If the child is pronounced to be like father or mother, some one present will say, "Weel, it couldna be like a nearer freen'!"[1] It is held that the child will be liker the parent who has either been fonder of the other at the time it was begotten, or fonder of the other during the pregnancy, "because he or she looks often at, and thinks often o'" the other. Or again, that the infant will be more like the parent who has the stronger constitution.

If the little stranger is a well-developed child, we are told: "That ane hasna been fed on deaf nuts." (Deaf nuts are worthless withered nuts.) Should it have enlarged breasts, the common and dangerous practice of "milking the breasts" is almost always resorted to in the case of a girl; but if a boy were so treated, it is thought that it would injure his chance of becoming a father hereafter.

It is considered very unlucky to weigh a newly-born child, and very genuine opposition may be offered to the proposal.

To wash the child's "loof" (palm) too thoroughly is held to spoil its chance of "gainin' gear," while to wash its back too well for the first three weeks is thought to weaken it. Others say the child's hands and arms should not be washed "till it is a gude twa-three weeks auld, as it taks their luck awa." (*Cowdenbeath*).

[1] Friend, *Scot.*, a relative.

Mrs. H. of Auchterderran, previously mentioned, said that "when she was a lassie," the howdie in charge would then mould and press the child's head ("straik it") to "pit it intil shape," special attention being paid to the nose. A mouthful of whisky was taken, and skilfully blown as a spray over the child's head, and then massaged in "to strengthen the heid." A plain closely-fitting cap ("under-mutchie") was then applied, and a more ornamental one on the top of that, as the child was supposed to take cold very readily through the "openins o' the heid" (*fontanelles*), by which "the air would get into the brain."

If a child cries continuously after being dressed at birth, the granny or some other wise elder will say, "If this gangs on we'll ha'e to pit on the girdle" (the large circular flat baking-iron on which scones and oatcakes are "fired"). Sometimes this is actually done, but the practice is rare now, and very few can give the true meaning of the saying. The idea is that the crying child is a changeling, and that if held over the fire it will go up the chimney, while the girdle will save the real child's feet from being burnt as it comes down to take its own legitimate place. (Cf. p. 31.)

First Ceremonies. The ceremony of drinking the child's health at birth ("wettin' the bairn's heid") is laid stress on, and those not "drinkin' oot the dram" are expostulated with thus: "Ye wouldna tak' awa' the bairn's beauty? (or luck)." The refreshments, usually shortbread and whisky, are called "the bairn's cakes."

A visitor going to see a newborn child must not go empty-handed but must carry some small gift for presentation to the youngster, or he or she will carry away the child's beauty.

The child should always, when possible, be carried upstairs before it is carried down; and where this is impossible, a box or chair will give the necessary rise in life.

"The bairn's piece" was a piece of cake, or bread and cheese, or biscuit, wrapped in a handkerchief and carried by the woman who was taking the child to the kirk for the christening. This woman was always if possible one of good repute in the district, and the office was considered an honour. "Mony an ane I carried to the kirk," said old Mrs. H., with pride. The first person met with on the way, whether "kent face" or stranger, was presented with "the bairn's piece," and was expected to partake of the proffered refreshment. Sometimes he or she would indulge in prophecy and say, "A lassie the next time," or, "a laddie"; but failing this it was considered that if the person met was a male, the mother's next child would be a female,

and *vice versa*. The custom is now practically extinct, even in country places.

" Children that are taken to be christened are taken in at the little gate instead of at the big gate now, since suicides are not taken over the church wall to be buried, as it was supposed that the first child that was taken in at the gate would commit suicide." (Verbatim as given. *Cowdenbeath*. Cf. p. 174.)

If on a Sunday a boy and a girl are being christened, the girl must be christened before the boy, otherwise she will have a beard.

On the child's first visit to another house its mouth is filled with sugar " for luck." Unless this was done the bairn would always be licking its lips and shooting out its tongue, and be generally discontented. The first visit of an infant to another house brings luck to that house, provided it is not carried by its mother, but if the mother herself is carrying the child, it is not every neighbour that would welcome the visit.

" The first time you take out your first baby, you should not bring it in yourself. Go in yourself first and get some other one to bring it in ; or come in backwards with it." (*Cowdenbeath*.)

The Cradle. Various beliefs are connected with the cradle The first child should not be rocked in a new cradle, but in a borrowed old one ; nor should the cradle be in the house before the child is born. In sending the borrowed cradle back, it should never be sent empty, but with a blanket or pillow in it, nor should it touch the ground on the journey. Even when the child is older and the mother wishes to take the cradle to a neighbour's house for a " crack," it is unlucky to take it in empty. A pillow or blanket should be in it, or better still, the child should be placed in the cradle and carried in that way. An empty cradle should never be rocked, as it gives the child " a sair weim."

If a mother thinks she is not to have more children, and so gives her cradle away, another child will be born to her. (See *ante*, p. 159.)

Early Infancy. If you see a baby about six weeks old watching smoke going up a chimney, it will never have a birthday.

A child with differently coloured eyes (*e.g.* one blue, one brown) will never live to grow up.

If a young child on being given a piece of money, holds it tight, it will turn out " awfu' grippy " (greedy) ; but if the money slips through its fingers it will be openhanded and generous.

If the child " neezes " (sneezes), the correct thing is to say, " Bless the bairn ! " If it " gants " (yawns), the chin is carefully pushed up to close the mouth.

When the child's nails require shortening, they should not be cut with scissors, but bitten. If a child's nails are cut before it is a year old (some say six months), it will be " tarry-fingered," (a thief).

A child speaking before six months old will, if a boy, not live to comb a grey head.

A child speaking before walking will turn out " an awfu' leear."

The first time a child creeps, if it makes for the door, it will creep through life and be a slowcoach, and never " mak' a name for itsel'."

If a child on first trying to walk is inclined to run, it will have more failures than successes in life.

A child should not see itself in a mirror before it gets its teeth, as it will not live to be five years old.

Gums through which the teeth are shining are called " breedin' gums," and should be rubbed with a silver thimble or a shilling to bring the teeth through. If a stranger (*i.e.* any other than the mother) discovers the first tooth, the mother has to give that person a present. (*Auchterderran.*)

Early teething portends sundry troubles. " Teeth sune gotten, teeth sune lost " ; " Sune teeth, sune sorrow." And as regards the mother : " Sune teeth, sune anither " ; or, " Sune teeth, sune mair."

To cut the upper teeth before the lower is very unlucky, for

" He that cuts his teeth abune
Will never wear his marriage shoon."

When a milk-tooth comes out, it should be put in the fire with a little salt, and either of the following verses repeated :

" Fire, fire, burn bane,
God gi' me my teeth again."

Or,

" Burn, burn, blue tooth,
Come again a new tooth."

Families. If twins grow up, and both marry, only one of them will have children.

An addition to a miner's family, if a boy, is described as " a tub o' great " ; if a girl, as " a tub o' sma'."

A family of two is described as " a doo's cleckin' " (*i.e.* a pigeon's hatch).

A family of three is looked on as ideal : " twa to fecht an' ane to sinder " (separate). Sometimes another child is allowed, and it becomes " twa to fecht, ane to sinder, an' ane to rin an' tell."

The last of the family is described as "the shakkins o' the poke," (bag). "Losh, wumman! this'll surely be the shakkins o' the poke noo!"

Leechcraft.

"Folk-medicine," says Sir Clifford Allbutt (*Brit. Med. Journal*, Nov. 20, 1909), "whether independent or still engaged with religion and custom, belongs to all peoples and all times, including our own. It is not the appanage of a nation; it is rooted in man, in his needs and in his primeval observation, instinct, reason and temperament. . . . To Folk-medicine doubt is unknown; it brings the peace of security."

The Leech. "A drucken doctor's clever," is the popular opinion expressed in a curiously unwise proverb. But even he does not always command the undoubting faith that is reposed by the ignorant in the unwashed oracles of the roadside, the tinker and the tramp, who have successfully dodged the dominie, but who nevertheless are reputed to be "skeelie wi' simples." For "ye'd wonder what gaun-aboot folks kens." If the "cure"—these remedies are always known as "cures"—can be got from anyone invested with a slight touch of the uncanny, so much the better. One old lady told me, "My mither got the cure from a man wantin' the legs, that was drawn aboot by twa black dogs." A man with two legs, drawn about by a horse, can be met with and consulted any day; but one wanting the legs and drawn about by two black dogs is something out of the usual run, and naturally his advice should be something "by-ordinar," and implicitly to be trusted.

In folk-surgery, the bone-setter holds an accepted position. "A' body kens doctors ken naething aboot banes." It is a matter of "heirskep" (heredity). The bone-setter's father before him, or at least his grandfather, or at the very worst his aunt, possessed "the touch," as it is called, in their day and generation. "It rins in the bluid."

I know not why, but this particular unqualified practitioner is most frequently a blacksmith. Still, among the many Fifeshire bone-setters I have known or heard of were a schoolmaster, a quarryman, a platelayer, a midwife, and a joiner.

A rough and ready massage plays an important part in the *modus operandi*; so does the implicit faith of the patient. The fearlessness of utter ignorance leads them to deal with adhesions in joints in the most thorough-going fashion, and we hear of their successes—not their failures. Many of them have the gift—a

gift also common to others who never use it as hereditary skill —of making a cracking noise at the thumb or finger joint by flexion and extension. When an injury is shown for treatment, the bone-setter handles it freely, says how many bones are "out," and then works away at the joint, making cracking noises with his own fingers, each separate noise representing one of the patient's bones returning to its proper position. "They maun ha' been oot," says the sufferer afterwards: "I *heard* them gaun in." A coachman who had been flung off his box and got a bruised elbow had *thirteen small bones* "put in" by one famous blacksmith still in practice.

I suppose every medical practitioner in Fife could tell of cases ruined by these charlatans. On one occasion I was asked to see a ploughman who had fallen off a cart. I found him with a Colles' fracture, the injured part covered with a stinking greasy rag, above which were firmly whipped two leather bootlaces. The bones were not in position, and the hand, from interference with the circulation, was in a fair way to become gangrenous. Yet the injury had been met with a week previously, and both he and his employer had been highly pleased with the treatment of the "bone-doctor" who had been consulted. I was only wanted to fill in the insurance schedule.

One curious qualification for bone-setting was given me by a collier who had been to a bone-setter with a "staved thoomb." I asked him why he had gone there. "Lord, man! I dinna ken. They say he's unco skeely." But what training had he? "Weel, he was aince in a farm, and drank himsel' oot o't!"

Popular Physiological Ideas. It is believed that there is "a change in the system" every seven years.

Hair. If a grey hair is pulled out three will come in its place. (*Auchterderran* and *Fife generally.*)

A horsehair put into water is supposed to turn into a worm or an eel. Many people otherwise intelligent fully believe this. (*Auchterderran* and *Fife generally.*)

Hair and nails should not be cut on Sunday. "Cursed is he that cuts hair or horn on the Sabbath," was quoted against a resident who had dishorned a "cattle-beast" on Sunday. (*Auchterderran.*)

An excessive amount of hair on a new-born child's head is an explanation of the mother having suffered from heartburn.

"A hairy man's a happy man—or, a 'geary' (wealthy) man"—a hairy wife's a witch."

A tuft of hair on the head that will not keep down when brushed is called "a coo's lick."

Red Hair. A red-haired first-foot is very unlucky.
" He's waur than daft, he's reid-heided."
There is a schoolboy rhyme :

" Reid heid, curly pow,
Pish on the grass and gar it grow."

Large Head. " Big heid, little wut."
The Heart. " To gar the heart rise," to cause nausea.
" To get roond the heart," to cause faintness. (" It fairly got roond my heart.")
Sudden death is explained as due to the heart having been " ca'ed (pushed) aff its stalk."
Any injury, however slight, near the heart, is looked upon as dangerous. " Far frae the heart " is used to mean, not dangerous, not of much importance, trifling. " O that's far frae the heart ! " not worth bothering about.
" Whole at the heart," courageous, in good spirits. " But a' the time he lay he was whole at the heart."
" Something cam' ower the heart," *i.e.* a feeling of faintness occurred.
" I saw her heart fill," I saw she was overcome with emotion.
Hiccough is supposed to be caused by " a nerve in the heart," and at every hiccough " a drop o' blude leaves the heart."
Jugular vein. Great importance is attached to any injury " near the joogler." Fear will be expressed lest any swelling in the neck should be " pressin' on the joogler."
Menstruation. It is steadfastly believed by the folk that substances such as jam, preserves, or pickles, made by a menstruating woman will not keep, but will for a certainty go bad. On one occasion I was told in all seriousness that a newly-killed pig had been rendered quite unfit for food through being handled by a woman " in her courses," all curing processes being useless to check the rapid decomposition that followed.
Nerves. A " nervish " person is a nervous person : a " nervey " one, a quick active person.
Hysteria is described as " the nerves gaun through the body."
A highly neurotic imaginative person is described as " a heap o' nerves "—" a mass o' nerves."
A *pot-bellied* individual is described as " cob-weimed." The " cob " is the grub found at the root of the docken, and is a favourite bait with fishers.
Sneezing (" neezing ") is held to clear the brain.
Spittle, spitting. Fasting spittle is a cure for warts and for sore eyes.
The spittle of a dog (" dog's lick ") is a cure for cuts and burns.

Spitting for luck. At the conclusion of a bargain the money is spat on " for luck." Money received in charity from one for whom the recipient has a regard is similarly treated.

A man meeting a friend whom he has not seen for a long time will spit on his hand before extending it for shaking hands.

Along the coast, any dead carcass is spat on with the formula, " That's no my granny." (See below, p. 418.)

A schoolboy challenge is to extend the right hand and ask another boy to " spit owre that." If he does so, the fight begins. A schoolboy saying (contemptuous) : " I'll spit in your e'e an' choke ye."

Teeth. Toothache is caused by " a worm in the teeth."

To extract eye-teeth endangers the sight.

" He's cut a' his teeth," he is wide awake.

" He didna cut his teeth yesterday," he is an experienced person.

" A toothful," a small quantity of anything. (See further, p. 409.)

Thumb. An injury to the thumb is supposed to be specially apt to cause lock-jaw.

Tongue. " Tongue-tackit," tongue-tied.

" The little tongue," the uvula.

If a magpie's tongue has a piece " nickit oot " between two silver sixpences, the bird will be able to speak.

A seton passed in below the tongue of a dog will make it quiet while hunting. A poacher's dodge.

" To have a dirty tongue," to be a foul speaker.

" To gie the rough side o' the tongue," to swear at, to speak harshly.

" Her tongue rins ower fast," or " She's ower fast wi' her tongue," said of women.

Unconsciousness is described as " deid to the warl'." " I was deid to the warl' for sax hoors."

Wind (flatulence) has extraordinary powers attributed to it : " gettin' roon' the heart," " gaun to the heid." An acute pain in the chest or belly is often said to be caused by " the wind gettin' in atween the fell (skin) and the flesh."

Yawning (" gantin' "). There is a proverbial saying :

" They never gantit
But wantit
Meat, meal, or makkin' o' " (fondling, petting).

Pathological Ideas. *Popular Conception of Disease.* An implied belief in the existence of disease as an entity—an entity that can be fed, or starved, or transferred—is often peculiarly prominent.

There is always, for example, a fear of taking anything that may "feed the tribble." A fight is going on between the trouble and the "system," and unsuitable medicine may go to help the former at the expense of the latter. "For ony favour," said one woman, "dinna gie me onything that will gar me eat, for a' I tak just gangs to the hoast and strengthens it." Again, in the case of a poultice, there is an underlying idea of the transference of the "tribble" from the afflicted body to the poultice, and it is with this idea that the poultice is usually burnt. The poultice is held to "draw the tribble": the disease is "in" until it has been extracted: it has to be got out. Some poultices, such as carrot or soap-and-sugar poultices, are described as "awfu' drawin' things." "Is it no' drawin' it owre sair?" is a common query regarding a poultice or a dressing. When a blister does not rise readily it is looked on as a bad sign: the trouble cannot be drawn out: "it is ill to draw,"—"dour to draw"—"the tribble's deep in."

Disease may also be "drawn out" from a human body to that of a lower animal, as appears from the treatment of syphilis noted below (p. 410) and other cases.

Contagion. "Ay, an' wha smittit (infected) the first ane?" is often said contemptuously as an argument against instructions to isolate an infectious case. Measles, scarlatina, etc., are looked on as "bairns' tribbles" and to "pit them a' thegither an' hae dune wi't" is often practised. On the other hand, it is believed that all bedding and clothes belonging to a deceased phthisical patient should be burnt. It is also held that those who are not "feared at" a trouble will not take it. Another belief is that a younger person cannot "smit" an older. "She's safe to wash his claes: she's auld be's (compared to) him." An older person sleeping with a younger is considered apt "to tak the strength frae" the younger one (*Auchterderran*).

Boils are looked upon as a sign of rude health. *Swollen glands* (referred to as "waxen kernels" or "cruels") are looked on as a sign of the system being "down."

Cancer is referred to as "eatin' cancer." A common expression is "They say an eatin' cancer will eat a loaf." Of one case of cancer of the breast a woman said, "It used to eat half a loaf o' bread and a gill o' whisky in twa days" (*Auchterderran*).

Celibacy in a male is held to be bad for mental conditions. "His maidenheid's gaun to his brain": said scoffingly of an eccentric single man.

Delirium. A delirious person is spoken of as "carried." One who is excited is spoken of as "raised" or "in a raptur'," and a confused person as "ravelled" (*i.e.* tangled—a ravelled skein of wool is a tangled skein).

Drunkenness. A drunk man, if very drunk, is described as "mortagious," "miracklous," "steamin' wi' drink," or "blin' fou'." A chronic drunkard ("drooth") is spoken of as "a sand-bed o' drink." A man wanting a drink will ask you to "stan' your hand," or ask "Hae ye ony gude in your mind?" or "Can ye save a life?" (*Auchterderran*).

Hives. Jamieson in his dictionary gives this word as meaning "any eruption on the skin when the disorder is supposed to proceed from an internal cause. Thus *bowel-hive* is the name given to a disease in children in which the groin is said to swell. *Hives* is used to denote both the *red* and *yellow gum* (Lothians) A.S. *Heafian*, to swell." But this is by no means a complete definition for *Hives* in Fife. Generally speaking, if an infant is at all out of sorts it is said to be *hivie*: diarrhœa, vomiting, thrush—all these conditions come under the adjective, while a fatal result is frequent through "the hives gaun roond the heart." The commonest varieties of *hives*, so far as we can classify them, are those that follow:

1. *Bowel-hives* is the diarrhœa so often associated with dentition and mal-feeding in infants.

2. *Oot-fleein' hives* is where we get a rash of any sort (short of the exanthemata). For example, *eczema capitis* is frequently described as starting with "a hive" on the brow, and the sudamina so common on neck and nose in the first few days of infant life are frequently looked on as a good sign, and called "the thrivin' hives."

3. *In-fleein' hives* is—what? It frequently spells sudden death, or, at any rate, sudden death is quite satisfactorily accounted for by the fact that "the hives have gone inwan" (inwards), the usual goal being, as I have mentioned, the heart.

4. *The bannock-hive* is a term applied humorously and contemptuously to the person who is suffering from a gastric derangement as a result of over-eating. When doubt is thrown in the family circle on a member's claim to be an invalid, we hear the phrase, "Weel, if ye're hivie, it's the bannock-hive"; similar to "Ye're meat-heal, onyway," or to Galt's famous "Ony sma' haud o' health he has is aye at meal-times."

Mumps. Local terms for this are "Bumps," "Buffets," and "Branks"—"Branks" meaning the halter for a cow (*Auchterderran*).

Pap o' the hass ("hawse," "hass"—throat, "pap o' the hass"—uvula). In relaxed throat the condition is referred to as "the pap o' the hass being down." It is believed that there is one single hair in the head, which, if found and pulled, will "bring the pap o' the hass up." The difficulty is, of course, to find it.

Suicide. It is often said of a suicide " he maun hae been gey sair *left to himsel'* afore he did that."

White liver. A man who has been a widower several times (" wearin' " his third or fourth wife) is supposed to have a " white liver," along with which condition goes a " bad breath " fatal to the spouse.

Health Maxims. Better haud weel than mak' weel.

Better wear shoon than sheets.

Feed a cold and starve a fever.

If ye wanft to be sune weel, be lang sick : *i.e.* keep your bed till you are better.

" He's meat-heal ony way," is said of an invalid whose illness is not believed in.

Nervous people are said to be " feared o' the death they'll never dee."

" He'll no kill," and " He has a gey teuch sinon (sinew) in his neck," are said of hardy persons.

" Let the sau sink to the sair," was said jestingly as a reason for drinking whisky instead of rubbing it in as an outward application.

Hygiene and General Treatment. *The time of day or year* is held to exercise an influence on birth, death, or disease. If a woman in labour passes " the turn o' the nicht," it is said, " She'll maybe gang the roond o' the knock (clock) noo." So too with a moribund person.

Skin eruptions are often explained as " just the time o' year." Boils, pimples, rashes, etc., are held often to come out in the spring. Cf. *ante*, The Month of May, p. 152.

Spring Medicine. In springtime there is a necessity " to clear the system ; " which is best done by a purge and a vomit. A well at Balgreggie, Auchterderran (mentioned in Sibbald's *Fife*), was once resorted to for this. This well has now fallen in, and is simply a marshy spot.

Sulphur and cream of tartar is a favourite spring drink.

Water. On coming to another place, the " cheenge o' water " is held to cause boils, pimples, and other skin eruptions.

Living too near water causes decay in the teeth.

It is dangerous to give cold water as a drink in fevers and feverish conditions, or in the puerperium.

It is held that " measles should not be wet," and this is often a valid excuse for keeping the patient lamentably dirty.

Too much washing is weakening. The old-fashioned Fife miner objects, on this account, to wet his knees and back.

A pail of water should not be left standing exposed to the sun, as the sun " withers " it.

Air. The smell of a stable or byre is wholesome for children and invalids. Change of air is advantageous in whooping-cough. (The length of time the change lasts is of no moment.) On one occasion a miner took his child down the pit into the draught of an air-course for change of air. It died of pneumonia two days later. In some cases men have been known to take more bread with them for their " pit-piece " than they needed, and the surplus bread, which had received the change of air, was given to the patient.

Earth. Breathing the smell of freshly-dug earth was held to be good for whooping-cough, and also for those who had been poisoned with bad air. A hole was dug in the ground and the patient " breathed the air off it." A " divot " of turf was sometimes in the old days cut and placed on the pillow.

Blue flannel is held to be " a rale healin' thing " when applied to bruises, sore backs, etc. The working shirt of the Fifeshire miner is always of blue flannel.

Ointment. Butter wrapped in linen and buried in the ground until it becomes curdy is held to be a fine natural " sau " (salve) for any broken surface.

Diseases and Remedies. For *Bleeding at the Nose.* A door-key put down the back, or a cold cloth or sponge applied suddenly to the perinaeum.

Burns. Holding the burnt part near the fire " draws oot the heat " from the burn.

" *The drinking diabetes.*" In 1904 a child suffering from " diabetes " was directed by a " tinkler wife " to eat a " saut herrin'." After it had done this, the child's arms were tied behind its back and it was held over running water. A " beast " (which had been the cause of the trouble), rendered very thirsty by the meal of salt herring and hearing the sound of water, came up the child's throat, and the child recovered. (Cf. Worms, *infra.*)

" *Fire* " (any foreign body, metallic), *in the eye,* is removed (short of working at it with a penknife) by the operator (1) licking the eye with his tongue: (2) drawing the sleeve of his flannel shirt across the eyeball: or (3) by passing a looped horsehair below the lid.

Headache. A handkerchief (preferably a red handkerchief) tied tightly round the head is good for headache.

Hydrophobia was treated in the old days by smothering the patient between two feather beds. A house in Auchterderran was pointed out where this is said to have been done.

Inflamed eyes are cured by wearing earrings: by application of fasting spittle; by the application of mother's milk; and by cow's milk and water used as a lotion.

Piles, treated by (1) sitting over a pail containing smouldering burnt leather; (2) the application of used axle-grease.

Rheumatism ("Pains") is treated by (1) switching the affected parts with freshly-gathered nettles; (2) carrying a potato in the pocket; (3) supping turpentine and sugar, or (4) sulphur and treacle; (5) wearing flowers of sulphur in the stockings, or rubbed into blue flannel; (6) by inunction of bullock's marrow twice boiled; (7) rubbing in "oil o' saut" or "fore-shot."

Ringworm is treated with (1) ink; (2) gunpowder and salt butter; (3) sulphur and butter; (4) rubbing with a gold ring.

Toothache is caused by a worm in the tooth, and is cured in women by smoking (*Auchterderran*). It may also be cured by snuffing salt up the nose (a fisher cure, St. Andrews), or by keeping a mouthful of paraffin oil in the mouth (*Auchterderran*). A contemptuous cure advised to a voluble sufferer is, "Fill your mouth wi' watter and sit on the fire till it boils."

Warts. Cures: (1) rubbing with a slug and impaling the slug on a thorn. As the slug decays the warts go; (2) rubbing with a piece of stolen meat, as the meat decays the warts go; (3) tying as many knots on a piece of string as there are warts, and burying the string, as the string decays the warts go; (4) take a piece of straw and cut it into as many pieces as there are warts, either bury them or strew them to the winds; (5) dip the warts into the water-tub where the smith cools the red-hot horse-shoes in the smithy; (6) dip the warts in pig's blood when the pig is killed. Blood from a wart is held to cause more.

Whooping-cough. Besides the cures for this mentioned above, there are the following. (1) Passing the child under the belly of a donkey. (2) Carrying the child until you meet a rider on a white (or a piebald) horse, and asking his advice: what he advised had to be done. (3) Taking the child to a lime-kiln. (4) Taking the child to a gas-works. During an outbreak of whooping-cough in 1891, the children of the man in charge of, and living at, a gas works did not take the complaint. As a matter of fact, the air in and near a gas-works contains pyridin, which acts as an antiseptic and a germicide. (5) Treating the child with roasted mouse-dust. (6) Getting bread and milk from a woman whose married surname was the same as her maiden one. (7) Giving the patient a sudden start.

Worms. Medicine for worms had to be given at the "heicht o' the moon." The worms are held to "come oot" then.

Another method was to make the sufferer chew bread, then

spit it out and drink some whisky. The theory is that the worms smell the bread, open their mouths, and are then subsequently choked by the whisky! (Cf. Diabetes, above.)

Materia Medica. 1. *Animal Cures.*

Cat. A black cat's tail rubbed on a stye in the eye cures the trouble.

Cattle. I have seen cow-dung used as a poultice for eczema of the scalp, for "foul-shave," and for suppuration (abscess in axilla). The general belief among "skeely wives" is that a cow-dung poultice is the "strongest-drawin' poultice" one can get.

Cow's milk mixed with water is used as an eye-lotion.

The marrow of bullock's bones, twice boiled, is used as an inunction in rheumatism.

One often hears of an ox having been killed and split up "in the auld days," and a person who was "rotten" (syphilitic) put inside it, to get "the tribble drawn oot." Told of "the wicked laird of B." A horse is also said to have been used.

Dog. On the advice of a "tinkler wife," a litter of black puppies was killed, split up, and applied warm to a septic wound on the arm.[1] (*Auchterderran.*)

Donkey. Children are passed under the belly of a donkey to cure whooping-cough. Riding on a donkey is supposed to be a prophylactic measure.

Eel-skin is used as an application in sprains. It is often kept for years and lent out by the owner as required. It is kept carefully rolled up when not in use.

Hare. A hare-skin is worn on the chest for asthma. The left fore-foot of a hare is carried in the pocket as a cure for rheumatism.

Horse. The membranes of a foal at birth ("foal-sheet") are kept, dried, and used as a substitute for gutta-percha tissue in dressing wounds.

The advice of the rider on a white or piebald horse is good for whooping-cough.

Limpet shells are used as a protective covering for "chackit" (cracked) nipples.

Man. Saliva is rubbed on infants' noses to cure colds. "Fast-

[1] "Among the odd remedies recurred to to aid my lameness," says Sir Walter Scott, "some one had recommended that so often as a sheep was killed for the use of the family, I should be stripped, and swathed up in the skin, warm as it was flayed from the carcase of the animal. In this Tartar-like habiliment I well remember lying upon the floor of the little parlour in the farm-house, while my grandfather, a venerable old man with white hair, used every excitement to make me try to crawl." (Lockhart, *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, chap. I.)

ing spittle " is used for warts and for sore eyes. Woman's milk is also used for the latter purpose.

The smell of sweat is held to cure cramp: the fingers are drawn through between the toes to contract the smell.

Urine is used as an application for " rose " (erysipelas).

Rubbing a birthmark with the dead hand of a blood-relation will remove it.

Mouse. The "bree" in which a mouse has been boiled is used as a cure for bed-wetting in children. Or the mouse may be roasted, after cutting off its head, and then powdered down and given as a powder, both for bed-wetting and for whooping-cough.

Pediculi capitio are supposed to be " a sign of life," *i.e.* they only appear on the head of a healthy child. By a curious piece of confused reasoning I have known them to be deliberately placed on the head of a weakly child with the idea that the invalid would thereby gain strength.

Pig. A piece of ham-fat tied round the neck is good for a cold, bronchitis, or sore throat.

" Swine's seam " (pig-fat) is an universal application for rubbing to soften inflamed glands; to rub the glands of the throat " up " when they are " down," (*i.e.* when the tonsils are enlarged and easily felt externally); for sprains; for rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, etc.

Pig's blood is a cure for warts. When the pig's throat is cut, the warty hand is applied to the gush of blood.

Pig's gall is a cure for chilblains.

Skate. " Skate-bree " (the liquor in which skate has been boiled) is held to be an aphrodisiac. " Awa' an' sup'skate-bree! " said tauntingly to a childless woman.

Slugs. The oil of white slugs is used as a cure for consumption. They are placed in a jelly-bag with salt, and the oil dripping out is collected.

The oil of black slugs is used as an external application for rheumatism. The slugs are " masked " in a teapot with hot water and salt.

Spider. " Moose-wabs " (spiders' webs) are used to check bleeding, and are used as pills for asthma.

2. *Vegetable Cures.*

An infusion of *Bramble-leaves* is used in diarrhoea.

Infusions of *nettles* and *broom-tops* for " water " (dropsy).

Infusions of *dandelion-root* for " sick stomach."

" *Tormentil-root* " is used for diarrhoea.

Yarrow, horehound, and *coltsfoot* for coughs and colds. An infusion of *ivy-leaves* is used as an eye-lotion. Ivy-leaves are

sewn together to form a cap to put on a child's head for eczema. *Kail-blade* (cabbage-leaf) is used for the same purpose. Ivy leaves are applied to corns.

Marigold leaves are applied to corns.

"*Apple-ringie*" (southernwood) and *marsh-mallow* poultices are used as soothing applications in pain, in "beelins" (suppurative conditions).

"*Sleek*" (long, thin, hairy seaweed) is used as a poultice in sprains, rheumatism, etc. (*Buckhaven*).

A "*spearmint*" poultice is used as a galactagogue.

Potato, carrot, and *turnip* poultices are often used.

Poultices of chopped *leeks,* of chewed *tobacco-leaf,* and of *soap and sugar,* are common for whitlows.

A *potato* carried in the pocket is good for rheumatism.

Freshly gathered *nettles* are used for switching rheumatic joints.

3. *Mineral Cures.*

Coal. A piece of coal is sucked as a cure for heartburn.

Sulphur. Sulphur is a cure for cramp. A piece of sulphur under the pillow would protect all the occupants of the bed. It is sometimes worn in the "oxter" (armpit), and sometimes sewn in the garter, when it is called a "sulphur-band."

Flowers of sulphur are dusted into the stockings for rheumatism, or rubbed into blue flannel and applied for lumbago.

Sulphur and cream of tartar is taken as a "spring drink."

Death and Burial.

A cock crowing, an owl hooting, or a dog howling at night, are all signs of death.

If a corpse keeps soft and does not stiffen, there will be another death in the family within a year.

If two deaths occur in the place, a third will follow. This is a very common belief. The brother of a man who was seriously ill accompanied me to the door on one occasion and said, "I've sma' hopes o' him mysel', doctor; there's been twa deaths in the parish this week, and we're waitin' the third." The patient nevertheless recovered.

The clock is stopped at death; the mirrors are covered, sometimes also the face of the clock; and a white cloth is pinned up over the lower half of the window (*Auchterderran*).

Cats are not permitted in a room where there is a dead body, owing to the belief that if a cat jumped over the corpse, anyone who saw the cat afterwards would become blind (*Auchterderran*).

A saucer with salt is sometimes placed on the chest of the corpse (this is not a general custom). Pennies are laid on the eyelids to keep them shut, and the falling of the jaw is prevented by propping up with a Bible.

The presence of the minister at the "chestin'" (coffining) is still quite common in Fife. This is the outcome of Acts of Parliament in 1694 and 1705, which enjoined the presence of an elder or deacon to see that the corpse was clothed, in the former case in linen, in the latter in woollen garments. See H. Grey Graham, *Social Life in Scotland in the 18th Century*, and *ante*, page 166.

Proverbs.

A cauld hand and a warm heart.

A' his Christianity is in the back-side o' his breeks (said contemptuously of one whose professions do not match with his mode of life).

A hoose-de'il and a causey-saint.

An ill shearer never gets a gude heuk.

As the soo fills, the draff sours.

A scabbit heid's aye in the way.

Auld age disna come its lane (*i.e.* other troubles come with it).

A woman's wark's never dune, an' she's naethin' to show for't.

Betwixt the twa, as Davie danced.

"Ca'in' awa', canny an' pawkie,
Wi' your ee on your wark an' your pooch fu' o' baccy."

(An adage on the best way to work. *Auchterderran.*)

Daylicht has mony een.

Dinna hae the sau (salve) waitin' on the sair (*i.e.* do not anticipate trouble).

They're queer folk no'-to be Falkland folk. (Possibly referring back to the days when foreigners were common at the palace.)

Falkland manners.

Fife. He's Fifish.

He's a foreigner frae Fife.

He's a Fifer an' worth the watchin'.

It taks a lang spune to sup wi' a Fifer.

He's got the Fife complaint—big feet and sair een. (An "incomer's" saying regarding the Fifer, and naturally resented by him.)

He's got a gude haud o' Fife (of a man with big feet).

As fly as the Fife kye, an' they can knit stockins wi' their horns.

Why the Fife kye hinna got horns ; they lost them listenin' at the Loudoners' (Lothian people's) doors. (They were so astonished at the Lothian dialect that they rubbed off their horns in listening to it. *N.B.*—The Fifers have an old dislike for the Loudoners.)

Fools and bairns shouldna see half-dune wark.

Freens (= relations) gree best separate.

Go to Freuchie and fry mice ! (*i.e.* get away with you !).

He's as fleshly as he's godly (said of anyone laying claim to piety).

He has a gude neck (*i.e.* plenty of impudence. " Sic a neck as ye ha'e ! ").

He pits his meat in a gude skin (said of a healthy child with a good appetite).

He's speirin' the road to Cupar an' kens it.

He's speirin' the road to Kinghorn and kens't to Pettycur (*i.e.* some distance farther on).

He's ta'en a walk roond the cunnin' stane.

I'd soom the dub for't first (*i.e.* I would sooner cross the sea than do it).

It's lang or the De'il dee at the dyke-side.

It taks a' kinds to mak' a warl'.

Just the auld hech-howe (*i.e.* the old routine).

Marry the wind an' it'll fa'.

Maun-dae (must do, *i.e.* necessity) is aye maisterfu'.

Seein's believin', but findin' (feeling) 's the naked truth.

Sing afore breakfast, greet afore nicht.

Sodger clad but major-minded (*i.e.* poor but proud).

Spit in your e'e and choke ye.

That's a fau't that's aye mendin' (*i.e.* youth).

That beats cock-fechtin'.

The De'il's aye gude to his ain.

The nearer the kirk, the faurer frae grace.

They're no gude that beasts an' bairns disna like.

Twa flittin's (removals) is as bad as a fire.

When ye get auld ye get nirled.

[Whaur are ye gaun ?] " I'm gaun to Auchtertool to flit a soo." (*Auchterderran.* Said to impertinent enquirers. Auchtertool is a village in the neighbourhood about which there is a saying, and a song, " There's naught but starvation in auld Auchtertool.")

Ye canna be nice (particular) and needfu' baith.

Ye dinna ken ye're livin' yet (said to a young girl making a moan over any pain or suffering).

Ye'll be a man afore your mither (jocose encouragement to little boys).

Ye maun just hing as ye grow. (It is often said of neglected children, " they just get leave to hing as they grow.")

Your e'e's bigger than your belly (said to a greedy child).

(See also *ante*, Marriage, Birth, and Leechcraft.)

Schoolboy Sayings.

" D'ye see onything green in my e'e ? "

" I'm no' sae green as I'm cabbage-looking."

" I'll spit in your e'e an' choke ye ! "

" Spit owre that ! " Said with hand extended ; challenge to fight.

" Coordie, Coordie, Custard ! " To a coward.

" Clypie, Clypie, Clashpans ! " To a tell-tale.

A boy going to school in a kilt would be greeted with :

" Kilty, kilty cauld doup,
Never had a warm doup ! "

A child unduly proud of any article of dress would be humbled by the other children chanting :

" A farden watch, a bawbee chain,
I wish my granny saw ye ! "

Any one wearing a new suit of clothes is given a severe nip by his comrades. This is called " the tailor's nip."

Weather Lore,

A cat washing itself over its ears means wet weather.

Crows flying about confusedly, rising and falling in the air, means windy weather to follow.

" A near hand bruch (halo round the moon) is a far awa' storm : a far awa bruch is a near hand storm."

" There's somethin' to come oot yet," said when cold weather persists continuously, or " There's somethin' ahint a' this."

" It's blawin' through snaw." Said of a cold wind.

" It's waitin' for mair," said of a persistent wreath of snow on a hill-top or hill-side.

A duck looking at the sky is said to be " lookin' for thunder."

" Rainin' auld wives," " Rainin' cats and auld wives," and " Rainin' auld wives and pipe stapples (pipe-stems) " are all said of a heavy wind and rain storm (*i.e.* the kind of weather witches would be abroad in).

"When mist comes frae the sea,
Gude weather it's to be,
When mist comes frae the hill,
Gude weather it's to spill."

"Mist on the hills, weather spills,
Mist on the howes, weather grows."

(Of the position of clouds in the sky.)

"North and South,
The sign o' a drouth;
East and Wast,
The sign o' a blast."

"Clear in the South droons the plooman."

"It's cauld ahint the sun" (*i.e.* warm when the sun is out, but cold when it sets).

"If the oak afore the ash,
Then we're gaun to hae a splash;
If the ash afore the oak,
Then we're gaun to hae a soak."

"Rain in May maks the hay,
Rain in June maks it broon,
Rain in July maks it [illegible]"

FISHERMEN'S FREITS. (*Folk-Lore*, vol. xv. p. 95.)

Mining and fishing go largely together on some parts of our county's coast line, the miner taking the fishing season as a beneficial change from his work below ground, while the fisher does not now despise the "good money" that may be gained in the pit at such time as the harvest of the sea is not available. Hence, as well as the purely fishing and purely mining classes, we have also a mining-fishing class largely imbued with the curious beliefs of both. And yet the miner regards the fisher rather contemptuously as being "maist awfu' supersteetious," and is a keen critic of him and his ways.

My principal informant on this part of the subject, with whom I have gone over Miss Cameron's paper on "Highland Fisher Folk and their Superstitions" (*Folk-Lore*, xiv. 300-306) in detail, is an intelligent elderly man who has alternately worked in the pit and the boat for over thirty years. His acquaintance with the subject is thus pretty thorough, and many of the customs and beliefs have been impressed on him through his being "checkit" for breaches of them. I found that the great majority

of "freits" mentioned by Miss Cameron[1] are still common to "the Kingdom." Some small additions and differences I will mention here.

"Buying wind," if it ever existed in Fife to the same extent as in the Highlands, has now degenerated into cultivating the good-will of certain old men by presents of drinks of whisky. The skipper of the boat "stands his hand" (*i.e.* stands treat) freely to those worthies before sailing. "Of course it's a' a heap o' blethers," said my informant, "but a' the same I've kent us get some extra gude shots when the richt folk was mindit."

If one of the crew while at sea carelessly throws off his oilskins so that they lie inside out, an immediate rush is made to turn the exposed side in again. Should this not be done it is apt to induce dirty weather.

At sea it is unlucky . . . to mention *minister, salmon, hare, rabbit, rat, pig,* and *porpoise.* It is also extremely unlucky to mention the names of certain old women, and some clumsy round-about nomenclature results, such as "Her that lives up the stair opposite the pump," etc.

But on the Fifeshire coast the pig is *par excellence* the unlucky being. "Soo's tail to ye!" is the common taunt of the (non-fishing) small boy on the pier to the outgoing fisher in his boat. (Compare the mocking "Soo's tail to Geordie!" of the Jacobite political song.) At the present day a pig's tail actually flung into the boat rouses the occupant to genuine wrath. One informant told me that some years ago he flung a pig's tail aboard a boat passing outwards at Buckhaven, and that the crew turned and came back. Another stated that he and some other boys united to cry out in chorus, "There's a soo in the bow o' your boat!" to a man who was hand-line fishing some distance from shore. On hearing the repeated cry he hauled up anchor and came into harbour. There is also a Fife belief (although it is chiefly spoken of now in a jesting manner) that after killing a certain number of pigs (some put the number at ten) a man runs the risk of seeing the devil. The hole in the pig's feet is shown through which the devils entered the Gadarene swine. In the popular mind there is always a certain uncanniness about swine, which is emphasised by the belief that a pig sees the wind. It is further said that a pig cannot swim without cutting his throat, and so must inevitably die in the attempt to escape drowning.

It is strange that although it is unlucky to mention the word *hare* while afloat, the leg of a hare should sometimes . . . be carried in a boat for luck. The fisherwomen of the Forfarshire

[1] See end of chapter.

village of Auchmithie (the "Mussel Crag" of Scott's *Antiquary*) used to be irritated by school children shouting out, "Hare's fit in your creel"; also by counting them with extended fore-finger and repeating the verse:

"Ane! Twa! Three!
Ane! Twa! Three!
Sic a lot o' fisher-wifies
I do see!"[1]

The unluckiness of counting extends to counting the fish caught or the number of the fleet.

While at the herring-fishing each of the crew is allowed in turn the honour of throwing the first bladder overboard when the nets are cast at night. Before doing this he must twirl the bladder thrice round his head and say how many "crans" the night's fishing will produce. Should the catch fall below his estimate, he is not again allowed, on that trip, to throw the first bladder; but if successful he throws again the next night.

The Fifeshire fisher does not scruple to eat mackerel, but states that the Highlandman will not do this, owing to his belief that the fish turns into "mauchs" (maggots) in the alimentary canal. . . .

The body of a drowned man is supposed to lie at the bottom for six weeks until the gall-bladder bursts. It then comes to the surface. A man's body floats face downwards: a woman's, face upwards.

In the coast towns and villages of Fife a curious custom prevails with regard to the treatment of any carcase, say of a dog, cat, or sheep, that may be cast up on the beach. School children coming across anything of the kind make a point of spitting on it and saying, "That's no my granny," or "That's no freend (*i.e.* relation) of mine." Others simply spit on the carcase, giving as a reason that it is done to prevent it "smitting" (*i.e.* infecting) them. Almost every one on perceiving a bad smell, spits.

[1] Cf. Gregor, *Folklore of the North-East of Scotland*, p. 200, where another version of the rhyme is given.

[The following is a summary of the points mentioned in Miss Cameron's paper (*Folklore*, xiv. 300-306), *omitting* those discussed above by Dr. Rorie.

Lucky meetings when setting out to fish: a horse or a grouse.

Unlucky meetings when setting out to fish: a clergyman, a red-haired woman, a cat, or a hare.

To bring luck at starting: throw a silver coin, an old shoe, some salt, or a besom after the fisherman.

Things carried in the boat to bring luck: a horseshoe nailed to the mast, a piece of mountain ash, a silver coin among the nets, a "lucky stone" among the ballast, a piece of ivy with nine joints, the first herring of the season salted.

Things or persons unlucky in a boat: a clergyman, a bridegroom, eggs, or ham.

Unlucky actions at sea: to return for anything forgotten, to be asked where one is going, to have fresh water thrown at you, to take a new boat out for the first time on a Friday, to start the boat "widdershins," to whistle when baiting, to catch an eel, to cut or divide a fish, to sell or give away fish or any other article to another crew, to give away the boat's talisman.

Unlucky actions on land while the boats are away: to blow meal off oatcake bannocks, to burn fish-bones, to burn sheep-bones, to point with the forefinger to boats at sea.

Modes of raising wind: to whistle, to stick a knife in the mast, to draw a cat through the fire (at home).

Always lucky: to have mice nibbling at nets.

Always unlucky: to give a burning peat to a neighbour without adding fuel to your own fire.]

GLASGOW: PRINTED AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS BY ROBERT MACLEHOSE AND CO. LTD.

00086379

Digitized with financial assistance from

HT Parekh FOUNDATION

An Initiative by HDFC

WITH YOU, RIGHT THROUGH

on 15 October, 2018